



OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE



Shelf

W. H. BIDWELL
EDITOR

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 25 BOND STREET.

AMERICAN NEWS CO., AND NEW YORK NEWS CO., *General Agents.*

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PEN⁸.

In 249 numbers, of superior English make, suited to every style of writing. A sample of each set trial, by mail, on receipt of 25 cents. Ask your Stationer for the Spencerian Pen.
Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.
NEW YORK.

CONTENTS OF THE MARCH NUMBER.

I. THE DAWN OF A REVOLUTIONARY EPOCH. By H. M. HENDMAN.	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i>	299
II. ON SOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS. I. OPHELIA. By One who has Personated Them (HELEN FAUCIT MARTIN).	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	301
III. AERIAL NAVIGATION. By Dr. WILLIAM POLE, F.R.S.	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	310
IV. A DAY WITH A WAR BALLOON. By HENRY ELSDALE, R.E.	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i>	320
V. LORD BEACONSFIELD'S WORLDLY WISDOM.	<i>The Spectator</i>	329
VI. GHOST'S GRAVE. A Poem. By MATTHEW ARNOLD.	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	331
VII. FIELD-MARSHAL SUWARROW.	<i>Temple Bar</i>	333
VIII. THE JEWS IN GERMANY. By the author of "Germans Home Life".	<i>Contemporary Review</i>	344
IX. GEORGE ELIOT.	<i>Compiled from several sources</i>	353
X. A WINTER'S EVENING IN THE FENS.	<i>Temple Bar</i>	361
XI. KITH AND KIN. A Novel. By JESSIE FOTHERGILL, author of "The First Violin." Chaps. I. to III.	<i>Temple Bar</i>	361
XII. THE PROPHETIC POWER OF POETRY. By J. C. SHARP, Professor of Poetry at Oxford.	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>	377
XIII. ON THE TRUTHFULNESS OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE. (The Unity of Nature. No. V.) By the DUKE OF ARGYLL.	<i>Contemporary Review</i>	387
XIV. DEATH AND ITS SUPERSTITIONS.	<i>Leisure Hour</i>	396
XV. SAINTS BELIEVE.	<i>Temple Bar</i>	400
XVI. FOLK LULLABIES. By EVELYN CARRINGTON.	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>	405
XVII. PENNY FICTION. By JAMES PAYN.	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i>	412
XVIII. THE ARTS AS FARMERS.	<i>The Spectator</i>	418
XIX. PHOSPHORESCENCE.	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	421
XX. "DREW THE WRONG LEVER." By ALEXANDER ANDERSON.	<i>Good Words</i>	424
XXI. LITERARY NOTICES.		424
Jennings' Anecdotal History of the British Parliament—Scott's Sermons—Poor's Sanskrit and its Kindred Literatures—Houghton's Conspectus of the History of Political Parties and the Federal Government—Southern Literature Its Status and Outlook.		
XXII. FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.		427
XXIII. SCIENCE AND ART.		428
The Naples Zoological Station—Scientific Progress in 1890—Archæological Remains in Algeria—Hydrophobia—Preserving Meat by Injection—Antimony—Ice at High Temperature—A Cretaceous Snake—An Egg Swallowing Snake—Fish and the Line in Water.		
XXIV. MISCELLANY.		431
The Philological Society and Spelling Reform—Curiosities of the Voice—Love's Herald—Sympathy—A Sonnet.		

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Now is the time to begin new subscriptions, and we shall be glad if our old subscribers will renew promptly that we may get our mail-books in order.

We will send the *Eclectic* as a "trial subscription" for three months, to any address, on receipt of \$1.

The *Eclectic* and any 42 publication will be sent to one address for \$8, and a proportionate reduction will be made when clubbed with any other publication.

337 The postage on the *Eclectic* is prepaid by the publisher.

Green cloth covers for binding two volumes per year will be furnished at 50 cents each, or \$1 per year, or sent by mail on receipt of price; and the numbers will be exchanged for bound volumes in library style, for \$2.50 per year, or in green cloth for \$1.65 per year.

137 Mr. J. Wallace Ainger is our general Business Agent.

COMPLETE SET OF ECLECTIC. We have for sale a complete set of *Eclectic*, from 1844 to 1881, elegantly bound in library style, and comprising fifty-nine volumes. Price, \$200. For a public or private library the above set is most invaluable, as many of the older volumes have long been out of print, and are extremely difficult to procure.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXXIII., No. 3.

MARCH, 1881.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

THE DAWN OF A REVOLUTIONARY EPOCH.

BY H. M. HYNDMAN.

THERE have been several periods in the history of Europe when all thinking men have felt that remarkable events could not long be postponed. Even within the last hundred years the French Revolution and the great Continental movements of 1848 were preceded by changes which betokened a serious shock to existing institutions. Careful observers predicted the approach of both the one and the other, though neither took precisely the anticipated shape. But never, perhaps, has the certainty of approaching trouble, social and political, been more manifest than it is to-day.*

* Since this was written, Baron Hübner has delivered his remarkable speech in the Austrian Delegations. From his ultra-Conservative point of view, he regards all Republican or Democratic ideas as proceeding direct from the Author of Evil, and proposes an immediate renewal of the Three Emperor League, or Holy Alliance, to stem the flood of revolution

The issues are more complicated than ever before, and that they can be settled without grave disturbance is scarcely credible. Of the political dangers by which Europe is threatened we hear daily. They are serious enough. With the whole Eastern Question reopened in a most dangerous shape—with Russian Panslavism and German ambition to reconcile—with Italian aspirations and French yearning for the lost provinces to gratify—all the nations being armed for war as they never were before—it will be strange indeed if the next few years pass over peacefully. The era of redistribution of territory and power has perhaps even yet barely begun.

These matters, it is true, all lie on the surface, and are possibly susceptible of arrangement by mutual compromise or ere it is too late. Has not the time almost gone by for this combination of governments against peoples?

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXIII., No. 3

by general disarmament. But there is no appearance of this at present, and meanwhile the social danger which underlies and intensifies the political is becoming more difficult of solution each day. Those schemes for the reorganization of society which Fourier, Saint Simon, Owen, Lassalle, Marx, and others propounded are no longer the mere dreams of impracticable theorists or the hopeless experiments of misguided enthusiasts; they have been taken down from the closet of the Utopian investigator into the street, and move vast masses of men to almost religious exasperation against their fellows. Ever and anon some accident shows what men are really thinking of; an election, a strike, a prohibited meeting give the opportunity, and we see what manner of difficulties those are which have to be faced by foreign statesmen, and which we in our turn may have to deal with here. For the questions now being discussed by hundreds of thousands on the Continent go to the very foundation of all social arrangements. It is no longer a mere barren argument about the rights of man to political representation: it is a determined struggle to change the basis of agreements which have hitherto been considered absolutely essential to the prevention of anarchy. What is more, those who hold these opinions are gaining in numbers and in strength each day, though the fear felt and expressed of their doctrines compels them to more or less of secrecy in the propaganda which they steadily carry on. Ideas which a few years ago would have caused laughter or contempt, now arouse fear and indignation, and to-morrow will stir up hatred and ferocity; for events move fast in these days, and alike in Germany, France, Italy, and Russia, not to speak of other countries, we can now see clearly that a large portion of the urban population are being surely if slowly indoctrinated with notions that cannot be put in practice save at the expense of those above and around them. Though the ideas vary with race and climate, the principle is everywhere the same, and it is one which, if pressed to its logical conclusions, must shake the whole structure of modern society.

Nor can we be altogether surprised that this should be so. In the machin-

ery of our daily life the real producer has as yet counted for little. The crowded room, the dingy street, the smoky atmosphere, the pleasureless existence, the gradual deterioration of his offspring—these things are noted and brooded upon by men who are being steadily educated to understand the disadvantages of their position, and are also being drilled to right them. A self-sacrificing enthusiast like Delescluze does not deliberately throw away his life at the top of a barricade for nothing; even miscreants such as Hödel and Nöbling stir men's minds to ask why they thus put themselves forward as martyrs under circumstances where they could not hope for escape. Visionary and mischievous as are their opinions, we can at least recognize that they believed in the truth of that which they professed, and that the conditions of life for the multitude do need reform, even if it be brought about by some sacrifice of the ease and comfort now the sole appanage of the wealthier classes. Once more we are brought to consider the right of man to live, and that right being granted or confirmed, that he should have the further privilege to live in such wise as not to deteriorate himself or his progeny.

It can scarcely be doubted that, in Germany at any rate, there are all the elements of a conflagration ready to hand. This has of late been so apparent that we may fairly take it into account in estimating Prince Bismarck's policy. But the growth of the party of the Social Democrats in Germany is in itself a remarkable fact in modern politics. For there alone have the theorists begun to organize themselves with a definite object, and there alone are they sufficiently educated, and, what is more to the purpose, sufficiently trained in military affairs, to be really formidable. This militarization of the mob, however viewed, is a strange piece of business in itself. On the one hand, strong repressive measures have been passed which keep turbulent Berlin in a permanent state of siege, which render it impossible for workmen to form any union, to publish any paper, to hold any meeting to canvass for political purposes. At the same time, the factory laws which had been carried to restrain the undue employment of children, and to prevent

abuse of their power by capitalists, have been gradually set aside. The pressure of the times has rendered the position still more grave than it would otherwise have been. And yet, with men thus exasperated at the denial of all freedom and the underhand suspension of laws passed with difficulty for their benefit, the military conscription is still in full force. The malcontents are passed steadily through the army exposed to the hated Prussian discipline at the hands of that hard-handed and hard-headed Junker class whom they are learning to look upon as more bitter enemies than any foreign foe, and return to their homes—such of them as do not seek refuge across the Atlantic—to remember that a million more trained soldiers hold the same opinions that they do, and await only a favorable opportunity to show their real strength.

At the polls they have been asserting themselves, and their successes are no longer confined to the capital or to the few manufacturing centres. Hartmann the shoemaker's election at Hamburg, when he polled twice as many votes as his two competitors, was more remarkable even than the mere numbers showed, for his opponents were directly antagonistic to the Socialist laws, and were both Liberals. In the debates, Liebknecht, Bebel, Hartmann, and the other Socialist deputies, are now listened to with attention, as representing a force which has to be reckoned with henceforth as a strong political influence. They are the representatives not merely of their own cities, but of that revolt of industrialism against militarism which can in the end have but one result. Not even the Prussian bureaucracy, with its marvellous organization, can in the long run make head against the growing discontent which is now finding voice in so many quarters. All the repressive measures in the world will not prevent men from voting under the ballot in accordance with what they really think. The desire of excluding from the polls all who had taken advantage of the free State education, did not prevent the Social Democrats from casting 600,000 votes at the last general election, nor will prevent them from largely increasing that number at the next. Persecution has but inflamed the enthusiasm of the

whole party. They are now striving, not merely for the strange programme which their leaders put forward, but on behalf of that common freedom, that right to ordinary liberty, which can no longer safely be denied either to Catholics or Socialists.

But their objects are none the less clearly defined that for the moment they are hidden from our view by the blunders of the executive. That tyranny of capital which has so often been denounced as if it were an embodiment of the evil spirit in a new and dangerous shape, and which Lamennais inveighed against as the modern incarnation of the slave-driver without the slave-driver's interest in the life of his property—this it is which the Socialists are striving to overthrow. Though they recognize, in Germany at least, the family ties, they are determined, when the opportunity offers, to do away with that vast influence of individual accumulation which they look upon as wholly harmful. Thus the State, the Republic, the Municipality, the Commune, each in its way is to be the sole capitalist acting for the benefit of all. A higher ideal of duty, a nobler view of the future of mankind, will thus be brought about when each is ready to use his faculties to the fullest extent for the benefit of his fellows; when, the privilege of individual inheritance being done away, the State shall be the universal legatee, and all shall work together and in concert, where now the general advantage is endangered by the perpetual occurrence of selfish conflicts. Then, too, the education of children from their cradle to their manhood shall no longer be an accident, in which the poor become more wretched and more ignorant, the rich more luxurious and more proud. In that reign of equality the full development of human energies shall be the sole object, and general advantage the common end. The wiser heads admit that the realization of this their materialist Utopia must be gradual, that society is not as yet prepared to transcend all previous experience of human motives, and rise at one bound to this lofty conception of that which should be its aim. They would be content to proceed slowly, would look upon the recognition of their views as something other than mere dreams,

as much already achieved. But this does not suit the fanatics of the new Socialist gospel. They hold that their day shall be to-morrow, and that the counsel to proceed slowly means at such a time mere cowardice. A social revolution, they urge, must work by violence to start with, if it is to achieve rest and thankful prosperity in the long run.

And will these more ardent ones not get the upper hand in the storms now perhaps very close in Germany? It would be hard to answer that question with decision in the negative. The prospect seems unfavorable to moderation. Alike in the cities and in the country, the proletariat might become masters of the situation for a time. For the country population in large portions of Southern Germany are not a Conservative force; they too are disaffected, they too look hopefully toward the Communistic Utopia, they too have felt and feel the pressure of militarization and the hardness of the times. That very emigration which since 1848 has been one of the great features of modern Germany is a revolutionary movement; for the men who go are chiefly of the moderately wealthy middle class. They leave, but they do not return. They and their children remain to strengthen and enrich the Republic beyond the Atlantic, where conscription is unknown, right of meeting unfettered, and Junkerdom abhorred. The memory of the Fatherland remains, but it is a memory only, not a living anxiety to return to help on its progress or to enhance its prosperity. But this exodus has been chiefly of the middle class, and the millions who have gone have but accentuated the difference between the toiling many and the bureaucratic, aristocratic, and military few who oppress them—have too left an almost impassable gap between the wealthy landlord and the small owner or laborer, between the hand-to-mouth workman and the capitalist class. The moderate Liberals, the progressive class of Germany, having been driven away to seek their fortune amid American liberties, those who remain look to revolution rather than to steady progress to remedy their present condition.

In a late debate in the German Reichstag, one of the Socialist deputies declared plainly that, failing to modify the

laws which have been enacted to crush them for the next six years, they must be driven to try force. For the moment, every effort is being made to prevent émeutes even where the oppression is the greatest. When strikes occur, the Socialist leaders in Germany and abroad urge upon their followers caution—tell them their time is not yet. In home affairs, for the present they work, wherever practicable, for a policy of decentralization as opposed to the centralizing tendency now in favor, for individual liberty, for the fair treatment of municipalities, and the due regard to the working class in municipal affairs. But they have not much power in the Assemblies save in conjunction with those to whom in the end they must be bitterly opposed. So far it is the blundering of the Government rather than their own sagacity or political management which has improved their position. But the organization is becoming more and more complete, and the action is taken in accordance with preconcerted arrangements. In foreign affairs, the policy of the party, with the exception of a watchful jealousy of Russia, is more sagacious than their scheme for human improvement would leave one to suppose possible. They opposed the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine not only on international grounds, as tending to perpetuate that bitter hatred between France and Germany which has for centuries been so injurious to the peoples of both countries, but also because the competition of the Alsace manufacturers would bring destruction upon the German industries, and throw more men out of work than could find employment elsewhere. The great indemnity exacted from France pushed these considerations aside for the time; but who can say now that their fears have not been realized? Even to-day the Social Democrats are probably the only people in Germany who see that it would be well for their country to make such peaceful terms with France as would result in the restoration, or at any rate the neutralization, of the two lost provinces. Meanwhile, as has been said, education and militarization go hand in hand together, Berlin and other cities are kept in a permanent state of siege, protection is fostered in every direction, and the very

men who might be the support of the Empire are driven away or forced into secret hostility. And the man who is chiefly responsible for all this is regarded by some even in England as the greatest statesman of the age. Prince Bismarck has been called the greatest revolutionist of our time, and in so far as reaction can incite to revolution he is worthy of the title even in domestic affairs.* His marvellous success in consolidating Germany has blinded men's eyes to his incapacity for any real statesmanship in the wider sense. In place of helping the mass of the population to a better position, instead of teaching the upper classes and the royal family that the only hope of safety for his country in these days is to make common cause with the people, and lighten the burdens which grind them down, he has thought only of violence and aggrandizement, of territorial extension and military power. What is the result? Of all the nations of civilized Europe, Germany is that in which revolution seems nearest at hand, and will when it comes be most dangerous. The great minister of brute force seats himself by the shore of modern politics, and orders back in earnest the current of his time. The waves of the democracy he has dared to trifle with sweep away even now the sandy basis of his power!

Turning to France, can anything be more remarkable than the contrast between the position now and nine years ago? Then the horrors of the downfall of the Commune, the burnings, the destruction of public monuments, the murder of the generals, induced many humane people to overlook the hideous cruelty with which it was suppressed. Those days when the populace held sway—and Paris was not so badly governed during that remarkable time—opened the eyes of the comfortable classes all over the world to the possibility of similar occurrences nearer to themselves. It seemed like a social nightmare, and

was attributed to a strange access of excitement due to the prolonged strain of the siege. And now we see the Commune day after day glorified in journals of the highest influence. The amnesty of the Communists was carried as preparatory to one of the greatest national fêtes that France has ever seen. The returned political exiles and prisoners are regarded as the victims of the bourgeoisie, and the frightful scenes on the plain of Satory, the dreadful incidents of the voyage to New Caledonia, are remembered as the martyrdoms of the founders of the new social faith. Certainly none could have anticipated that Communist principles would so soon make head again, not only in the capital but in the provinces. Yet we see they do. The denounced suspects of 1871 are the coming party of 1881, just as the "fou furieux" of Thiers is for the moment master of France. The great meeting of the Socialists in Paris, when what we should consider the most subversive doctrines were openly promulgated, was significant enough. Their differences simply arose as to whether it would be advisable to attempt to carry out their programme by main force or allow legislative changes to work it out peacefully. As to the main objects to be aimed at there was practical unanimity, and the removal of private property as the basis of modern social life was the conclusion arrived at by all. Yet the Communism of France, though perhaps more outspoken, is not, as a whole, so dangerous to the existing principles which govern society as the Socialism of Germany. There are those of the extreme party, no doubt, who superadd to the theories of Lassalle and Marx the completest acceptance of doctrines which utterly destroy the most rudimentary ideas of family life, and regard the connection between the sexes as a matter to be ordered solely in accordance with the views of the persons immediately concerned. In purely political matters the *Rappel*, the *Citoyen*, the *Mot d'Ordre*, the *Intransigeant*, and even the *Justice*, go great lengths, while the revolutionary sheets of Marseilles and Lyons are even more pronounced. But the very openness of all these discussions tends to a less dangerous state of affairs, and so far the principal agitations have

* The treatment of the Social Democrats in Hamburg is a fair example of this. These people had violated no law whatever. However obnoxious their opinions, they were a peaceful, quiet, orderly folk. Prince Bismarck has made martyrs of them, and sent them adrift to preach their doctrines and parade their wrongs. No greater outrage upon liberal principles has been committed in our time.

been directed toward obtaining those cardinal liberties which we ourselves have secured long ago. Still, the movement has been very rapid there too, and the cruel expulsion of the monks and nuns shows that true toleration is not fully understood by those who claim infinite latitude for themselves. The increasing confidence of the *nouvelles couches sociales* in their future is very apparent. The election of M. Beaurepaire at Besançon had much the same relation to French politics that the election of Hartmann at Hamburg had to German. It showed that men of more decided views were gaining ground on M. Gambetta, whose candidate was defeated, and that the French people were getting tired of an opportunism which had ceased to be opportune. Recent events have but enforced the hint then given. M. Clémenceau's successful visit to Marseilles and the defeat of M. Ferry's Cabinet are only straws which show the flow of French opinion; it is clear that the Conservative Republic in any very Conservative sense is at an end. Frenchmen are weary of the perpetual officialism which weighs upon them under the Republic as under the Empire; they long to feel that the Republic, which divides them the least, will no longer be afraid to trust them as Republicans. The advanced party, however, are ever on the watch, and when strikes occur the familiar Socialist catchwords are heard, showing that the ideas which brought about the national workshops of 1848 are ever in men's minds. In France, too, the militarization and education of the masses is going steadily on at the expense of the well-to-do classes. Men who consider Gambetta reactionary and Clémenceau a too reluctant Liberal are far advanced enough to try the effect of new theories to their fullest extent.

But the peasantry are distinctly Conservative, though increasingly Republican. That is true, and they may yet act as a drag upon the cities, though even so there is much more discontent in rural France than is commonly supposed, owing to the action of the mortgage companies and other credit organizations. A savior of the society of small proprietors might still be welcomed, or a semi-Communist Empire might come

in to bridge over the transition period, if transition period it be. Seven millions of proprietors are not, however, likely to join in any loud cry for the division of goods with the prospect of having to divide again a few years later. Their thrift and industry have enabled them to make their life tolerably comfortable, and few people less understand the schemes of the agitators of the cities. It has been one of Gambetta's titles to confidence that he convinced the peasantry that nothing of the kind was to be feared from the new Republic.

Meanwhile the State is taking the public works of the country more completely into control; the municipalities are more and more adopting the management of their own affairs, and thus the principle of joint control for the common good is being steadily introduced. Were it not for the religious difficulty, which has assumed so dangerous a shape, it is still possible that France, which has previously been the originator of great revolutionary troubles, might on the present occasion suffer less than other nations. But the questions at issue are those which most stir men's minds. Doubts as to the right of individual ownership, plans for the confiscation of all capital in order that an enormous experiment may be tried on the only scale which it is said will be successful, can scarcely be accepted without that sort of difference which ultimately leads to bloodshed. The heads of the French Republic are men of vigor and sagacity. But the power may pass from them to the hotter-headed orators who are now appealing to the passions of the poorer classes, successful though M. Gambetta seems likely to be at the present time.

As in Germany and France, so, though not to so noticeable an extent as yet, is it in Austria and Italy. In the former country decentralization and home rule are carrying on a political struggle against the centralizing plans which are thought necessary to keep the empire together, while below the social strain is beginning to be felt. The agrarian difficulties which were aggravated by the crisis of 1873 have not yet been overcome. Hungary itself is in a doubtful condition; throughout the empire, the evictions and the attempts to check emi-

gration have produced a bad effect. Still, there is far more liberty than in Germany, and therefore, in spite of the pressure of the conscription and the bitterness felt in some instances against the aristocratic class, the danger to existing institutions is not nearly so great. Socialism is not yet an organized force. In Italy, notwithstanding the factious conduct of sections of the Republican party, of the Barsanti clubs, the Irredentist agitation, and the mad language of some prominent men, the same may be said. The troubles at present are likely to be more political than social, though one would affect the other, and a stir in any other part of Europe would be felt there also. For we see that even in Norway and Sweden, where the bulk of the population is well-to-do, and in Denmark as well, no sooner does pressure come than Socialist agitators appear, and the regular Communist cries are heard. Of Russia it is needless to speak. There the revolution, if it comes, will probably take an agrarian shape, an outburst of Middle-Age barbarism, which has little in common with the agitations of Western Europe. The Nihilism of Russia may possibly be the spark to fire the whole European magazine of combustibles, but the ignorance of the greater part of the population renders any comparison between the two states of society futile. The Socialist proclamations of the Revolutionary Committee are altogether premature. A despotism has to be destroyed, a people educated, and some idea of political life permitted to grow up before Russian Socialism can be really a practical subject for discussion in the German or French sense. The conspiracy is interesting on account of its determination and secrecy; the whole condition of Russia also is well worthy of study, but it is quite possible that the political, financial, and social anarchy there may after all work itself out for the time by disruption of the empire or foreign war. The idea of the corrupt and barbarous Slavonic power as a civilizing agency is of course a grotesque paradox.*

* The increasing famine in Russia must play into the hands of the revolutionary party. Hunger is ever the best insurrectionist, and unless the government acts more wisely than at present the peasantry will become disaffected.

What, however, renders the situation in regard to all countries more hazardous than would otherwise be the case, is that remarkable facility of communication which has been the growth of the present generation. Railroads, telegraphs, cheap newspapers, may all be said to date for the Continent since 1848. As we see, excitement is now in the air. It is felt and communicates itself to vast masses of men without any apparent reason. A wave of political, social, financial disturbance passes from one great centre to another now as it never did before. And those who are concerned in Socialist manoeuvres are specially ready to take advantage of this. The two great centers of agitation are Geneva and London. There the exiled speedily come together. The Socialist from Germany, the Communist from France, the Nihilist from Russia, each betakes himself at first to his solitary garret; but all soon get known to one another, suggest ideas for common action, and keep one another informed as to the progress made in each country toward the common goal. Thus has been re-formed an International Organization more formidable than that which fell into discredit by its participation in the Paris Commune. In this way the advance can be observed all along the line. If baffled in Germany, it is making head in France; if in France men's minds turn from the new ideas, Austria or Italy affords encouragement. And thus poor men bound together by an enthusiasm for what is little more than an abstraction, resolve to carry out that programme which to most of us Englishmen seems a very midsummer madness, of elevating the whole race of civilized men by a complete change of the conditions in which man has yet been civilized. They resolve, I say, and when they see an opportunity they mean to execute. The condition of Europe may favor their plans.

But now comes what is perhaps the most remarkable feature in the whole of this Continental movement. Much has been said from time to time of the power of Jews in modern society. Lord Beaconsfield, always proud of his race, has pointed out their superiority in many directions, and all would admit that in money-getting and in music they are in some sort inspired. But the influence

of Jews, at the present time is more noticeable than ever. That they are at the head of European capitalists, we are all well aware. The fact that during a long period they were absolutely driven into money-dealing as their sole business, seems to have developed an hereditary faculty of accumulation which, money being the power it now is, gives influence in every direction. In politics many Jews are in the front rank. The press in more than one European capital is almost wholly in their hands. The Rothschilds are but the leading name among a whole series of capitalists, which includes the great monetary chiefs of Berlin and Amsterdam, Paris and Frankfort. They have forced their way into the nobility of every country, and in all the vast financial schemes of recent years the hand of the Jews has been felt both for good and evil. That their excessive wealth, used as it has been, acts as a solvent influence in modern society, cannot be questioned. The barriers of religion and caste prejudice melt away before it. But while, on the one hand, the Jews are thus beyond dispute the leaders of the plutocracy of Europe, holding in large as well as in small matters, in the great centres as well as in the villages of Russia and Roumania, the power of the purse, another section of the same race form the leaders of that revolutionary propaganda which is making way against that very capitalist class represented by their own own fellow-Jews. Jews—more than any other men—have held forth against those who make their living not by producing value, but by trading on the differences of value; they at this moment are acting as the leaders in the revolutionary movement which I have endeavored to trace. Surely we have here a very strange phenomenon. While the hatred against one section of Jews is growing in Germany, Russia, Roumania, and indeed all through Eastern Europe, to such an extent that they are persistently persecuted, and the question even in educated Germany threatens to become a political danger, the more the others, remaining poor and trusting only to their brains for influence, are gaining ground on the side of the people. In America we may note a similar state of things; the dislike of the rich Jews is

increasing among all the well-to-do classes, while the revolutionary Jew from Germany and France has been at work among the artisan class in the great cities. Those, therefore, who are accustomed to look upon all Jews as essentially practical and conservative, as certain, too, to enlist on the side of the prevailing social system, will be obliged to reconsider their conclusions. But the whole subject of the bad and good effects of Jewish influence on European social conditions is worthy of a more thorough investigation than can be undertaken here. Enough that in the period we are approaching not the slightest influence on the side of revolution will be that of the Jew.

The position of Great Britain and her colonies, as well as the United States, differs from that of European countries inasmuch as the Anglo-Saxon communities have long had nearly all that the people of the Continent of Europe are still striving for. Rights of public meeting, freedom of the press, and freedom of speech, the fullest possible personal liberty—these have long been secured, and men of our race have so far been able to work out political problems without that dangerous excitement which has attended the endeavor to solve them elsewhere. It is the general belief that this steady progress will continue in England, and that although the social arrangements of English life may be greatly modified in time to come, yet that here, at least, we shall be able to satisfy the legitimate claims of the many without trenching upon the rights or the privileges of the few. But Communism in the sense of State and municipal management is making head continuously, even in the sense of genuine Communism—that the well-to-do should provide for the poor certain advantages whether they like to do so or not. That competition is being given up as a principle in favor of organization for the common benefit, is at any rate quite clear. The postal and telegraph arrangements are entirely under State management already, and sooner or later railways will fall under the same control. In municipalities the provision of gas and water, like the arrangements for street-paving, sewers, or the removal of nuisances, is conducted more and more by the directly

appointed agents of the towns themselves. For the principle of limited monopoly and regulated competition we are steadily substituting State and municipal organization and control. That the poor law is distinctly communistic has long been urged, and indeed it is difficult to see how any system could be more completely so in intention than that which puts it in the power of an able-bodied man to live upon the earnings or savings of others, because he has been unluckily or lazy himself. The argument that no man must be allowed to starve itself leads directly to Communism if strictly applied. But of course the free-school system, where it exists, is a still further step in this direction. Not only do rate-payers provide a good education for those who could not afford it themselves, but they give their poorer neighbors the advantage that their children, educated at the expense of the well-to-do, shall enter into competition in the battle of life with the children of those who have found the means to pay for their schooling. The Artisans Dwellings Act was a smaller step in the same direction; and the proposal not long since made that children should be fed in the board schools at the expense of the rate-payers was Communism pure and simple. Thus while we are arguing about Communism, and in some directions upholding the old idea that competition, not State management, must be the rule, we ourselves are slowly advancing, without perhaps observing it, toward the system which when proposed in all its bluntness we denounce as a chimera under the present circumstances of mankind. Poor-law relief and the school-board education are communistic in principle. The post-office telegraphs and municipal management of gas and water involve the principle of the State or Commune's control. Does not this, even in sober England, show the tendency of the time?

In our colonies we see this carried still farther. In Victoria there is the most complete State control. Post, telegraphs, railways, public works, education, Crown lands, each and all are managed by bureaus, and there is no tendency whatever toward getting rid of this responsibility. In New Zealand the method is carried still farther. There

also the whole of these departments are carried on under State management, and besides the community is taxed in order to provide free or assisted passages for emigrants from England who cannot pay for themselves. Then comes a time of pressure such as has lately been seen, and the State has to provide what is to all intents and purposes national employment for the people thrown out of work. What is this again but the gradual establishment of a communistic method? Granted that assisted emigration has proved—as it has—successful when coupled with State works at which the emigrants are employed, we still have here the arrangement for which, in another field, the apostles of the new Socialism contend. The same reasoning applies to the municipal borrowing arrangements which are used in the general interest.

All this, however, merely shows that much is going on of a communistic tendency without being observed: the graver features in our home life, those which might under conceivable conditions lead to a struggle between classes on the rights connected with property, are far more worthy of consideration at the present time. My friends, Mr. Kebbel and Mr. Traill, have ably pointed out, in recent numbers of this Review, the serious political dangers which arise from the wide gulf between the upper and the lower classes, how the vote of the ignorant many is now the ultimate court of appeal, and how essential it is from their Conservative point of view that the aristocratic and the wealthy, the intellectual and the refined, should try to recover their waning influence by a closer connection with and knowledge of the people. Hitherto there has been nothing more noticeable in English society than the noble bearing of the people even under the greatest pressure. The Lancashire Cotton Famine, the late period of prolonged stagnation of trade, passed over with little or no disturbance. No other country in the world could in all probability have supported such a strain as the former without grave internal trouble. Men recognized the inevitable, and made up their minds to bear with it, at the same time that the well-to-do endeavored to alleviate the distress. Nor is there in England that

envy of wealth which is to be found elsewhere. If grand equipages or well-mounted horsemen were to pass through many parts of Paris or Berlin, they would scarcely escape without insult or probably injury. In London or most of our other great cities, there is not this feeling of hatred against the display of riches. The leaders of Continental Socialism themselves admit that they have made little way in England. Our long political history has not passed for nothing. The working classes, it is true, feel their own power more and more; but so long as they think they can see their way to what they want through constitutional means, they have no mind to try the subversory doctrines of the Continental agitators. A continuance of this attitude nevertheless depends entirely upon the amount of consideration which they receive. Let any one look at the state of society in some of the great northern towns, and, leaving the misery of London aside, he will see that here are all the elements of the fiercest and, under certain conditions, of the most uncontrollable democracy the world has ever seen. For it may almost be said that there is no middle class to break the force of the collision between the capitalist and those whom he employs. This vast population of workers has grown up within the last fifty years. There is the employer, who for the most part lives out of the city, there are the mean dwellings inhabited by the hands, and the great factories in which they spend their lives. But all depends upon one or two trades: there is but little actually saved by the mass of workers, and, as certain indications have shown, the spirit of turbulence might again be awakened. When we reflect for a moment upon the disproportion of numbers, can we fail to be struck with the danger that might come upon all if some eloquent, fervent enthusiast, stirred by the injustices and inequalities around him, were to appeal to the multitude to redress their social wrongs by violence? When we hear or read of the organization of the rich, how is it that it so seldom occurs to us that the real capacity for organization may lie below, that the hand-to-mouth laborer has little to lose, and may even think he has much to gain by a change in the conditions of

his daily existence? The hope for the future lies in the fact that the rich are slowly beginning to perceive here both their dangers and their duties, and to understand that the privilege of possession now accorded to them by the consent of the majority can only be retained by entering more fully into the daily life of the people, and remedying those mischiefs which are to be noted on every side. Those who best know the dangerous quarters of our great cities know well that there is a vast unruly mass of blackguardism which would take advantage of any break above to sweep away all barriers. Many theories are even now systematically discussed by the educated artisans which would savor of Communism to the upper class. But fortunately they are discussed, and therein is to a great extent safety. The large blocks of city property concentrated in the hands of individuals; the entire exclusion of the poor man from the possession of land; the manner in which in municipal arrangements the poorer quarters are sacrificed to the rich; the indifference too often shown to the interests of the wage-earning class, when whole neighborhoods are swept out of their place to benefit the community without proper division for the housing of the inhabitants elsewhere; the impossibility of obtaining real consideration for the needs of the masses in the matter of recreation, fresh air, and pure water, especially where vested interests are involved; the general inclination to consider the rate-payer first and the benefit of the population afterward—these and other like points are now being talked over by men who have experienced the evils of the present system, and are making ready by fair means to put an end to them. Granting that the English people are not democratic in the Continental sense, admitting that they do respect their "natural leaders," and are ready to follow them politically and socially in orderly fashion, this presupposes that the upper classes are ready to lead, not for the selfish advantage of their own insignificant section, but for the benefit of that class which, as has been well said, is really the nation. The opportunity, and it is a glorious one, is now. We have shown the world how to combine social progress with the

widest and soundest political freedom ; we, as a nation, have laid the foundation of that great trinity of liberty—freedom of speech, freedom of trade, and freedom of religion—which will remain the title of England to honor and to reverence when all other smaller deeds are forgotten in the mists of antiquity. It remains for us too to lead the way with safety in that great social reorganization which is the work of the immediate future to secure for all the same happiness and enjoyment of life which now belong to few.

When poverty and injustice rankle, there we, too, find the most subversive ideas have free play under our rule. What can be more discreditable than the condition of Ireland ? A long period of economical and political misdoing has produced its almost inevitable result—a result which we view, as a nation, with mingled feelings of anger and disgust. What we deplore is an agrarian strike aggravated by rattening and intimidation in their most atrocious form. A large proportion of the tenantry have some of their own free will, and many, in consequence of pressure, entered into a combination against the payment of what they consider excessive rents. This is nothing less than a social revolution, and the horrible murders and outrages on cattle by which it is accompanied ought not to distract attention for a moment from the original disease which has led to this climax. But no sooner does a real difficulty arise in applying the ordinary law of the country with vigor and effect than straightway a cry is raised for a suspension of the first guarantee of all liberty, and Parliamentary lynch law is proclaimed on the housetops as the highest statesmanship. Suspend the Habeas Corpus Act and run them all in—such is the political teaching of our very moderate men. That the landlords, whose “rights of property” are thus set at naught, should call out to the majority of their fellow-subjects to secure for them, no matter how, that to which by the law as it stands they are entitled, is natural enough ; but only the fact that for months past men have been engaged in examining the fundamental conditions of all civilized society, and are somewhat embarrassed by their investigations, can account for this des-

perate haste to recur to old despotic methods. The least that can be said on the other side is that, in order to calm dangerous dissatisfaction with existing laws, we must override some of the cherished theories of ordinary political economy. Thus, in the face of dangerous agitation, we, like others, find that the only sound means of maintaining order is by a combination of legal but almost revolutionary change with more or less pronounced despotism. The dangerous communism of the Fenians, who represent the extreme left wing of the Irish party, is as completely destructive of present arrangements as the purest socialism of Paris or Berlin. It is useless to shut our eyes to the facts, unpleasant as they may be. In stirring times the only safe policy is to recognize that what may have been wisdom yesterday becomes the height of folly to-day. If only the plain speaking about Ireland, which is now to be heard all round, had been in fashion a few years ago, we should not have to make up our minds to something not far short of a measure for compensated expropriation of landlords.

In England the land question has hitherto scarcely been entered upon. Economical causes are working a silent revolution, which will be far more complete than perhaps any of us have as yet fully understood. The longer an attempt at settlement is delayed, however, the greater way will be made among the agricultural laborers by those who are anxious to bring about a change at least as great as that which settled the French villeins in the possession of their holdings. Ideas move fast, and though tenant farmers may not reason to their own case from what is going on in Ireland, will anybody guarantee that this is so with all who are concerned with the land ?

Fortunately we need but ordinary care and sagacity to pass through a period which might prove dangerous with benefit to ourselves. The English tendency is to build up from the bottom, to improve the conditions of life below. There has been much neglect, but it may be remedied. Meantime, we are at least not creating enemies to society by deliberate enactment, and then arming them so that they may be able to overthrow the whole structure. Our emigration is in the main beneficial to us.

It affords a safe and honorable outlet for those adventurous spirits who might otherwise turn their energies into a dangerous channel. They go forth to America and our colonies, and those who succeed form on their return a progressive and yet in the best sense a conservative body at home. With us, therefore, the revolution involved in the change of the political centre of gravity may be peacefully worked out.* What has occurred and what may occur again in America is, however, worth brief consideration. There, with endless land to fall back upon close at hand—which we, however much our land system may be modified, could never boast—the same agitation which threatens the Continent has burst out into actual violence. The riots in Pittsburg and Baltimore are almost forgotten in this country, but the action then taken by the masses of the large towns was most significant. Thoughtful Americans are well aware that the outbreak was in the last degree dangerous, and that it might be renewed at a favorable moment. But for the resolute action of one or two private capitalists, the matter would have gone much farther than it did. In any case hatred of the capitalist class is growing up among a certain section of the community, and Socialist ideas are promulgated in St. Louis and Chicago as well as in Pittsburg, Philadelphia, and New York. Even the Western farmers, who are the closest hands at a bargain, and assuredly have no avowed communistic views in regard to property in general, are not by any means disinclined to deal with railroads and all land but their own in a decidedly communistic fashion. If amid the favorable conditions for general prosperity to be found in America, these ideas can take root and spread, this is in itself good evidence that there exists at the present time a decided tendency toward attempting a new solution of social difficulties. Experiments in practical Communism, such as those of the Mormons, the Shakers, the Men-

nonites, and others, are merely interesting as experiments. They are trifling matters when compared with an agitation like that in California, or a rising which at one moment bid fair to put the whole railroad system of the Eastern States at the mercy of a furious mob.

Thus whichever way we look, whether to the Continent of Europe or to newly-settled countries, we see plainly that the principle of State management, which is practical enough within certain limits, is making way at the same time that notions which extend to dealing with all property for the benefit of the mass, and not for the individual, are gaining strength and coherence. The former system may be peacefully and perhaps beneficially worked out; the latter must involve anarchy and bloodshed in the beginning, and can scarcely under any conditions we can at present imagine prove successful in the end. Yet at a period such as ours anything may be tried. One of the features of the time is the prevailing incredulity among the educated of all civilized communities. Religious sanctions are shaken in every country, political institutions are themselves in a state of fusion—for who shall say that Parliamentary government has proved fully successful?—the growing knowledge and power of the masses leads them to consider more and more seriously the strange inequalities of our existing arrangements, the spread of ideas from one centre to another is so rapid as almost to defy calculation. Can it, then, be said that we are safe for any length of time from the shock of one of those convulsions which may change the whole social prospect? Those who condemn democracy, who look askance at the determination to give political power to every class in order that all may be able to insist upon their share in the general advancement, are but rendering more probable the overturn they dread. The old days of aristocracy and class privileges are passing away fast; we have to consider now how to deal with the growing democratic influence, so that we may benefit by the experience of others. This can only be done by a steady determination at the outset to satisfy the needs and gratify the reasonable ambition of all.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

* The facilities recently offered for saving, and the investment of small sums in consols, tend of course to knit the thrifty of all classes closer to the existing form of society, or at any rate to render its modification, if ever it should prove admissible, less dangerous to the public peace.

ON SOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS.

BY ONE WHO HAS PERSONATED THEM.

[DEAR MR. EDITOR.—These two or three letters were written in the autumn at the instigation, and for the gratification, of a dear and gifted friend who has since passed away. No thought of their being made public was in my mind, so they naturally ran into many personal details which I knew would make them more interesting to an intimate friend, but which otherwise I should not have thought worth recording. These details, I am told, I could not remove without altering the nature of my slight attempts to illustrate by the pen characters which, with much greater pleasure to myself, I have had to illustrate upon the stage. The few friends who have seen them appear to be all of one mind, that my "thoughts" may have an interest for a wider circle; and indeed I have been entreated, past all refusing, to give them to the world. But I confess to yielding up my own wish for privacy with great reluctance, all the more because the fear haunts me that I may appear to be dictating—to say, as it were, "This is Shakespeare's Ophelia;" whereas I only mean this is Ophelia as she has appeared to my mind—as she has lived, and lives for me. I hope this may be understood. Believe me, etc.,

H. F. M.

31 ONSLOW SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.]

I. OPHELIA.

BRYNTYSILIO, August 10, 1880.

"O rose of May! Sweet Ophelia!"

AND so you ask me, my friend—indeed I may almost say that you insist—after our late talk over her, that I should put down in writing my idea of Ophelia, that you may make, as you say, a new study of her character.

Accustomed as you are to write fluently all your thoughts, you will hardly believe what a difficult task you have set me. My views of Shakespeare's women have been wont to take their shape in the living portraiture of the stage, and not in words. I have, in imagination, lived their lives from the very beginning to the end; and Ophelia, as I have pictured her, is so unlike what I hear and

read about her, and have seen, that I can scarcely hope to make any one think of her as I do. It hurts me to hear her spoken of, as she often is, as a weak creature, wanting in truthfulness, in purpose, in force of character, and only interesting when she loses the little wits she had. And yet who can wonder that a character so delicately outlined, and shaded in with strokes so fine, should be often gravely misunderstood?

Faint and delicate, however, as these shadowings are, they are yet so true to nature, and, at the same time, so full of suggestion, that I look on Ophelia as one of the strongest proofs our great master has left us of his belief in the actor's art (his own), and of his trust in the power of filling up, at least by sympathetic natures, and of giving full and vivid life to the creatures of his brain. Without this belief, could he have written as he did, when boys and beardless youths were the only representatives of his women on the stage? Yes, he must have looked beyond "the ignorant present," and known that a time would come when women, true and worthy, should find it a glory to throw the best part of their natures into these ideal types which he has left to testify to his faith in womanhood, and to make them living realities for thousands to whom they would else have been unknown. Think of a boy as Juliet! as "heavenly Rosalind!" as "divine Imogen!" or the gracious lady of Belmont, "richly left," but still more richly endowed by nature—"The poor rude world," says Jessica, "hath not her fellow." Think of a boy as Miranda, Cordelia, Hermione, Desdemona, who was "heavenly true," as the bright Beatrice, and so on, through all the wondrous gallery! How could any youth, however gifted and specially trained, even faintly suggest these fair and noble women to an audience? Woman's words coming from a man's lips, a man's heart, it seems monstrous to think of! One quite pities Shakespeare, who had to put up with seeing his brightest creations thus marred, misrepresented, spoiled.

But to come back to Ophelia. She was one of the pet dreams of my girlhood—partly, perhaps, from the mystery of her madness. In my childhood I was much alone, taken early away from school because of delicate health; often sent to spend months at the sea, in the charge of kind but busy people, who, finding me happy with my books on the beach, left me there long hours by myself. I had begged from home the Shakespeare I had been used to read there—an acting edition by John Kemble. This and the "Arabian Nights"—how dear these books were to me! Then I had the "Pilgrim's Progress," and Milton's "Paradise Lost." Satan was my great hero. I think I knew him by heart. His address to the council I have often declaimed to the waves, when sure of being unobserved. I had also a translation—I do not know whose (poor enough, but good enough for me then)—of Dante's "Inferno," some lines of which sank deep into my heart. I have not seen the book for years and years; but they are still there.

"Up! be bold!
Vanquish fatigue by energy of mind!
For not on plumes or canopied in state
The soul wins fame!"

How often since, in life's hard struggles and troubles, have these lines helped me!

My books were indeed a strange medley, but they were all that were within my reach, and I found them satisfying. They filled my young heart and mind with what fascinated me most, the gorgeous, the wonderful, the grand, the heroic, the self-denying, the self-devoting.

Like all children, I kept, as a rule, my greatest delight to myself. I remember on some occasions, after I had returned home to my usual studies, when a doubt arose about some passage which had happened to be in my little storehouse, being able to repeat whole chapters and scenes of my favorites to the amused ears of those about me. But I never revealed how much my life was wrapt up in them, even to my only sister, dear as she was to me. She was many years older than myself, and too fond of fun to share in my day-and-night dreams. I knew I should only be laughed at or quizzed.

Thus I had lived again and again

through the whole childhood and lives of many of Shakespeare's heroines long before it was my happy privilege to impersonate and make them, in my fashion, my own. During the few years I acted under Mr. Macready's management, almost the first, as you know, in my theatrical life, I was never called upon to act the character of Ophelia—I suppose because the little snatches of song (merely what we call the humming of a tune) kept still alive the tradition that an accomplished singer was required for the part. I had my wish, however, when in Paris, a little later, I was asked, as a favor, to support Mr. Macready in *Hamlet* by acting Ophelia. I need not say how nervous I felt—all the more because of this *singing* tradition. The performances were given in the Salle Ventadour, on the "off-nights" of the Italian Opera.

Oh, how difficult it is, however much you have lived in a thing, to make real your own ideal, and give it an utterance and a form! To add to my fright, I was told, just before entering on the scene, that Grisi and many others of the Italian group were sitting in a private box on the stage. But I believe I sang in tune, and soon forgot her and all. I could not help feeling that I somehow drew my audience with me. And what an audience it was! No obtrusive noisy applause, for there was no organized *claque* for the English plays; but what an indescribable atmosphere of sympathy surrounded you! Every tone was heard, every look was watched, felt, appreciated. I seemed lifted into "an ampler ether, a diviner air." Think, if this were so in Desdemona, in Ophelia, what it must have been to act Juliet to them! I was in a perfect ecstasy of delight. I remember that, because of the curtailment of some of the scenes in *Romeo and Juliet* (the brilliant Mercutio was cut out), I had to change my dress very quickly and came to the side-scene breathless. I said something to Mr. Serle, the acting manager, about the hot haste of it all—no pause to gather one's self up for the great exertion that was to follow. He replied, "Never mind, you will feel no fatigue after this." And he was right. The inspiration of the scene is at all times the best anodyne to pain and bodily fatigue. But who could

think of either before an audience so sensitively alive to every touch of the artist's hand?

But to return to poor Ophelia. I learned afterward that, among the audience, when I played her first, were many of the finest minds in Paris; and these found "most pretty things" to say of the Ophelia to which I had introduced them. Many came after the play to my dressing-room in the French fashion—to say them, I suppose; but having had the same scene to go through before, after Desdemona, the character in which I first appeared in Paris, my English shyness took me out of the theatre as soon as I had finished, and before the play ended. All this was of course pleasant. But really what gratified me most was to learn that Mr. Macready, sternest of critics, watched me on each night in the scenes of the fourth act; and among the many kind things he said, I cannot forget his telling me that I had thrown a new light for him on the part, and that he had never known the mad scenes even touched before. How I treated them specially it would be difficult to describe to you in words, because they were the outcome of the whole character and life of Ophelia, as these had shaped themselves in my youthful dream.

And now to tell you, as nearly as I can, what that dream was.

I pictured Ophelia to myself as the motherless child of an elderly Polonius. His young wife had first given him a son, Laertes, and had died a few years later, after giving birth to the poor little Ophelia. The son takes much after his father, and, his student-life over, seeks his pleasure in the gayer life and country of France; fond of his little sister in a patronizing way, in their rare meetings, but neither understanding nor caring to understand her nature at all.

The baby Ophelia was left, as I fancy, to the kindly, but thoroughly unsympathetic tending of country folk, who knew little of "inland nurture." Think of her, sweet, fond, sensitive, tender-hearted, the offspring of a delicate dead mother, cared for only by roughly mannered and uncultured natures! One can see the lonely child, lonely from choice, with no playmates of her kind, wandering by the streams, plucking flow-

ers, making wreaths and coronals, learning the names of all the wild flowers in glade and dingle, having many pet ones, listening with eager ears, and lulled to sleep at night by the country songs, whose words and melodies (the former, in true country fashion, not too refined or modest) come back to her memory again vividly, as such things strangely but surely do, only when her wits have flown. Thus it is that, when she has been "blasted with ecstasy," all the country customs return to her mind: the manner of burying the dead, the strewing the grave with flowers, "at his head, a grass-green turf; at his heels, a stone," with all the other country ceremonies. I think it important to keep in view this part of her supposed life, because it puts to flight all the coarse suggestions which unimaginative critics have sometimes made, to explain how Ophelia came to have in her mind snatches of such ballads as are scarcely to be expected from a young and cultured gentlewoman's lips.

When we see Ophelia first, this "Rose of May" is just budding; and, indeed, it is as a bud, never as a full flower, that she lived her brief life.

"Et rose—elle a vécu, ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin."

She was still very young, in her early teens, according to what Laertes says, when he last sees her. We can imagine her formal, courtierly father, on one of his rare and stated visits to his country home (ill spared from his loved court duties), noting with surprise his little daughter grown into the promise of a charming womanhood. The tender beauty of this budding rose must be no longer left to blush unseen; this shy, gentle nature must be developed, made into something more worthy of her rank. She must imbibe the court culture, and live in its atmosphere. She must become a court lady; and this hitherto half-forgotten flower must be made to expand, under his own eye and teaching, into the beauty of a full-blown hot-house exotic.

When we first see her, we may fairly suppose that she has been only a few months at court. It has taken off none of the bloom of her beautiful nature. That is pure and fresh and simple as

she brought it from her country home. One change has taken place, and this a great one. Her heart has been touched, and has found its ideal in the one man about the court most likely to reach it, both from his rare and attractive personal qualities, and a certain loneliness in his position not very unlike her own. How could she but feel flattered—drawn toward this romantic, desolate Hamlet, the observed of all observers, whose "music vows" have been early whispered in her ears? On the other hand, what sweet repose it must have been to the tired, moody scholar, soldier, prince, dissatisfied with the world and all its ways, to open his heart to her, and to hear the shy yet eloquent talk which he would woo from her—to watch the look and manner and movements of this graceful child of nature—watch, too, her growing wonder at all her new surroundings, the court ceremonies, the strange diversities of character, and the impressions made upon her by them—what delight to trace and analyze the workings of this pure impressionable mind, all the more interesting and wonderful to him because of the contrast she presented to the parent stem! In all this there was for him the subtle charm, which the deep philosophical intellect must ever find in the pure unconscious innocence and wisdom of a guileless heart.

One can see how the pompous officiousness and the platitudes of Polonius irritate Hamlet beyond expression. What a contrast the daughter presents to him! Restful, intelligent, unobtrusive, altogether charming, and whom he loves "best, O most best, believe it." "Thine evermore, most dear lady, while this machine is to him, Hamlet." And to Ophelia, how great must have been the attraction of an intercourse with a mind like Hamlet's, when she first saw him, and had been sought by his "solicitations!" How alluring, how subtly sweet to one hitherto so lonely, so tender-hearted, shy, and diffident of her power to please; yet, though she knew it not, so well fitted to understand and to appreciate all the finest qualities of the young lord Hamlet! We see how often and often they had met, by Polonius's own telling. Nor could he possibly have been ignorant that they did so meet. He says:

"But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me)."

Then all that her brother says to her shows complete indifference to her feelings. I never could get over the shock of his lecturing her "touching the lord Hamlet," when we first see them together as he is starting for France. Poor maiden! to have this treasured secret of her inner life—her very life, her very soul, a secret so sweet, so sacred, so covered over as she thinks from all eyes—thus dragged rudely to the light; discussed in the most commonplace tone, and her very maidenly modesty questioned! Who will say she is not truthful when, on being asked, as she is soon after, by her father, "What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?" she replies at once, notwithstanding all her pain, "So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet"? Think how her sensitive, delicate nature must again have shrunk and quivered, while listening to the cautious and worldly platitudes of her father which follow! Then, to be commanded to deny herself to the one being dear to her, and with whom she has sympathy; and what a feeling of degradation as well as anguish must have been behind the few words she utters, "I shall obey, my lord."

Ophelia naturally had her attendants whose duty it was to tell her father of those meetings, and who evidently did so. They were clearly not objected to by him, and he let the interviews go on, till he thought it might be as well, by interfering, to find out if Hamlet were in earnest in his attachment, and if it would be sanctioned by the king and queen. By this interference his worldly wisdom overreached itself. It came at the wrong, the worst time. He bids Ophelia deny Hamlet access to her, trusting that this will make him openly avow his love; and, of course, in entire ignorance of the fearful scene, the dread revelation, which had meanwhile taken place, and which was to cut Hamlet's life in twain, to obliterate from it all "trivial fond records," and to shake to its foundations all faith in womanhood, hitherto most sacred to him in the name and person of his mother, the mother whom from his boyhood he had fondly

loved, and whom he had seen so cherished and adored by his dead father.

Pause a moment with me, and think of the extraordinary attraction of this mother. Another Helen of Troy she seems to me, in the subtle fascination which she exercises on all who come within her influence; not perhaps designedly, but like the Helena of the second part of Goethe's "Faust," by an untoward fate which drew on all insensibly to love her.

"Wehe mir! Welch streng Geschick
Verfolgt mich, überall der Männer Busen
So zu bethören, dass sie weder sich
Noch sonst ein Würdiges verschonten."

"Woe's me, what ruthless fate
Pursues me, that where'er I go, I thus
Befool men's senses, so they not respect
Themselves, nor aught that's worthy!"

What a picture is presented of the depth of her husband's love, in Hamlet's words that he would not "beteem the winds of heaven visit her cheek too roughly"! And this spell still exercises itself upon his spirit after his death. Observe how tenderly he calls Hamlet's attention to the queen in the closet scene—

"But see, amazement on your mother sits!
Oh, step between her and her fighting soul!"

Claudius, his successor, perils his soul for her. She is his all in all. See what he says of her—

"She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her."

She is tenderness itself to her son. "The queen his mother," says Claudius, "lives almost by his looks."

I cannot believe that Gertrude knew anything of the murder of her husband. His spirit does not even hint that she was privy to it; if she had been, could he have spoken of her so tenderly as he does? Hamlet, in the height of his passion, does indeed charge her with this guilty knowledge in the words—

"Almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother."

Again he calls Claudius in her hearing "a murderer and a villain," but in both cases the imputation clearly wakens no echo in her soul; and she puts it down, with much else that he says, to "the heat and flame of his distemper."

"The black and grained spots" in her

soul, of which she speaks, are the stings of her awakened conscience, to which her husband's spirit had warned Hamlet to leave her—remorse for her too soon forgetfulness of her noble husband, and her almost immediate marriage with his brother, the shame of which Hamlet's passionate words have brought home to her so unexpectedly and so irresistibly.

Gertrude evidently sees with satisfaction the growing love between Hamlet and Ophelia. She loves the "sweet maid," and hopes to see their betrothal, and to strew her bridal bed. On her side, Ophelia had felt fully the gracious kindness of the queen; had gratefully returned the affection shown to her; and, like the rest, had been drawn toward her by her beauty and winning graciousness. A proof of this breaks out in her madness, when she clamors for, and will not be denied, the presence of "the beauteous majesty of Denmark."

Ophelia's conduct in reference to the meeting with Hamlet, concerted by her father and the king, has drawn upon her head a world of surely unjust censure and indignation. When the poor girl is brought, half willingly, half unwillingly, to that (for her) fatal interview, we must not forget the previous one, described by her to her father, when she rushes in affrighted, and recounts Hamlet's sudden and forbidden intrusion upon her in her closet, where she was sewing; presenting an appearance such as no sane gentleman could make before a lady—slovenly, "his stockings foul'd, ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle," the "woe-worn look, the sigh so piteous and profound, the eyes, as he went backward out of the chamber, bending to the last their light upon herself. Her father's interpretation is, that "he is mad for her love;" the special cause for this outbreak, that "she did repel his letters, and denied his access." Here his worldly wisdom is again at fault.

"I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted him; I feared he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee."

All this is startling and sad enough, but not entirely hopeless or remediless. Ophelia has at least the solace of hop

ing, believing, that she is beloved by her "soul's idol." Could she, then, but see him once again, she might learn whether Hamlet's strange agitation were really what was represented—whether, as her father had said, he were indeed "mad for her love"! In this state of mind, surely she is not to be much blamed, or judged very harshly, if she consented to lend herself to the arrangement proposed by her father; acutely painful though it must have been to her fine nature, after denying him access to her repeatedly, thus to thrust herself upon her lover's notice, and become, as it were, the partner in a trick. She has, too, the sanction of his mother the queen, who says:

"And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your
virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honors."

Her fault, if fault it were, was cruelly expiated. She will test his affection by offering to return his love-tokens, his gifts and letters—anything to end this torturing suspense. We can believe how cautiously, how tenderly her approaches are made to this so deeply loved, and, as she fears, afflicted one. That Ophelia should, after denying her presence to him, thus place herself in Hamlet's path, and challenge his notice, at once excites in his mind a suspicion of some device to circumvent him. Saluting her at first gently, his tone alters, as he sees in the offer of the return of his "remembrances" a repetition of the plot laid for him before in the persons of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. That he is again to be thus played with, and that this innocent girl, as he had thought her, should lend herself to entrap him, drives him past his patience; and without mercy he soon begins to pour down upon her the full vials of his wrath. In their last interview he had been touchingly gentle and sad: voiceless, showing a pathos beyond words: like the reluctant parting of the soul from the body. Now his rude meaningless words, his violent manner, his shrill voice, "out of tune and harsh," the absence of all courtesy, convince her that he is mad indeed. How can it be otherwise? In all their

former intercourse he had appeared to her as

"The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers!"

His gifts were offered to her with "words of so sweet breath composed, as made the things more rich."

He could not be more pitiless if the worst of her sex stood there, and not this young creature, this tender willow, swaying, bending before the storm-bursts of his wrath, the cutting winds of his fierce words. Many of these words, these reproaches, must have passed harmless over the innocent heart which did not know their meaning. But what a picture (who could paint it?) is that of the stunned, bewildered, heart-stricken lamb, thus standing alone to bear the sins of all her sex thrown at her! She can only whisper a prayer or two for him—no thought of her own desolation comes to her then. "O help him, you sweet heavens!" "Heavenly powers, restore him!" When suddenly challenged, "Where's your father?" the question recalls to her remembrance what she has for the time forgotten in deeper matter, that he is at this very moment acting the degrading part of eavesdropper. What can she do but stammer out in reply, "At home, my lord"? Shall she expose the old man, when thus called to answer for him, to the insults, the violence of Hamlet's mad anger, which must have fallen upon him had she told the truth? No; like Desdemona she faces the falsehood, and to screen her father, takes it upon her own soul, "Oh, who has done this deed?" "Nobody; I myself. Farewell; commend me to my kind lord." Who thinks of condemning Desdemona? As Emilia says, "Oh, she was heavenly true." And yet I have seen Ophelia's answer brought forward as a proof of her weakness; and this weakness of character asserted to be the cause of Hamlet's failure, or, at least, to play an important part in the tragedy of his character. Such weakness I call *strength*, in the highest, most noble, because most self-forgetting, sense of the word.

And so Ophelia, in her "weakness," fears to tell the truth, lest in this too

terrible paroxysm of madness which now possesses him, Hamlet might possibly kill her old father. But this is soon to follow, and proves to be the drop too much in her cup of lonely anguish. When Hamlet has left the scene, even then not a sob is heard, no tears are shed : there is no time yet for self-pity. Her soul's agony is too deep for tears—beyond all utterance of the common kind. First in her thoughts is the "noble mind o'erthrown," and "most sovereign reason, like sweet bells jangled." At last, when she has gone through the catalogue of his rare virtues, his princely qualities, his noble attributes—"all quite, quite down"!—at the end she looks at herself—she who had "suck'd the honey of his music vows." What is left for her?—for her "of ladies most deject and wretched"? "Oh, woe is me! To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!" This is all she says, "still harping on" Hamlet.

In the usual stage arrangement Ophelia leaves the scene with these words. But how much more touching is Shakespeare's idea that she shall remain! Her heartless father, knowing nothing, seeing nothing of the tragedy that is going on before his eyes, unconscious from first to last how deeply she has been wounded, and still treating her merely as a tool, says,

"How now, Ophelia!

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said ;
We heard it all."

He and the king had only eyes and ears for Hamlet ; and so she drifts away from them into a shoreless "sea of troubles," unheeded and unmissed.

We see her once again, playing a sort of automaton part in the play-scene—sitting patiently, watchfully—with eyes only for the poor stricken one who asks to lay his head on her lap. You see, in the little that passes between them, how gently she treats her wayward, smitten lover. And then, having no clue to his trouble, no thread by which to link it with the past, she is scared away, with the rest, at what appears to be a fresh outbreak of Hamlet's malady. By this time her own misery and desolation must have come fully home to her—her hurt mind, her wrecked happiness must be more than the young unaccustomed spirit can stand up against. She is not likely,

after the previous experience, to seek solace in her father's sympathy : nor is hers a nature to seek it anywhere. If found, it must have come to her by the way. The queen is, by this time, wrapped up in her own griefs—inclined to confess herself to Heaven, repent what's past. "O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain." "What shall I do?" She is grieved enough for Ophelia when she sees her "distract," but has had no time to waste upon her amid her own numerous fast-growing cares—not even, as it seems, to break to her the news of her father's death. There might have been some drop of comfort if she had told Ophelia, as she told the king, "He weeps for what is done!" Most likely, in the usual marvel-loving way of common people, the news of Polonius's death by Hamlet's hand was conveyed hurriedly, without any preparation, to Ophelia's ears, by her attendants. Shock upon shock! The heart already stricken, the young brain undisciplined in life's storms, and in close and subtle sympathy with him who was her very life—she catches insensibly the infection of his mind's disease, her wits go wandering after his, and, like him, she falls down—"quite, quite down." One feels the mercifulness of this. The "sweet heavens," to which she had appealed to help Hamlet, had helped her! Her mind, in losing memory, loses the remembrance of all the woful past, and goes back to her childhood, with its simple folk-lore and nursery-rhymes. Still, through all this, we have the indication of dimly-remembered wrongs and griefs. She says she hears "There's tricks i' the world, and hems, and beats her heart ; . . . speaks things in doubt, that carry but half sense, . . . would make one think there might be thought, though nothing sure, yet much unhappily." But the deeper suffering—the love and grief together—cannot (perhaps never could) find expression in words. The soul's wreck, the broken heart, are seen only by Him who knows all. Happily, there is no vulgar comment made upon the deep affection which she had so silently cherished—no rude pitying words. "Oh! this," says the king, "is the poison of deep grief ; it springs all from her father's death." Laertes says :

"O rose of May!

* * * * *
O Heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?"

He comes a little nearer the truth in what follows:

"Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves."

But one sees he has not the faintest insight into the real cause of her loss of wits. The revenge he seeks upon Hamlet is for his father—

"... his means of death, his obscure
burial—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question."

A matter of family pride in Laertes, as well as grief for his father's loss. Then at her grave, he says:

"Oh, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of!"

Only "when they shall meet at compt" will even Hamlet know the grief he has brought upon, the wrong he has done to, this deep and guileless spirit. So far as we see, he has indeed blotted her from his mind as a "trivial fond record." He is so self-centred, so wrapped up in his own suffering, that he has no thought to waste on the delicate girl whom he had wooed with such a "fire of love," and had taught to listen to his most honeyed vows. He casts her from him like a worthless weed, without a word of explanation or a quiver of remorse. Let us hope that when he sees her grave his conscience stings him; but beyond ranting louder than Laertes about what he would do for her sake—and she *dead*!—there is not much sign of his love being worthy, at any time, of the sweet life lost for it.

Perhaps you will think that, in the fulness of my sympathy for Ophelia, I feel too little for Hamlet. But this is not really so. One cannot judge Hamlet's actions by ordinary rules. He is involved in the meshes of a ruthless destiny, from which by nature and temperament he is powerless to extricate himself. In the infirmity of a character which

expends its force in words and shrinks from resolute action, he drags down Ophelia unconsciously with him. They are the victims of the same inexorable fate. I could find much to say in explanation and in extenuation of the shortcomings of one on whom a task was laid which he of all men, by the essential elements of his character, seemed least fitted to accomplish.

But you see, I only touch upon his character, so far as it bears upon Ophelia, on what he is and has been to her. Before the story begins, he has offered her his love "in honorable fashion." Then we hear from her of the silent interview which so affrights her. After this, when for the first time we see them together, he treats her as only a madman could, and in a way which not even his affectation of madness can excuse. Again, in the play-scene which follows, the same wilfulness, even insolence, of manner is shown to her. Now, whatever his own troubles, perplexities, heartbreaks, might be, it is hard to find an apology for such usage of one whose heart he could not but know he had won. He is even tenderer, more considerate, to his mother, whom he thinks so wanton and so guilty, than to this young girl, whom he has "importuned with love," and "given countenance to his speech with almost all the holy vows of heaven."

I cannot, therefore, think that Hamlet comes out well in his relations with Ophelia. I do not forget what he says at her grave:

"I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum!"

But I weigh his actions against his words, and find them wanting. The very language of his letter to Ophelia, which Polonius reads to the king and queen, has not the true ring in it. It comes from the head, and not from the heart—it is a string of euphuisms, which almost justifies Laertes' warning to his sister, that the "trifling of Hamlet's favor" is but "the perfume and suppli-
ance of a minute." Hamlet loves, I have always felt, only in a dreamy, imaginative way, with a love as deep, perhaps, as can be felt by a nature fuller of thought and contemplation than of sympathy and passion. Ophelia does not

sway his whole being, perhaps no woman could, as he sways hers. Had she done so, not even the task imposed upon him by his father's spirit could have made him blot her love from his mind as "a trivial fond record," for it would have been interwoven inseparably with his soul once and forever.

When Ophelia comes before us for the last time, with her lap full of flowers, to pay all honor and reverence, as she thinks, in country fashion, to her father's grave, the brother is by her side, of whom she had said before, most significantly, that he should "know of it." "I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground." Then he can lavish in her heedless ears the kind phrases, the words of love, of which in her past days he had been too sparing. "O rose of May! dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!" But the smiles are gone which would once have greeted these kind words. He has passed out of her memory, even as she had passed out of his, when he was "treading the primrose path of dalliance" in sunny France. She has no thought but to bury the dead—*her dead love*—her old father taking the outward form of it. Even the flowers she has gathered have little beauty or sweetness—"rosemary for remembrance; pray you, love, remember"—he has said he never gave her aught! "I loved you not"—"rue," for desolation; fennel, and columbines—a daisy, the only pleasant flower—with pansies for thoughts. Violets she would give, but cannot. "They withered all" with her dead love.

To Ophelia's treatment of her brother in this scene I ventured to give a character which I cannot well describe, but which, as I took care it should not be obtrusive, and only as a part of the business of the scene, I felt sure that my great master, the actor-author, would not have objected. I tried to give not only his words, but, by a sympathetic interpretation, his deeper meaning—a meaning to be apprehended only by that sympathy which arises in, and is the imagination of, the heart.

When Laertes approaches Ophelia, something in his voice and look brings back a dim flitting remembrance; she gives him of her flowers, and motions

him to share in the obsequies she is paying. When her eyes next fall upon him, she associates him somehow with the "tricks i' the world." A faint remembrance comes over her of his warning words, of the shock they gave her, and of the misery which came so soon afterward. These she pieces together with her "half sense," and thinks he is the cause of all. She looks upon him with doubt, even aversion; and, when he would approach her, shrinks away with threatening gestures and angry looks. All this was shown only at intervals, and with pauses between—mostly by looks and slight action—a fitful vagueness being indicated throughout. The soul of sense being gone, the sweet mind had become "such stuff as dreams are made of." The body bore some resemblance to the rose of May; but it was only as the casket without the jewel. Nothing was left there of the thoughtful, reticent, gentle Ophelia. The unobtrusive calm which had formerly marked her demeanor had changed to waywardness. The forcing her way into the presence of the queen, where she had been used to go only when called, clamoring for her will, and with her winks, nods, and gestures, "strewing dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds," tells with a terrible emphasis how all is changed, and how her reason too has become "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

Poor rose of May! Who does not give a sigh, a sob of grief, at miserable Gertrude's beautiful account of the watery death of this fragile bud, cut down by a cold spring storm, before her true midsummer had arrived? She sings her own requiem, and carries the flowers of her innocence along with her to the end. Like the fabled swan, with her death-song on her lips, she floats unconsciously among the water-lilies, till the kindly stream embraces and takes her to itself, and to "that blessed last of deaths, where death is dead."

Dear friend, these are little better than rough notes. I have written much, yet seem to have said nothing. "Piece out my imperfections with your thoughts."

Yours always affectionately,

HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.

To MISS GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY.

Blackwood's Magazine.

AËRIAL NAVIGATION.

BY DR. WILLIAM POLE, F.R.S.

CONSIDERING the vast development of mechanical invention and enterprise that has taken place in the last century, it is singular that so little serious attention should have been bestowed on the balloon. The brilliant invention of Montgolfier and Charles, from which so much was expected on its first appearance, has been hitherto little more than a toy; the attempts to take advantage of it for any useful object have been but few, and of very limited scope. Balloons have been used to provide elevated posts of observation for military purposes, and they have also served to aid the investigation of meteorological phenomena; but otherwise little or nothing has been done with them. It would seem that the most obvious function of a balloon is to afford a means of transport through the air, just as the most obvious function of a boat is to provide transport on the water; yet, strange to say, this function has been, so far as any general application of it is concerned, entirely ignored. The aeronaut who usually accompanies a balloon is content simply to go wherever the wind may carry him; the idea that he should exercise any volition as to his course or his goal is one that is scarcely ever entertained.

We cannot have a better proof of this than by referring to the scheme lately discussed for a new voyage of Arctic discovery. It is believed that the North Pole is surrounded by a tract of rough hummocky ice, which can neither be penetrated by boats nor traversed by sledges; and it has been proposed, reasonably enough, to explore it by the aid of balloons. There has been much discussion as to the best mode of using these, but no one appears to have contemplated the possibility of exercising any mechanical control over their movements, a resource which, it is hardly necessary to say, would, under the circumstances, be of the greatest value. We hear from time to time of aeronautical societies, and even of ærostatic competitions, but we look in vain for any attempts to convert balloons into useful locomotive machines; and it is a fair in-

ference from this fact that such an idea has been generally considered too chimerical to deserve serious study. There cannot be two opinions as to the extreme interest that would attach to the use of balloons for aerial locomotion, if such an object could be brought about. Man has obtained a command over the means of transport by land and by water; why should he not exercise a similar dominion over the regions of the air? I propose to inquire into the state of this question. It can be shown that the problem is one perfectly amenable to mechanical investigation; that it has already received some careful study from very competent men; and that practical attempts have been made at its solution, which have not only given favorable results, but have furnished valuable data for carrying the investigation further. It will be instructive, therefore, to endeavor to ascertain, in the first place, what prospect of success is offered by reasoning, theoretically, on these data, and secondly, what is the nature of the practical difficulties that lie in the way.

The desire expressed by the poetical aspiration, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove," must have been one of the earliest known to man; and the perception that flying was a purely mechanical operation must always have prevented the desire being entirely hopeless. But the difficulties were enormous until the invention of the balloon did away with the most formidable of them by counteracting the gravity of the flying body. This was so great a step that the first result of the invention was to produce a general impression that aerial locomotion was at once about to become universal. Indeed, the unreasoning enthusiasm of the multitude went so far as even to anticipate the possibility of visiting the moon and the planets, or of exploring the realms of infinite space among the fixed stars.

Sensible men, though they did not indulge in such fancies, still set themselves to work to cultivate the newly-acquired power; for no sooner had the buoyancy of the balloon been established than at-

tempts were made to gain a control over the direction of its flight. As early as December, 1783—*i.e.*, only six months after Montgolfier's first public experiment—the great philosopher Lavoisier gave before the French Academy* an admirable *résumé* of the conditions which should be fulfilled in *aërostatic* machines, and which are as perfectly applicable now as they were then. In studying the subject he saw clearly that a control might be obtained over the movement of the balloon by reaction against the air, on the principle of wings or oars; and accordingly the last of his conditions runs thus:

“Enfin, en employant la force des hommes, il paraît constant qu'on pourra l'écarter de la direction du vent sous un angle de plusieurs degrés.”

This, as we shall see, exactly describes what was practically done a century later; and thus we find that (to use a word that has been coined for the purpose) the idea of a *dirigible* balloon is as old as the balloon itself.

Lavoisier's idea was discussed by the Montgolfiers, who proposed to adapt oars to their machines; and other early *aéronauts* from time to time made experiments with apparatus of the same kind. But although the general principle was incontestably sound, the conditions of the problem had not been sufficiently studied, and none of these attempts had any practical result. Hence arose an impression that *aërial* navigation was unattainable, and this impression appears to have prevailed down to the present day. People have made up their minds that a balloon can only float in the atmosphere, being carried passively along by any current that may happen to prevail.

It was only a few years ago that two clever and enterprising individuals undertook to reinvestigate the question, and to try whether the principle of reaction against the air might not, when more favorably applied, be made really to influence the path of the balloon. The problem, they perceived, was one largely analogous to that of aquatic navigation. In ships the *steering* is done by means of that very simple and elegant

contrivance the *rudder*; but to make the rudder act the vessel must have “way” through the fluid in which she floats; and it was seen that if the balloon could only be given some independent *velocity* *through* the fluid, instead of moving helplessly *with* it, the rudder could be brought into action, and the whole machine might be efficiently steered.

The first person who did this was a M. Henri Giffard, a young French engineer, who, though then unknown, has since made his name famous by other brilliant mechanical inventions; and it will be instructive to note the way in which he set about his work, as it will give a fair idea of the conditions of the problem.

He saw, in the first place, that the *form* of the balloon must be changed. If a balloon has only to float passively in the air, the globular shape is the most proper, as giving the greatest ascending power with the smallest surface of envelope; but if it has to move through the air, this shape is objectionable, as offering too great a resistance to motion. This is the same principle that obtains in water navigation; a globular shape would be proper enough for a buoy, but is quite unsuitable for a boat, which must be elongated, diminishing at the bow and stern, so as to reduce as low as possible the proportion of resistance to capacity. A *dirigible* balloon must be similarly formed, and, though it will lose in floating power, the loss must be submitted to as a necessity if any speed worth having is to be attained. To complete the analogy of water navigation, this elongated vessel must have a keel, to preserve its general linear motion, and a rudder, to allow of lateral deviations when desired.

The next requisite was to provide the propelling surfaces to act against the surrounding air. There are many models of these of different kinds; there are the natural provisions of wings and fins, and there are also the artificial arrangements adopted by human ingenuity for aquatic motion, such as oars, paddle-wheels, and the screw propeller. Of these a mechanic would clearly choose the last as by far the most convenient. And it is worthy of remark that this is already applied to *aërial* purposes, although conversely, in the common windmill. A current of air blowing on

* Reprinted in the “Comptes Rendus,” vol. lxxi. p. 608.

the sails turns the axis with a certain force. It is easy to suppose the action reversed—i.e., to suppose a power applied to the axis inside the mill, which, turning the sails, would create a current of air, or by reaction against it would give propulsion to the whole building if it were free to move.

Finally, M. Giffard wanted a power to work his screw, and for this he resolved to follow directly the model of modern marine navigation by employing a steam-engine.

Having duly settled his design, he made his balloon. It was of elongated shape, pointed at the ends, nearly 40 feet diameter in the middle and 144 feet long. The car was suspended by a net in the usual way, and there was a large movable triangular sail attached to the stern, serving as keel and rudder. The car contained a small steam-engine of three horse-power. It was a bold measure to put a roaring fiery furnace within a few feet of an immense reservoir of inflammable gas; but he took effective precautions for safety, among which was the ingenious expedient of turning the funnel downward, and producing the draught by a steam blast, as in the railway locomotive. The engine turned a screw 11 feet diameter, which could be given 110 revolutions per minute.

M. Giffard ascended from the Hippodrome, in Paris, on the 24th of September, 1852.* Having arrived at a convenient height, he started his engine; and what was his delight, on pulling one of the cords of the rudder, to see the horizon begin to turn round like the moving picture in a diorama! The machine was really "under way;" it was being steered like a ship at sea. In short, the balloon was "dirigible," and the problem of aerial navigation was practically solved. The wind was too high for him to hope to move against it, but he performed with perfect success several manœuvres of circular movement and lateral deviation. He descended safely, and he found, when he came to calculate his course, that his engine and screw had impressed on the balloon an inde-

pendent velocity through the air of from 2 to 3 metres per second, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour.

Reviewing his results, he says that, in the absence of all previous experience, he had conceived some doubts about the stability of the new form, but he adds:

"L'expérience est venue pleinement rassurer à cet égard, et prouver que l'emploi d'un aérostat allongé, le seul que l'on puisse espérer diriger convenablement, était, sous tous les autres rapports, aussi avantageux que possible, et que le danger résultant de la réunion du feu et d'un gaz inflammable pouvait être complètement illusoire. . . . Si l'on réfléchit aux difficultés de toute nature qui doivent entourer ces premières expériences avec les moyens d'exécution excessivement restreints, et à l'aide de matériaux imparfaits, on sera convaincu que les résultats obtenus, quelque incomplets qu'ils soient encore, doivent conduire, dans un avenir prochain, à quelque chose de positif et de pratique."

His experiment made a great sensation, and he was called the Fulton of aerial navigation. Victor Hugo, some years later, having, no doubt, this experiment in view, wrote as follows to Gaston Tissandier:

"I believe in all kinds of progress. The navigation of the air must follow that of the ocean. Man will penetrate into every part of the creation where respiration is possible to him. Our sole limit is life. At that point where we cease to find a column of air of sufficient pressure to prevent our machine from bursting, man should stop. But he can go, ought to go, and will go thus far. The future is for aerial navigation, and the duty of the present is to work for the future."

The other attempt at aerial navigation was not, like M. Giffard's, one of mere scientific experiment, but was dictated by an important need. During the siege of Paris by the Germans in 1870, balloons were used to a large extent, as a matter of history, in order to get dispatches out of the city. They were unfortunately not available for communication in the opposite direction, but it occurred to the authorities that if it were possible to give them even a slight guiding power they might be made so. The subject was accordingly taken up by M. Dupuy de Lôme, the chief naval architect of this great maritime power, and certainly a more competent person could not have been chosen. He was allowed a grant of money by the Government for the experiments, and he proceeded at once to design a balloon. His proceedings were

* His description of the balloon and its voyage was published in *La Presse* of the 25th of September, and was reprinted eighteen years later in the "Comptes Rendus," vol. lxxi. p. 683.

interrupted by the Communist insurrection, and peace was restored before the machine could actually be tried; but the trial was afterward made, and the results, which were perfectly successful so far as they went, were put on record, in communications from M. Dupuy de Lôme to the Academy of Sciences.*

It is singular that M. Giffard's proceedings should, in eighteen years, have so completely slipped out of memory as to be unknown to M. de Lôme; but such was the case, and it was not till after this gentleman had completed his preliminary investigation, and had communicated it in full detail to the Academy, that the previous experiment was brought to his notice. And it is an important fact that the independent studies of the two investigators led them to the adoption of the same general principles on which the trial should be made. The special merit of M. de Lôme's work consists in the full and able manner in which, applying to the subject his great knowledge of marine navigation, he has discussed all the elements of the problem; such as the stability of the whole structure, its resistance to motion, and the power necessary to drive it; the proportions of the screw, the velocity attainable, and so on. And he has rendered his labors doubly valuable by the lucid descriptions and explanations he has put on record of everything that was done, both theoretically and practically, thus giving a firm basis for the extension of the principles to a wider range.

As an instance of the care bestowed on the design, one difficulty specially studied by M. de Lôme may be worth mention. As a balloon rises or falls, the contained gas expands or contracts in bulk, in consequence of the variations in the atmospheric pressure. With the ordinary globular balloon, this is of no consequence, as the envelope is only partially filled at starting, and plenty of room is left in the lower part for the expansion. But with a navigable balloon this would not do, as it is desirable that the external shape should be maintained smooth and unaltered at all elevations. This he accomplished by taking advantage of a suggestion made by General

Meusnier at the end of the last century, namely, by putting an air-pocket, or reservoir, inside the balloon, controllable from the car, and the expansion or contraction of which would compensate for any difference in the bulk of the gas caused either by variation in height, or by loss in escape or leakage. This internal vessel might also be given a more extended use in regulating the vertical movements of the balloon, and it was considered by M. de Lôme a very important and useful appendage.

M. de Lôme's balloon was 120 feet long, and 50 feet maximum diameter, diminishing at the ends, like that of M. Giffard. In order to get a large buoyancy, he filled it not with coal gas, but with hydrogen. The total ascending power was 8400 lbs., and the weight of the structure 3885 lbs. The screw was 30 feet diameter. He appears to have been shy of the steam motor, contenting himself with human power; he arranged for the screw shaft to be turned by four men, carrying also four others to relieve them. The weight of the men took up three tenths of the whole buoyancy disposable.

Thus equipped, he ascended from Vincennes, on the 2d of February, 1872. The wind was blowing strongly, but by putting the head of the balloon at right angles to the current, and working the screw, he produced a deviation which, when afterward calculated, showed a resulting velocity through the air of upward of 5 miles per hour; when the eight men were all working together, the velocity was 6.4 miles per hour. The behavior of the balloon, in respect to stability and ease of management (which had caused the most anxiety), was all that could be desired.

We may now endeavor to generalize the results obtained in the two experiments above described, and to draw some inferences from them.

In the first place, it has been fully established that it is possible to design and construct a balloon which shall possess the conditions necessary to fit it for aerial navigation, *i.e.*, which shall have a form of small resistance, which shall be stable and easy to manage, which shall carry machinery and motive-power sufficient to propel it *through* the air, by reaction *against* the air, with a

* "Comptes Rendus," vols. lxxi. and lxxiv.

steady rectilinear velocity, and which shall then be capable of *steering* by a proper obedience to the rudder. This is a *dirigible balloon*, and the general problem of aerial navigation has therefore certainly been shown to be capable of solution.

But, as in all first attempts, the success has been small in degree; it is necessary to inquire what prospect is offered of future extension; and, by applying the ordinary formulæ of mechanics to the data furnished by the experiments, we are able to form, theoretically at least, a fair judgment on the point. It would be out of place to give, in this periodical, details of the calculations;* it will suffice to state the principal results to which they lead.

Taking, in the first place, M. de Lôme's own balloon, we find that the kind of power he used was exceedingly disadvantageous, by reason of its great weight. His eight men weighed 1325 lbs., and as a man is usually estimated to produce one tenth of a horse-power, this would be equal to 1656 lbs. per horse-power. But it was necessary to allow 25 per cent of the power used for loss by the "slip" and friction of the screw, so that his eight men only gave six tenths of a horse-power effective in driving the balloon, which is equivalent to 2210 lbs. per effective horse-power, or with full relays = 4420 lbs. Now this is most extravagant as compared with steam. M. Giffard's engine weighed only 112 lbs. per horse-power, and engines are now in use in England that weigh only 60 or 70 lbs., or even less. We have to add for a condenser to prevent waste of water (as hereafter explained), but we shall be well within actual experience if we estimate the weight of the engine at 100 lbs. per horse-power, or including the loss by the screw at 133 lbs. per horse-power effective in driving the balloon. M. de Lôme fully admits the possibility of great improvement by the use of steam-power; but his object was limited, and, under the circumstances, he took, no doubt, the wisest mode of attaining it. An independent velocity of a few miles an hour would, by taking proper advan-

tage of the wind, certainly have sufficed to enable balloons to enter the city during the siege. For a more extended object there appears, so far as can at present be seen, no kind of power that could compete with steam. A good deal is now done by storage of power in compressed air, but this would require far too much weight in the reservoirs.

Again, M. Dupuy de Lôme did not make so full an application as he might have done of the well-known advantage of *length* in diminishing the proportion of resistance to capacity. His length was only 2.4 times the diameter, whereas M. Giffard's was nearly 3.7 times. M. de Lôme admits this also, but in his first trial, for certain practical reasons, he did not wish to exaggerate the departure from the globular form. Adopting M. Giffard's proportions, the balloon would, for nearly the same resistance, have about 50 per cent more carrying power, and would have other advantages in steering properties.

By taking advantage of this, and by substituting the steam for the human motor, the speed obtainable in M. Dupuy de Lôme's balloon would be increased from 6.4 to about 18 miles an hour.

We must not, however, forget that in using steam-power we have to provide, not only for the weight of the engine and boiler, but also for that of the fuel and water consumed. This is a large addition. The weight of fuel may be estimated at about 2 to 5 lbs. per horse-power per hour, but the water is much more, being 25 to 28 lbs. The arrangements for the transport of these provisions require careful consideration in all portable steam motors. In steam vessels the only store necessary to be carried is the fuel; but in land locomotive engines both must be provided. The "tender" used on railways for this purpose is a formidable addition to the load, and even this, though it will carry a good store of fuel, requires to be replenished with water at short intervals. The recent application of steam-power to tram-cars has given the difficulty much prominence, particularly in regard to the water, which, for light street traffic, is not only inconvenient to carry, but costly to obtain. Hence an ingenious expedient has been resorted to, namely,

* These details will be published in a well-known technical journal, *Engineering*, which is specially devoted to mechanical subjects.

air condensation. The water used in steam-engines is not, like the fuel, decomposed, and it need not necessarily be dissipated; it is only changed in form, and by the simple process of cooling in thin pipes exposed to the air, it can be restored to its original condition, and so used over and over again. The idea of applying this process was published by M. Giffard in 1863, and it has lately been adapted successfully by Messrs. Kitson & Co., of Leeds, to steam tramways in that town. The steam, after leaving the engine, is caused to pass through a series of very light tubes on the top of the car, where a large portion condenses and is restored to the boilers.

Such an apparatus, the extra weight of which is not large, would be a proper adjunct to a balloon engine, and with its aid, allowing for some waste, probably 10 lbs. per horse-power per hour would be an ample allowance for the necessary fuel and water. In M. de Lôme's balloon the engine which we have above supposed to be substituted for the eight men would be about 10 horse-power, requiring 100 lbs. per hour for fuel and water, and the disposable buoyancy, after deducting for the engine, being 3190 lbs., it is evident that provision for many hours' working might be carried, and still leave a good allowance for cargo.

But it is found, by the theoretical formulae applicable to the case, that the navigating capabilities of balloons increase with the size. Let us, therefore, take another example, increasing the maximum diameter to 100 feet, and (retaining the same proportions) the length to 370 feet. These figures sound large, but the machine would only be about the size of an ordinary coasting steamer. It would have, if filled with hydrogen, a gross ascending power of about 45 tons, and its weight would be about 10 tons, leaving 35 tons disposable buoyancy. Let us further, in order to form an idea of what could be done, increase the proportions for the motor from 0.3 to 0.5, which would give us 300 useful horse-power, and leave 17½ tons free. The supply of fuel and water would weigh 1½ tons per hour, so that we might allow for 4 or 5 hours' consumption, and still

have 10 tons disposable for traffic, enough for 100 people and a good allowance of baggage. With these data the calculations show that a velocity of motion through the air might be obtained at the rate of no less than *thirty miles per hour!*

Such is the result of theory; but we must now look at the question under another aspect, and see how it is affected by practical considerations.

In the first place, the provision of the light gas, and its preservation in an envelope that shall be at once light, imperious, and strong, are conditions of ordinary study in regard to balloons generally. M. de Lôme considered his arrangements on this head satisfactory, and they might be further perfected if the demand arose. The construction of the motor, also, would be only an everyday task to those who are accustomed to work of the kind. The only point on which we need speak with hesitation is in regard to the construction and application of the propelling apparatus, there being, hitherto, no experience of aerial propulsion on the scale of power and speed here proposed. But this, after all, is only a matter of practical mechanics, and after the wonderful exhibitions of mechanical skill we see around us in all directions we need not despair. Many a difficulty that has appeared much greater than this has been satisfactorily got over by ingenuity and perseverance.

On the whole, therefore, looking at the question as a matter of practice, there is nothing to discourage the idea, except what we may hope would give way before skill and experience. It must be recollected that all our data have been taken on things as they are; but when the whole arrangement came to be studied and tried, no doubt improvements would take place in many particulars.

It is hardly necessary to say that the introduction of a locomotive machine which would transport a large number of people through the air, in any direction required, at the rate of 30 miles an hour, would be a startling novelty in our travelling arrangements. Let us glance at the advantages it would offer. Comparing it first with aquatic locomotion,

it would be far quicker than any boat hitherto made,* vastly less expensive in first outlay and cost of working, would require no harbors, would produce no sea-sickness, and would escape the greatest dangers inherent in water navigation.

Viewing it secondly as a means of land transport, it would be quicker than common road travelling, and would compare fairly with the ordinary speed on railways, while it would entirely dispense with the enormous and costly provisions requisite for both these modes of getting over the ground, and be free from the multitude of liabilities to accident attending them.

But it may naturally be objected that such a mode of locomotion would have peculiar dangers of its own. No doubt balloons have hitherto been very subject to accidents, and the bare idea of anything going wrong at a height of thousands of feet above the earth has in it something very appalling. But much of this impression will vanish before common-sense reasoning. It must always be borne in mind that for the purposes of locomotion there would be no reason for ascending high into the air; it would only be necessary to keep at a sufficient altitude to clear terrestrial impediments, and this would not only do away with much of the terror of the idea, but would greatly increase the probability of a safe escape from accidents of whatever kind.

Let us see in what direction danger might, in extreme cases, lie. The loss of gas, by rupture of the envelope or otherwise, is a remote possibility, but the experience of many actual cases has proved that the resistance of the air to the large surface exposed has sufficed to prevent any rapid fall; special measures might be easily provided, and at low elevations over land no serious catastrophe need be feared on this ground. In crossing over water precautions would still be possible, and the case would not be so hopeless as in many marine casualties. The danger of fire, if properly guarded against, need not be greater

than in a ship at sea. Indeed, if we believe M. Giffard, who has tried the experiment, the idea of such danger is quite an illusion.

The accidents that arise to ordinary balloons almost always occur in the descent, which, if the wind is high, requires great care and skilful management. In this case the propelling power would be most especially useful; the aeronaut could choose his place of landing with precision, and, by turning his head to the wind, he could avoid the dragging which is so dangerous, and which has so often brought a fatal termination to balloon voyages. The worst conjuncture conceivable would be a breakdown of the propelling machinery at a time when it was wanted to aid the descent in a gale. But the risk of such a breakdown could be made very slight by ordinary mechanical precautions.

On the whole there can be no good reason to believe that the dangers would be more formidable with this than with other kinds of locomotion; and when we remember the frightful casualties that so frequently now occur in land, river, and sea traffic, and consider how many of their causes would be absent in the free paths of the air, we may probably even venture to assert that balloons would be the safest as well as the pleasantest mode of travelling.

As a set-off against all this, however, there is one great objection to aerial locomotion, namely, the *uncertainty* it must always be liable to in consequence of the effect of the wind. We must not ignore this; on the contrary, we will endeavor to estimate its exact value. We will assume that we can steam through the air in any direction at the rate of 30 miles an hour; but this will only count for useful locomotion in a dead calm; if there is any wind, by carrying the balloon along with it, it will clearly influence both the effective direction and the effective speed. To investigate the result of this, we must get the chief facts as to the wind's action.

According to the best tables, what may be called an ordinary breeze blows between 10 and 20 miles an hour; a strong breeze between 20 and 30; a high wind between 30 and 40; and a gale up to 50 or more. But I have taken some pains to get more specific

* Probably the fastest steamers afloat are the new boats just started by the South-Eastern Railway between Folkestone and Boulogne, which carry unusually powerful engines, and steam twenty-one statute miles per hour.

data from the most authoritative source we have in this country, namely, the published records of the Meteorological Establishment at Greenwich Observatory. The anemometers there register the velocity of the wind every day, and taking the year 1877, I find the results as follows :

		Miles per hour.	
During 17 days in the year the mean velocity of the wind was between.....		0 and 5	
" 103	"	5	10
" 127	"	10	15
" 75	"	15	20
" 29	"	20	25
" 10	"	25	30
<hr/>			
" 361	"	30	35
" 3	"	35	40
" 1	"		
<hr/>			
305			

The mean over the whole year was 13 miles an hour. It must be explained, in the first place, that the velocity registered on each day represents the average over the whole 24 hours, and that therefore, during some portions of the day, the speed will be greater than is here shown. And secondly, that in places nearer the coast higher winds will be found than in this inland station. Bearing in mind these reservations, and reasoning on the average figures given, we can easily form an idea how the wind will affect balloon travelling. To direct a navigable balloon, under the combined action of the wind and of its own independent motion, is the same problem as the familiar case of navigation in a current of water ; as, for example, when a boatman has to cross a river running with a powerful stream. The head of the balloon must be set in such a direction that the resultant of the two actions will give the course required. M. de Lôme, having always in view the design of getting balloons into Paris, published a comprehensive investigation of the problem, and gave ingenious directions how the aéronaut should proceed to carry out successfully this design. We need not here go into such detail ; it will suffice to give some general results. It will be found that so long as the velocity of the wind is less than that of the balloon's proper motion, it will be possible to travel in any direction, only with modified speed ; but if the wind is equal to the proper velocity, then half the circle is cut off, or if the wind exceeds it, still more. But in any case there will

be a considerable range on each side the wind's direction. For example, if (the balloon steaming 30 miles per hour) the wind blow 25 miles per hour, we may go in any direction ; if it blow 30 miles an hour, say due north, we cannot go anywhere to the northward, but have a range of nearly 90 degrees on each side of south ; if it blow 40 miles an hour we may go any course between S. E. and S. W. and so on ; and what we lose in direction we should gain in speed, as running due south we should make 70 miles an hour.

The practical result of this would be as follows :

(1) In storms and gales, say exceeding 40 miles an hour, it would not be prudent for the balloon to travel at all. Ships only sail "wind and weather permitting," and balloons must submit to the same restriction.

(2) In high winds, say from 30 to 40 miles an hour, it could only go in a course generally corresponding with that of the wind ; but it would have a considerable range and a high velocity in this direction, and would have power to command its descent without danger. These circumstances, according to the Greenwich observations, would only occur a few days in each year.

(3) In light and moderate winds, under 30 miles an hour, which the Greenwich observations show to prevail all the year with the exception of a few days, it could travel in any direction, the speed varying from 5 to nearly 60 miles an hour.

Such a result would be amply sufficient to establish aerial navigation as a feasible practical addition to our means of locomotion ; although, no doubt, the uncertainty as to the speed of transit would be against it in a business point of view, and would therefore limit its commercial value. Indeed, the chief obstacle I see to its coming into use is the want of sufficient inducement to inventors to take it up with energy and perseverance.

At any rate it is worth while to clear up the matter on the ground of principle ; and before concluding I may devote a few words to an extraordinary delusion which appears to have prevailed somewhat extensively, and which has probably been one cause why aerial

navigation has been so little studied by those who have taken an interest in balloons. About 1863, M. Nadar, of Paris, a clever *aéronaut*, took a fancy that it was impossible to control the direction of balloons, on account of their lightness and large surface; and he considered that he had discovered an important scientific principle—namely, that “*pour lutter contre l’air il faut être plus lourd que l’air.*” He wrote a book (the most readable and entertaining work on balloons ever written) for the purpose of publishing the principle, and he founded a society to carry it into practice, by constructing flying machines in which buoyancy would have no part. Some years later the same idea was given a much wider circulation, by being propounded in a well-known work entitled “*The Reign of Law,*” by the Duke of Argyll. The book contains a series of observations on the flying of birds, and the passage in question is as follows; the italics are mine:

“It is remarkable that the force which seems so adverse—the force of gravitation, drawing down all bodies to the earth—is the *very force which is the principal one concerned in flight, and without which flight would be impossible.* It is curious how completely this has been forgotten in almost all human attempts to navigate the air. Birds are not lighter than the air, but immensely heavier. If they were lighter than the air they might float, but they *could not fly.* This is the difference between a bird and a balloon. A balloon rises because it is lighter than the air, and floats upon it, *consequently it is incapable of being directed, because it possesses no active force enabling it to resist the currents of the air in which it is immersed, and because, if it had such a force, it would have no fulcrum, or resisting medium against which to exert it.* It becomes, as it were, part of the atmosphere, and must go with it wherever it goes. No bird is ever for an instant of time lighter than the air in which it flies; but being, on the contrary, always greatly heavier, it keeps possession of a force capable of supplying momentum, and therefore capable of overcoming any lesser force, such as the ordinary resistance of the atmosphere, and even of heavy gales of wind. The law of gravitation, therefore, is used in the flight of birds as one of the most essential of the forces which are available for the accomplishment of the end in view.”*

The effect of the *ex cathedra* dissemination of such opinions has been to discourage the study of *aërial navigation*

by balloons, and to turn attention rather toward the invention of flying machines.

Persons acquainted with the mechanics of fluids must be somewhat puzzled to understand how such strange ideas as those involved in the above extract can have come into being. I think they may perhaps be capable of some degree of explanation by two considerations. In the first place, good observers of flying, like the author of this passage, cannot fail to have remarked, particularly when watching the larger birds, the great use they make of *momentum* in their flying manœuvres. A bird will be often seen sailing along for great distances without a single impulsive movement of his wings; and as we are usually in the habit of measuring the *mass* of a body by its *weight*, many persons are led to confound one with the other, and to imagine that the gravity of the bird's body is the agent in this motion. But all mechanical students know that this is a mistake; the motion of the bird exactly corresponds with that of a cannon-ball or of a railway train when the steam is suddenly shut off. A quantity of “work” previously developed by a certain power has given motion to and becomes stored up in a certain mass of matter, and that mass will continue in motion, and will, if necessary, overcome resistance till the work stored up in it is exhausted, when the body will come to rest again. All this is totally independent of gravity, and would take place if the attracting earth were entirely away. All that the bird does in this passive motion is simply the result of active muscular power exerted previously.

Secondly, a case often occurs where the Duke of Argyll's theory is apparently true—namely, the case where the bird, being already at a high level, *descends* in flying. Here, undoubtedly, gravity is an active power which will aid the bird's flight, just as it would aid the passage through the air of a stone or any other body. Some observation of this effect has probably led to the inference that gravity was a flying power; but the observer so inferring would have forgotten that the bird, in order to raise himself to the elevated position, must have previously exerted an amount of muscular power or energy exactly equal to that

* “*The Reign of Law,*” p. 130. London, 1868.

which is restored in his fall. So that gravity does not *furnish* the power, it only acts as a reservoir to store it up, just as power is stored up in the spring or weight of a clock, to be given out again at a future time. Thus gravity, like momentum, does nothing more than give the bird some facility for modifying his manœuvres. The only power used in flight is muscular force, and all resistance must be overcome by that, and that alone. The idea that birds could not fly unless they were heavier than air is surely a hallucination; if it were true we ought to improve their flying by loading them, which would be an absurdity. On the contrary, common-sense tells us that gravity is the chief impediment to flying, and it is precisely by getting rid of it that the invention of the balloon has rendered aerial navigation practicable.

The passage in the extract which I have underlined referring to the balloon is altogether incomprehensible. A balloon *is* "capable of being directed;" and if we provide it with a screw, turned by steam or human power, it *will* "possess an active force, enabling it to resist the currents of the air in which it is immersed," or, in other words, giving it an independent motion; and when provided with such a force, it *will* have a "fulcrum or resisting medium against which to exert it"—namely, the inertia of the surrounding atmosphere. All this is dictated by common mechanics, and is confirmed by experience. La-voisier saw and expressed it clearly a century ago, and M. Giffard and M. de Lôme have added the practical demonstration of it in our own time.

The fallacy of the argument will be glaringly apparent if it is applied to the analogous case of motion through water. Flying and swimming are identical actions, only differing according to the density of the fluid they have to be performed in. Fishes have, I believe, generally about the same specific gravity as

water; and, therefore, gravitation gives them no aid; yet they swim about perfectly well. And suppose we were to apply to a rowing or steam boat the language that the Duke of Argyll applies to a balloon, "A boat remains on the surface because it is lighter than the water, and floats upon it; consequently it is incapable of being directed, because it possesses no active force enabling it to resist the tides and currents of the water in which it is immersed; and because, if it had such a force, it would have no fulcrum or resisting medium against which to exert it. It becomes, as it were, part of the water, and must go with it wherever it goes." And suppose on this sort of argument we were to exhort the world to abolish rowing and steam boats, and to substitute swimming machines "*plus lourds que l'eau!*"

Nadar's objection to dirigible balloons was much more reasonable. He said that to get the requisite floating power we must have great bulk, which would offer corresponding resistance to motion. This is true enough in principle; but the amount has been much overrated. The resistance to M. Dupuy de Lôme's balloon was only 40 lbs.; and though for our proposed 100-foot machine we have, at 30 miles an hour, 3,500 lbs. to overcome, this is a cheap price at which to purchase freedom from the necessity of lifting, by mechanical power, 35 tons into the air.

There is no occasion to discourage the attempts that are made from time to time to produce flying machines. The problem involves no impossibility, like the perpetual motion or squaring the circle; and if any mechanic can invent a motor, at once so powerful and so light as to be able to raise itself in the air, the thing is done. But we are a long, long way off that yet; and in the mean time we have actually got navigable balloons, which only want improving.—*Fortnightly Review.*

A DAY WITH A WAR BALLOON.

BY HENRY ELEDALÉ.

I.

So many people seem to take a lively interest in balloons and ballooning, that perhaps it may be worth while to note down the following short account of some early experiences and first impressions with balloons before they fade away from the memory.

July 28.—This is the third day that we have been hard at work making gas for balloons in the Arsenal at Woolwich with an experimental apparatus. The process of manufacturing hydrogen by blowing steam through heated iron turnings presents no great novelty in principle, for the French used it for inflating their military balloons as long ago as the battle of Fleurus in 1794; and to judge by the meagre accounts which have reached us, they appear to have been very successful in the manufacture. In these days of competitive examinations and Staff College certificates the soldier has to use his pen as much if not more than his sword, and the military student of the future will be overwhelmed with records only too voluminous and elaborate of every detail of our military equipment. But in those days, under the stern *régime* of a revolutionary convention, the sword had decidedly the best of it, so no detailed records of the French and their work are available. We must be content to learn our experience from the beginning, and find out how to manufacture our hydrogen for ourselves. We are at present very new to the work, and we have to contend with many difficulties. Yet we do manage to make hydrogen. The worst of it is that when we have got it, it is very difficult to keep it, for it is the most subtle and difficult to retain of any gas which we could possibly use. So we cannot avoid a serious loss by leakage, though our light balloon fabric does retain it much better than might fairly be expected.

But to-day being fine and favorable for ballooning, it is time to forsake the gas furnace, and get a little practical experience as an *aéronaut*. The Talis-

man, as the balloon is named which we propose to employ, being already half full of hydrogen, is filled up completely with gas, and I first try a captive ascent.

A strong rope, perhaps 4000 feet long, is wound upon a large drum, whence it can be paid out or hauled in, as required, by means of a winch and brake. The end of the rope is carefully made fast to the Talisman's hoop. This is a strong circle of ash, to which all the terminal cords of the balloon netting above are fastened, and below which again the car is suspended by proper car-lines or connecting ropes. I get into the car. A sufficient number of bags of sand as ballast are introduced, to leave only a moderate lift or ascensional power in the balloon. The rope pays itself out readily from the drum as the Sapper in charge eases off the brake. The Talisman soars aloft, and whenever the pace is too rapid it is easily checked by a light application of the brake.

This is almost my first introduction to captive work, and the sensation is most decidedly not too pleasant or reassuring. The great balloon above tugs and struggles, as if perfectly conscious of a humiliating state of captivity, and longing to be free. This is especially the case whenever a gust of wind puts a considerable extra strain on the guy rope. The latter, as I have said, is fastened to the hoop above one's head. But it rides against the light wicker-work of the car, which creaks and groans in response in a doleful and somewhat distressing manner. Were it not for a powerful spring of india-rubber, which checks the oscillations of the guy rope, and tends to steady the balloon, the effect on one's nerves might be much worse than it is.

But, fortunately, there is not too much time for noticing these matters, for there is a constant necessity for letting go ballast, to meet the continually increasing weight of suspended guy rope below, or the balloon would soon cease to rise. At last the ballast is all expended, and the guy rope is paid out no further. The wind has caused the balloon to drift off to a considerable distance horizon.

tally from the point of departure below, and she now settles into a condition of approximate equilibrium. The height above the ground is shown by the barometer to be about 1000 feet. The long guy rope hangs in a graceful curve below. The portion next the balloon, for hundreds of feet, is nearly vertical, and that near the ground almost horizontal. But of this I see little. One or two timid glances are quite sufficient, for one's head, naturally a very indifferent one where it is a question of looking down from giddy heights, is not yet acclimatized to the situation by practice in ballooning. So I cannot look at the ground under, or nearly under, the balloon without a shudder and a decidedly creepy sensation. Above all, one must avoid looking down the guy rope, for this, in its long catenary, extending far below, reach after reach, and ending almost in a vanishing point, gives a measure to the eye of the giddy height. And to look along it makes one's brain reel—far worse, as I afterward find, than looking down from thrice the height in a free trip where there is no guy rope.

For military purposes, for reconnoitring that is, there can be no question of the value of such a suspended point of observation as this. Every detail in the innumerable buildings below—the workmen going to and fro in their work, the ships passing and repassing on the Thames, the Beckton gas-works on the further shore and lower down the river, the artillery exercise ground on Woolwich Common, the Herbert Hospital and other buildings further away—everything is seen, and in the clearest possible manner. For there is a very sensible advantage in the clearness of view from a balloon as contrasted with that obtained at the ground level, even where the latter is perfectly free and unobstructed by obstacles. It is well known to astronomers, and to all who have to make careful observations of distant objects, that the vision in a horizontal or nearly horizontal direction is greatly interfered with by the unseen exhalations from the ground, and the varying density of the lowest strata of air at and near the ground. Whereas at a high angle, as here from the balloon, the rays of light have only to traverse a very limited amount of these disturbed strata, and

are consequently much more unimpeded and reliable.

But the day is wearing on, and I want to get away as early as possible for a free run, so I signal with a flag to lower. The drum is set in motion, and the Sappers below apply themselves steadily to wind the Talisman down. This is rather a long business, and the oscillations of the rope which it causes give rise to sensations which remind me very unpleasantly of the rolling of a vessel at sea in a ground-swell. It is not without much thankfulness that at last *terra firma* is reached.

The Talisman has lost some considerable amount of gas in the captive ascent, owing to the expansion due to the diminished barometric pressure at 1000 feet from the ground. This loss is quickly replenished, that the start may be made with a full balloon, and about 4 P.M. all is ready.

The getting away, or starting, in a balloon is always rather a delicate and critical operation, and far more ballooning accidents have occurred probably, in connection with it, than at any other period, for it is by no means easy to regulate the ascension or lift of the balloon. This must be sufficient to clear all obstacles on the ground, but if it be too great the balloon would be carried upward too fast and too far.

The case is rendered more difficult on this occasion by the circumstance that there are a set of telegraph wires close to the balloon ground, and down wind, which of course I must avoid. We make two or three false starts, to try the lift of the balloon, and haul her down again to alter the weight of ballast. But at last I am off safely with a moderate "ascension" at 4.15 P.M. I am quite alone, as before in the captive ascent, for the balloon is rather too small to carry two persons well, in addition to a sufficient quantity of ballast. Moreover, I shall learn my experience far better when thus left to one's own resources.

After noting with much satisfaction that we have cleared the telegraph wires, and are rising steadily at a moderate rate, so that there is time to attend to necessary matters, the first thing to be done is to see that the valve line is hanging ready to hand, and disentangled

from the other ropes, for it might easily have got foul of something in the swaying and bumping of the balloon before she was set free. I glance upward at the same time to make sure that the "petticoat," or tail of the balloon, is freely open; for were this tied up in its normal condition on the ground, the expansion of the imprisoned gas on rising to any considerable height would infallibly burst the balloon. The next thing is to take the aneroid barometer from the case wherein it has hitherto lain, for protection from the shocks of starting, and fasten it up in a convenient position for observation on one of the side carlines.

I note while tying it up that it shows that we are rising steadily, but not too rapidly. Next the pilot line must be thrown overboard, and left hanging from the hoop. This is a strong cord measuring 100 feet, and its use is to guide the eye as to one's distance from the ground in descending. It has been lying in a rough coil at the bottom of the car, to prevent its getting entangled at starting. I now overhaul it and pay it out of the balloon.

The view of the ground below, which one gets while leaning over the side of the car, to see that the pilot line has not fouled in its extension, is the first look I have really had to see what we are doing and where we are going. These little necessary preliminary operations have taken up every instant of time, and have been done, if the truth must be told, with a considerable amount of nervous haste.

That steady coolness which would clearly be a most desirable element in ballooning is hardly forthcoming, for this is the first time that I have found myself thus alone in a balloon with the whole responsibility of its management. So I am nervous just at starting. By and by, with more experience, one may hope to get steadier.

About this time a strong smell of gas warns me that the balloon is overfilled by expansion, and it is time to let out gas at the top, if one does not mean to be choked by the downward rush from the opening at the bottom. One steady pull on the valve line, and a sufficient quantity escapes at the top of the balloon to provide for present security.

Now there is time to look around. Vertically below the balloon I dare not look, or only for a moment, my head not yet being educated to the required point. But looking over the side at a steep angle, the decks of the steamers far below are a curious and interesting study, with the long black tails of smoke, which they are apparently dragging after them, for we are passing over the Thames. It lies below in a broad silver sheet, with the sun shining upon it. On either side its numerous windings and snake-like folds are clearly visible, ending in a forest of innumerable masts and spires on the London side. Conspicuous therein are the transverse streaks representing the several bridges, and a few prominent buildings, such as the Houses of Parliament and St. Paul's Cathedral. Eastward, on the side of the sea, the tortuous folds lose themselves in the broad estuary which opens out toward the Nore.

Now we are on the Essex side of the river. The balloon has reached her equilibrium level at about 2000 feet, and for a short time she floats horizontally along. For a short time only—for the impossibility of keeping a balloon in such a continuous horizontal course is a leading difficulty in ballooning, although some approximation may be made to it by skilful and fortunate management. My balloon soon begins to settle downward again.

Were she left to herself she would tend to run down faster and faster, and soon reach the earth. I allow her to descend slowly, but I prevent any such acceleration by throwing small quantities of ballast at intervals, watching the barometer all the time for guidance as to the amount required. I am most careful not to throw too much ballast, otherwise she would turn upward again, and, unless checked by letting out gas with the valve, would run up higher than before. By watching carefully, and thus gradually drawing out the balloon's descending path into a line more and more nearly horizontal, I manage to get her on a horizontal course at length, and about 100 feet from the ground. Every time the pilot line—which is 100 feet long—drags on the ground I throw a little ballast, just enough to lift it clear again without giving the balloon any de

cided upward, turn. Thus we glide rapidly along pretty near the ground for several miles, and I am so successful in this delicate operation of keeping the balloon in equilibrium that, perhaps, at last one grows a trifle careless. The pilot line drags on a meadow below, and the friction gives the balloon a downward turn, which increases every instant as more of the line drags behind in the long grass. I instantly throw whatever small quantity of ballast is ready to hand at the moment, just to gain time, and my back having been now for some time turned in the direction of our course, I glance round to see that the country ahead is clear of obstacles in case we come to the ground. Horror! we are driving rapidly right on to a high tree. I can only allow myself one single half-second to make up one's mind whether to throw the grapnel, open the valve if necessary, and descend at once, or to throw out a quantity of ballast instead to lift her, and try to clear the tree. The former course would bring my trip to a premature conclusion, and if the grapnel should not hold very well I shall drive into the tree to a certainty. The latter is clearly the more sporting line to take, though somewhat hazardous. At all events it is the one selected. I seize a heavy bag of ballast with both hands, heave it up with all my strength, and throw it bodily over.

The balloon must have a few moments to turn upward, but while she is so doing we are driving rapidly on, and nearing the tree fast. The collision seems inevitable. But I reckon that when once the balloon has fairly turned upward she will ascend very rapidly.

It is an exciting situation, for she does rise so fast that I am in doubt whether we shall not pull clear up to the very last moment. Her envelope and netting, as she lifts, brush close past the outermost twigs without catching in them—only a few seconds more and we should have cleared the tree splendidly. But now it is too late, for the car hangs too far below the balloon.

At the last moment, seeing the collision inevitable, I seize two opposite car lines, or connecting ropes between the car and the hoop above, pull them well in, that the others in front may shield my knuckles from the oncoming

boughs, hold on to them very tightly, crouch down at the bottom of the car, with my legs extended horizontally in front of me, and press my feet firmly against the forward side of the wicker car, to support it with the strength and momentum of my body. The next instant we are into the tree with a tremendous crash. It is a large elm, and we strike it, perhaps, fifteen or twenty feet from the top, right in the centre, and in a direction inclining upward. The next instant I find myself right in the middle of the tree, with the car dancing like a shuttlecock among the larger branches. Most fortunately the oval car is end on as regards the tree, so that its smaller and stronger section is presented to it. All the smaller outside boughs have been wrenched off or bent aside, and they have no doubt rendered most valuable service by checking our momentum gradually. I am still crouching low down in the car for protection, and holding on with all my strength to avoid being tossed out. On glancing up I am well pleased to see that nothing has given way. Every one of these slight-looking cords which suspend me from the hoop would hang me, and the car, and the ballast, and a barrow-load or two of bricks into the bargain, over a precipice with perfect safety. Not one of them has gone. On my side nothing goes, so it is pretty evident that the tree must go.

At every gust of wind the great balloon above tugs and struggles like a captive Leviathan longing to be free. There is a riving, a cracking, a smashing, and a rending, and bough after bough is wrenched aside or torn off. No matter how large and strong they seem, it is all one.

The car ploughs its way steadily on, foot by foot forward and upward right through the tree. Soon we are free, and with an exulting bound the balloon soars upward once more. But stay—not so fast—there is a tremendous jerk, and, had I not fortunately been still holding on tightly to the friendly car-lines, I might have been shot between them right out of the car into empty space. The sudden check arises from the grapnel rope, which was hanging in a single long bight—fifty feet below the car.

The bight of the rope has caught over a large bough below, and pulled us up

with a round turn. The situation is a little awkward, for I seem to be hung up half way between heaven and earth. But before entertaining the question of cutting away the grapple rope, we will see what the balloon herself can accomplish. She responds to the call, for she surges and tugs more valiantly than ever. Again there are sounds of cracking and rending below ; one or two more strong jerks, as the rope, after breaking one large bough, catches on another, and we are really free once more. I glance aloft and around. We have positively no damage whatever, nor any token of the encounter, except one or two small boughs which we have carried away triumphantly sticking in the cordage above as trophies of our victory. It is clear from the last part of the adventure that it is a mistake where trees are concerned to have the grapple rope hanging loose. So my first care is to make it up into a coil, which I lash alongside the car. The balloon is rising very rapidly, but I will let her go as high as she will, and even throw more ballast if necessary. For the present currents near the ground are taking us nearly straight for the sea, and I will try if haply there is a more favorable current up above. Moreover, the successful result of the encounter with the tree has inspired one with a spirit of adventure, and I want to see what sort of a world may be on the other side of the dark cloud masses above. Upward we rush accordingly, and soon enter the clouds. They are dense. I am instantly shut in on every side, and cannot see the width of my balloon away in the thick masses of whirling vapor.

We still rise rapidly, as is clear from the steady fall of the barometer, but the clouds are so thick that we are a long time in getting through them.

At last in a moment we seem to emerge, as if from a close and stifling pit of Avernus, into bright sunshine and the upper regions. We soar higher and higher as the hot sun expands the gas. Soon we have left every cloud far below us, and I find myself indeed in a new world.

II.

Alone in a balloon, far above the highest cloud, and how lonely who in the world-below can tell? Doubtless

there is a loneliness on earth, as we wander in solitude in the wild and untenanted desert, on the lonely ocean shore, or in the mysterious gloom of some huge tropical forest. And there is a deep moral and spiritual loneliness in the strange and crowded city, where every one is hurrying on his own unregarding way ; or in the fading daylight and oncoming darkness as we linger in some forsaken cemetery, where lie the remains of those who in life were dearer to us than life itself. But the desert has its tenants, be it only the slinking jackal below, or the soaring vulture above. The sea is always alive and replete with interest, with its innumerable ripples or its mighty waves in storm or calm. The forest is peopled, and full of sound and motion, be it of insect, or animal, or bird. The strange city abounds in human interest. Every new face is a study of a human life, and a record of a brother's experience. The solitary cemetery, with its sad monumental inscriptions, though it tells of separation, tells also of hope and renewal. It takes us back to the past and forward to the future. Even the dust beneath our feet is a link to bind us closer to our common humanity. Everywhere there is life or life's associations ; everywhere ties and connecting cords to appeal to our own human life, and prevent us from feeling altogether alone. And he knows little of the human heart who knows not the power of these things and how we cling to them. The familiar nibbling mouse, the accustomed spider, the regular bugle-call, the sentry's well-known challenge, have saved many a poor prisoner in his lonely cell from madness and despair.

But here, in these eternal solitudes, there is no familiar form, no accustomed face, no sound, no voice, no life : only one vast untenanted abyss—only one deep unfathomable calm.

It is therefore, perhaps, no marvel that the first effect of this intense loneliness is neither moral nor spiritual, but essentially sensuous. The sensuous soul, the Psyche, sees herself suddenly stripped of all those innumerable external ties which had a powerful though unseen hold upon her everywhere below. The great gulfs which lie between her and them, and that dark, impenetrable

cloud-curtain which everywhere enshrouds them, seem to her quickened apprehension like long centuries, æons, of dreadful isolation and severance. She shivers, forlorn and naked, in the unknown void. For a while, indeed, she struggles and bears up. She is not prepared thus all at once without an effort to resign, together with all old associations, her hold upon the past, her volition in the present, her foresight and interest in the future.

All in vain. The situation is far too strong for her. For now, like deep draughts of intoxicating wine, the subtle but potent influence of this overpowering repose steals in at every pore. It thrills through every fibre of one's being. It rises higher and higher, wave on wave, like a mighty flood. It takes undisturbed possession. All is forgotten. The great world below, 'so lately left, so manifold and rich in its myriad interests, has become an unregarded lump of pitiful dirt, which I may possibly have seen in some remote past; but I know not, and I care not, whether I shall ever see it again. Home, family, friends, affections, hopes, ambitions, all fade away. They are as the memory of a vanishing dream. They are not. The Present, the entrancing Present, rules absolutely supreme.

I dare not move; it would be a desecration. Speech were profanity. The sound of my own voice, breaking in upon this awful silence, would jar upon the ear as harshly as would the loud-boisterous song of some profane and drunken reveller disturbing the devout worshipper in the still and solemn aisle of a cathedral at midnight. It is with extreme reluctance that I force myself to make a slight necessary movement of one arm. The little creaking of the wicker car which this involves makes me shudder. The small sound is quickly gone, it is true. It goes out and returns not. It is instantly devoured—swallowed up and lost in the unfathomable gulfs which open out on every side. There is no cloud near to give back even the faintest murmur of an echo.

It is only, of course, at first that one's sensations seem so purely sensuous. Indeed the situation is not without moral and spiritual lessons of the highest order, and to these, let us hope, we are

not altogether blind or dead. Here there is nothing but the Almighty and His greatest works. And we can, in some faint and far-off measure, understand how small in His sight must be the little rivalries, the narrow prejudices, the unworthy jealousies, the petty anxieties, the fashionable trivialities, which make up so much of our lives below. Here, far above it all, we feel as if, like Lear and Cordelia in their coveted prison, we could

take upon us the mystery of things
As if we were God's spies.

His greatest works. Surely sun and sky and cloud are these. And here there is nothing else, and we see them in an unimagined perfection. The sun is no longer the sun which we know so well on earth. There he is perpetually half obscured, and even on the brightest summer's day he has to shine through innumerable varying layers of lower, moister, and denser atmosphere, which half quench his rays. But here he is a mighty burning orb, illuminating everything with one overpowering flood of glorious light. And such is the power of his rays that without a thermometer I should be quite unconscious of the circumstance that the temperature of the surrounding air has fallen twenty or thirty degrees since we left the earth.

The sky, when on the ground, was quite obscured by clouds. As we ascended higher, and it came, here and there, into view, it was of the usual milky "sky-blue" tint. It has grown brighter and brighter, bluer and more blue as we rose; and now it is of an intensely deep Prussian blue color, like its hue at midnight on an exceptionally clear night. It is a glorious, shining firmament of deepest transparent sapphire. In the whole grand hemisphere there is not one solitary minutest speck to mar its absolute unity and perfection. For we have left far behind every trace of fog or mist or vapor, together with the whole apparatus for their manufacture. We gaze everywhere uninterruptedly into the transparent blue ether of illimitable space.

The clouds are all far below. Their first effect when we rose above them was that of a vast, lustrous, many-rippled lake of snow-white gossamer cirrus. A

little later; as we rose higher, and the larger masses below came more and more into view, in the wide intervals between the floating cirrus, they constituted a mighty ocean, with huge tumbling billows, and each billow seems huger and more wonderful than the last. But far away, toward the horizon, their giant forms melt gradually down and mingle with the cirrus, as the distance continually increases, until at last the vanishing point takes the form of a distinct and clear horizontal arc. This is as well defined all round the entire circumference as the ocean horizon at sea, and upon it I could take a sextant observation fully as well.

Besides these three grand elements of sun and sky and cloud, there is nothing, apparently, in the whole universe, but my tiny car and the soaring balloon above. Stay—far below, projected horizontally on a gigantic cloud, I see another and a far larger balloon, with car, aeronaut, ropes, every detail distinct and clear. It is the shadow of my own balloon, enormously elongated, half a mile long, or it may be ten miles; for I have no means of judging distances in this vast abyss wherein I float, an utterly insignificant speck, with no single known or fixed point anywhere, other than the sun overhead. These then make up the apparent sum total of things. A simple total. But all monotony in the picture is amply dispelled by the wonderful variations of form and color in the clouds themselves. From the lightest snowy flecks of floating cirrus, through all conceivable or inconceivable shapes of giant cumulus, down to dense impenetrable layers of solid stratus—there they are. Their forms, their hues, and grouping are perpetually changing. Not rapidly; that would be out of harmony with the scene. But in a slow, silent manner, which seems to eliminate the idea of motion, and harmonizes well. And the great sun above pours down upon them all alike one tremendous flood of dazzling radiance, giving rise alternately to the brightest of lights or the deepest of shadows, according as they are exposed to or screened from his powerful rays.

At first it might well seem a wonder and a pity that no man has ever seen these magnificent clouds, and that no

human eye ever will see them but mine. To the artist and to every loving worshipper of Nature in her grandeur and her beauty they would be naught else than an education, and a supreme delight. Yet, doubtless, beings of another world, and with far better eyes than ours, behold their marvellous perfection, and rejoice. And, whether or no, let it abundantly suffice that the All-seeing eye of the great Creator is upon every one of them, and that His sovereign approbation has forever stamped them as Good.

But now it is high time to attend to the balloon and her path. On entering the clouds and losing sight of the earth, I had, knowing that our course might be nearly straight for the sea, fixed a time by my watch, beyond which, on a rough estimate, we must on no account remain lost in the clouds, otherwise, on descending, I might find myself over the water. That time has now expired, or nearly so. The balloon has been travelling at her own will. For a considerable time after rising above the clouds the expansion of the gas due to the powerful direct rays of the sun sustained her well. But of late she has been settling slowly downward. We are now between 6,000 and 7,000 feet from the ground. The clouds below are less dense than they were. Through rifts in their dark masses I begin to catch occasional fleeting glimpses of the earth. I lean over the edge of the car, and fancy that there is thus dimly to be discerned a long ill-defined line which might be the coast-line. A few moments later, and the truth is clear. There it is. The sea is below and most perilously close. We are driving right on to it. There is yet considerably more than a mile to fall. Shall I ever get down in time? or is it possible to stand on, husband the ballast carefully, and cross over? One glance at the size of the balloon and the limited quantity of ballast available should suffice to dismiss the last idea as quite impracticable. But I cannot help toying with the thought for a few moments. The truth is, that I have drank so deeply of that intense repose which broods over all here like a presiding spirit, that I seize greedily on any excuse for putting off, just for a few moments longer, the inevitable time of en-

ergetic action. But every moment is precious. We are driving steadily on at an unknown rate. So with an effort I rouse myself, and seize the valve-line. One, two, three, four, five, six—I count the time, holding the great valve on top of the balloon wide open. It would be sheer insanity, under any ordinary circumstances, thus to challenge my balloon to a headlong course downward. But I am now fully awake to the situation. A decided effort must be made, and any half measures would be foredoomed to disastrous failure. I calculate that the clouds below will tend to check the inevitable acceleration of speed in our downward course to a considerable extent. No doubt when we get through them I shall have to look out, for she will be likely to accelerate greatly; but there is sufficient ballast to enable me to put on a powerful brake to stop her down below. In any case it seems better to run any unknown risk, which the uncertainty as to stopping her involves, than to incur the absolute certainty of falling into the sea a little later on.

Down we go accordingly. I employ the short time available before we reach the clouds in piling up the bags of ballast on the seat of the car ready to hand for instant dismissal, keeping an intermittent eye on the barometer all the time. When we enter the clouds the whistle and swish of the light vapor as we rush through warns me plainly that we are travelling, but although the barometer is running up rapidly, it does not seem to indicate any marked increase of speed. This gives me time to cut adrift the lashing which ties up the grapnel rope, and to shake out the coils till the falling rope hangs in a single bight below. The grapnel itself I hang by its tines over the side of the car, all ready to let go. The clouds are thick, and before we are through them everything is in readiness for a landing. Still rapid progress, but no very marked acceleration of speed.

Now we are through, and the earth bursts upon us all at once. The sea is still a considerable distance off, and I am inclined to think that all is well. One more glance at the barometer—we are, say, 3000 feet from the ground. I throw out a few pieces of paper. If

they were to journey down alongside of us we should be falling rapidly, but at a reasonable rate. But now they rise sharply, and are soon left far above out of sight. Certainly we are travelling. I now watch the ground below steadily. We are over an open marsh. There are one or two solitary shepherds' cottages, and a few dykes full of water. These objects are apparently moving out from below to right or left. The rapidly increasing velocity of this, their angular movement of divergence from the vertical, together with the progressive enlargement in size of each field, or defined area below, gives some measure to the eye of the rapid rate of our progress downward, and greater nearness to the ground. I throw more paper. It runs up faster than before. Shall I ever pull her up? But the sea is advancing steadily in a swift silent manner, which is not reassuring. We are driving fast right on to it. There is plenty of room under us yet, and I will stand on a little longer. But I heave up a heavy bag of ballast with both hands, poise it on the edge of the car, and hold it ready to throw.

All at once it strikes me that she is accelerating frightfully. The cottage, which at first seemed at rest right underneath us, and then was creeping slowly out to the left, is now going off at full gallop like a runaway horse. The whole country immediately below has become an uncertain sort of moving phantasmagoria. We are 2000 feet from the ground, by eye, for I dare not lose sight of the earth to look at barometers. Sea or no sea, I must bring her to while yet there is room, or surely I shall be smashed to pieces. Over goes the ponderous mass of ballast, bag and all; and more follow as fast as I can seize and throw them. Over they go, till I have only one bag left. The heavy sacks of wet sand go down like thunderbolts. They ought, of course, to be emptied of their contents, which would then descend as usual in a harmless shower. Probably there is nothing but marsh, or only a few cattle, below. But were there flocks and herds innumerable, and a stray shepherd or two into the bargain, I should be sorry to assert very positively that they would not have one and all to take their chance of a bag.

We are still running at a great rate, but it soon becomes clear that the balloon is losing her way. A little later, and she is bringing to. There is no longer an upward rush of air against my flattened hand held horizontally over the side of the car. The moving phantasmagoria has settled down into a well-defined ground plan. A piece of paper thrown over *descends*. The barometer, which I can now again afford to consult, informs me that we are a little under 1000 feet from the ground. We have gained a thousand in pulling up.

Bad judgment, and badly done! For it is clear that I have greatly overdone the whole thing. Had one thrown only one half that precious ballast up above there, just to check the balloon's course, and the remainder by successive instalments later on as required, we might now have been nearly on the ground, and moving toward it at a safe and manageable rate; whereas now she has lost all her way. We are still a long distance from the earth, with the sea very close. A long white line of hungry-looking foam is coming straight upon me with the speed of a railway train, and in a weird silent manner which half fascinates me.

And now her great downward momentum has carried her far below her true equilibrium level. Now, by all the laws which govern balloons, she is bound, if I let her go—like a light float driven forcibly down into a pool of water and then left to itself—to rise rapidly again. She will run up above the clouds once more, and carry me thousands of feet higher than we have ever yet been—to descend later on into the sea, miles from the shore, with a tremendous crash, for there will then be no ballast to stop her. We must get down now at all costs, if not on the land, then as near as possible to it. Below is a favorable marsh, covered with long rank grass. I have still one bag of ballast left, and the heavy grapnel to throw. This I can cut away, rope and all, if necessary; and she can hardly gather any very dangerous way now, however much gas I have to let out to get down in time.

There is no time for weighing such considerations as these before taking action, nor do I need any. For, indeed, at a crisis like this, as the plot

steadily thickens, and your nerves get wound up more and more to the sticking point, your wits also seem to sharpen continually, until you arrive at a point at which you seize, as it were by inspiration, at a momentary glance, all the leading points of the situation, and translate them into instant action with a result as good, or better, than an hour's careful consideration would give at an ordinary time. The instant it became clear that the balloon was bringing to, or had already brought to, and before she had time to gather way upward, I had seized the valve line and opened the valve full. I am now steadily letting out an enormous stream of gas, while thus reviewing and deliberately indorsing this sudden resolve. The sea is very near, and it will be a close race between us. Nevertheless, I am persuaded that the balloon has got the lead, and this time she shall keep it. So I do not let go the valve line till we are well on our downward course once more. I then heave up the last bag of ballast, rest it on the edge of the car, steady it there with one hand, take the heavy grapnel in the other, and stand by to throw them at the right moment. The half-empty balloon goes rapidly down, gathering way as she goes, but in the hundreds of feet that are now left she cannot possibly accelerate as in the thousands up above; and the more empty she gets the more her hollow underside tends to hold the air like a parachute. The last bag goes when we are something over a hundred feet from the ground. The grapnel follows immediately after, the moment I am sure that it will reach the ground, as its sustaining rope is a hundred feet in length. We are running hard after them; but the loss of their combined weight puts a powerful drag upon the balloon, which has now only me and the light wicker car to carry. She strikes the ground with a fairly good whack, it is true, but nothing at all to signify. At the last moment I spring upward and hold on to the hoop, that the car may take the first bump. The next instant I am sprawling at the bottom of the car, with hoop and balloon right on top of me.

The poor balloon is utterly crippled by the loss of the great quantity of gas which I had to let out up above, together

with all that has been forced through the pores of the envelope by the great pressure of air below in her downward rush. She has no heart left in her, even to attempt to rise again, so there is no question of her drifting, or dragging the grapnel. Had she been lively and buoyant, and the grapnel not held very well, she might most easily have contrived to dance over the sea-wall into the sea after all, with or without me.

Now one can afford to sit quietly down for a few moments, to recover from a somewhat dazed and bewildered state in which the smart landing, following on such a rapid fall, had left me.

No harm whatever has been done, except that I am partly deaf for a time. My ears seem half disposed to strike work. They further express their resentment at the great and sudden increase of barometric pressure to which their delicate drums have been exposed in such a hasty descent by sundry crackings and sudden noises at intervals. Two or three hours elapse before they recover their normal condition.

We have landed very near the sea-wall, and won the race by about one minute, more or less. Thus happily ends one of my earliest ballooning experiences.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S WORLDLY WISDOM.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S worldly wisdom has changed singularly little with age. It was as ripe as it was ever to become in "Coningsby;" it is neither richer nor poorer in "Endymion." There are whole fields of life into which Lord Beaconsfield has hardly ever had a wish to peep. There is hardly a touch of genuinely moral reflection in all his many novels. His heroes are never anxious to do right for the sake of right, never troubled at having done wrong because it is wrong. The very words "right" and "wrong" appear to have lost all their meaning for him. And all the experience which is connected with this class of ideas will be found to be almost unobserved by him. He understands what he calls a "mission," but a mission is with him simply a sense of power and of destiny, not a sense of self-devotion. He has not a glimpse of the meaning of self-reproach or remorse, or even of the difference between failure and humiliation. Again, he has no interest in science, and has gathered none of the worldly wisdom of science—which, we need not say, is a great store. It is, perhaps, oddest of all that Lord Beaconsfield, though a literary man, betrays hardly any interest in literature. That he has studied Byron and Shelley, and written a book about them, in which their characters and fates are almost as oddly mixed up and interchanged as are the real characters of Lord Palmerston and Louis Napoleon with the strangely distorted sketches of them given in his

new book under the names of Lord Roehampton and Prince Florestan, we all know. But where is the evidence in Mr. Disraeli's books that any one great poem, any one great romance, any one great work of humor, has ever fully occupied his mind, and suggested to him even a scrap of subtle literary criticism? Is he even aware that Keats wrote a great poem with the same title as his new novel? Are Mr. St. Barbe and Mr. Gushy, in this new story, really meant as suggestions, however faint, of Thackeray and Dickens? One can hardly help thinking so. But if that be the case, how infinitely barren has been his study of their works, how wholly has the cleverness of the latter sketch been due to some rather malicious glimpse of Mr. Thackeray, in one of his half-whimsical moods of literary ill-humor. Nothing is to us more strange than the extraordinary limitation of the field of view of a man whose genius is so undeniable as Lord Beaconsfield's.

Take the new book, which is full of records of the worldly wisdom by which he has governed his own career, and let us see what it amounts to. Of course, there is the old teaching that race is an enormous factor in politics, but that in considering race you must not be deceived by empty names like the "Latin race," though it may be well to play with names sometimes, for the purpose of deceiving others. Of course, there is the teaching that women, again, are a great factor in po-

litical success—that if a man can but command the complete devotion of a few considerable women, he will find himself wafted, as if by magic, over difficulties which he would not otherwise surmount at all. That is a bit of teaching from the personal experience of Lord Beaconsfield, which is probably not very sound for the purposes of the rest of the world. If, indeed, a man can command, like Endymion, that curious power of alternating cold bursts of passion which do him no harm, but interest these considerable women in him, with the complete indifference that always comes to his aid as soon as he needs it, he may be safe in trusting to this agency. But for the political world at large, Lord Beaconsfield's teaching on this subject is likely to be much more misleading than effectual. Then, of course, there is the teaching that the elements of political power are often thrown away, unless there be "a commanding individual will" to use them—a lesson urged both in relation to the Whig Ministries of the year 1832-1841, and to the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel. Again, there is the permanent teaching of Sidonia, taken up again in this new tale chiefly by his *alter ego*, Mr. Neuchatel, that you should not be seriously, or at least for any long time, discomposed by anything that touches the affections, that you should keep down susceptibility by cultivating a "salutary hardness;" that you should rather "cherish affection than indulge grief," though "every one must follow their mood;" that suicide, for instance, shows "a want of imagination," the deficiency in a suicide being not that he thinks too little of the purposes of suffering, but too little of the innumerable chances of escaping from it.

And then, again, there is the record of the many lessons of political tact in which Mr. Disraeli was always a proficient. First, we are told a good deal of the use of Private Secretaries and of the pleasantness of the mutual relation between a sedulous private secretary and his chief. "There is usually in the relation an identity of interest, and that of the highest kind; and the perpetual difficulties, the alternations of triumph and defeat, develop devotion. A youthful secretary will naturally feel

some degree of enthusiasm for his chief, and a wise Minister will never stint his regard for one in whose intelligence and honor he finds he can place confidence." Such a Minister, even if he has been working with his private secretary all day, always greets his private secretary again, wherever he meets him, with the greatest consideration, because he knows that such a recognition will raise the young man "in the eyes of the social herd who always observe little things, and generally form from them their opinions of great affairs." Then, of course, there is the old maxim of men of tact, that if you want to succeed in what you are about, you should never show your hand too much—"Tact teaches you when to be silent. Inquirers who are always inquiring never learn anything." And there is the observation that "every one to a certain extent is a mannerist, every one has his ways;" and that, if you want to increase by your help the efficiency of another to the highest point, you must acquiesce in that mannerism, and drop into those ways. Further, if you study opportunity, you will often shorten the business of life. Lord Roehampton, the Foreign Minister, is in this story accustomed to give foreign ambassadors audiences after the shooting parties. "He thought it was a specific against their being too long. He used to say, 'The first dinner-bell often brings things to a point.'" And again, in a higher key—"Great men should think of Opportunity and not of Time. Time is the excuse of feeble and puzzled spirits."

And finally, there is a fund of observation in all Mr. Disraeli's books—and perhaps it is the subtlest kind of observation he ever gives us—of the intermediate world between real feeling and mere imagination, of the thing most like to sentiment which exists in utterly unfeeling minds, of the thing farthest removed from sentiment which exists in thoroughly sentimental minds. For instance, in Lord Beaconsfield's study of the thoroughly selfish peer, he says: "He seemed to like meeting men with whom he had been at school. There is certainly a magic in the memory of schoolboy friendships—it softens the heart, and even affects the nervous system of those who have no hearts." And

similarly, he is always studying, and studying very skilfully, the unsentimental side of sentiment itself, even of the sentiment of women. You can see that Lord Beaconsfield does not really like women with soft hearts. He likes women capable of great devotion, but capable of trampling under foot all personal feelings, for their own purposes ; and he likes men who calmly accept that sacrifice, and think it the right thing for women to do.

If we were to sum up in a word the worldly wisdom of Lord Beaconsfield, we should say it taught first the value of ambition, and, next, the use of the tools with which ambition may most effectually work. The poor, if they desire wealth, should achieve it, and may be reasonably satisfied with achieving it ; the rich, who have it already, should desire power which they have not got, and obtain that power. Lady Montfort's reproach to her husband is the reproach Mr. Disraeli must very often have addressed in his heart to the great land-owners and peers of this country. " 'What,' she would say, 'are rank and wealth to us? We were born to them. We want something that we were not

born to. You reason like a parvenu. Of course, if you had created your rank and your riches, you might rest on your oars, and find excitement in the recollection of what you had achieved. A man of your position ought to govern the country, and it always was so in old days.' " There you have the true Lord Beaconsfield—"Set your mind to attain some form of power which you have not got, but which you may earn wholly for yourself, and your life will be more or less happy, if you are faithful to that pursuit, and show capacity as well as fidelity." This, with the maxims embodying the chief points of his own experience in working out this problem, is Lord Beaconsfield's stock of worldly wisdom, as illustrated in "Endymion." It seems to us a very humble stock of worldly wisdom, and yet, no doubt, it has served well one of the most singularly successful men of his age and country. But we think there is sufficient evidence that though Lord Beaconsfield's success has been wonderful, the aims in which he has succeeded have been singularly narrow, and singularly alloyed with a metal that can only be called base.—*The Spectator.*

GEIST'S GRAVE.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FOUR years!—and didst thou stay above
The ground, which hides thee now, but four?
And all that life, and all that love,
Were crowded, Geist! into no more?

Only four years those winning ways,
Which make me for thy presence yearn,
Call'd us to pet thee or to praise,
Dear little friend! at every turn?

That loving heart, that patient soul,
Had they indeed no longer span,
To run their course, and reach their goal,
And read their homily to man?

That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry,*
The sense of tears in mortal things—

* Sunt lacrimæ rerum !

That steadfast, mournful strain, consoled
By spirits gloriously gay,
And temper of heroic mould—
What, was four years their whole short day?

Yes, only four!—and not the course
Of all the centuries yet to come,
And not the infinite resource
Of Nature, with her countless sum.

Of figures, with her fulness vast
Of new creation evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just thy little self restore.

Stern law of every mortal lot!
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself I know not what
Of second life I know not where.

But thou, when struck thine hour to go,
On us, who stood despondent by,
A meek last glance of love didst throw,
And humbly lay thee down to die.

Yet would we keep thee in our heart—
Would fix our favorite on the scene,
Nor let thee utterly depart
And be as if thou ne'er hadst been.

And so there rise these lines of verse
On lips that rarely form them now,
While to each other we rehearse:
Such ways, such arts, such looks hadst thou!

We stroke thy broad brown paws again,
We bid thee to thy vacant chair,
We greet thee by the window-pane,
We hear thy scuffle on the stair;

We see the flaps of thy large ears
Quick raised to ask which way we go;
Crossing the frozen lake, appears
Thy small black figure on the snow!

Nor to us only art thou dear
Who mourn thee in thine English home;
Thou hast thine absent master's tear,
Dropt by the far Australian foam.

Thy memory lasts both here and there,
And thou shalt live as long as we.
And after that—thou dost not care!
In us was all the world to thee.

Yet, fondly zealous for thy fame,
Even to a date beyond our own
We strive to carry down thy name,
By mounded turf, and graven stone.

We lay thee, close within our reach,
Here, where the grass is smooth and warm,
Between the holly and the beech,
Where oft we watch'd thy couchant form.

Asleep, yet lending half an ear
To travellers on the Portsmouth road—
There choose we thee, O guardian dear,
Mark'd with a stone, thy last abode !

Then some, who through this garden pass,
When we too, like thyself, are clay,
Shall see thy grave upon the grass,
And stop before the stone, and say ;

*People who lived here long ago
Did by this stone, it seems, intend
To name for future times to know
The dachs-hound, Geist, their little friend.*

Fortnightly Review.

FIELD-MARSHAL SUWARROW.

To the student of character, especially in its unique and exaggerated aspects, there are few more fertile fields than the annals of the Russian court. The transition from barbarism to civilization is usually marked by the appearance of numbers of men in whose nature the principles of savagery and culture contend for the supremacy ; the result being men of a curious, mongrel type of character. This process of transition was begun in Russia under the fostering auspices of Peter the Great ; and at the present day it can hardly be said to have reached the fulness of a finished issue.

Among this class of half-breeds appeared one whose pronounced oddities entitle him to be regarded as *sui generis*. We propose to view him chiefly as a social phenomenon, incidentally as a soldier ; to walk round and round him if so be that we may learn what manner of man he was ; to try to seize the salient features of his character, and find the key to the unity of his nature which, on a superficial glance, seems so fragmentary and desultory and incoherent. We may be assured that on that tangled mass of mountebankerries and superstitions a jet of light may be turned that will illumine the whole matter, if we are fortunate enough to find it. The wildernesses of most men have in their own

eyes a method and order ; and we shall never succeed in reducing the apparent chaos and confusion to law till we look through their own organs of vision and see them as they see themselves.

Suwarrow, who in his old age was pinched, shrivelled, and dwarfish, was in his prime of a burly build, rather short of stature, but well-proportioned. A malignant gossip says that he had the body of an ape and the soul of a bull. The medals struck in his honor give a false idea of his personal appearance. The waving ringlets, the finely-chiselled features, the stately presence, bear little resemblance to the great original. The truth is that he was so ugly as to inspire even his own soul with disgust ; and the looking-glass was the only enemy he did not dare to face. The first duty of the officer appointed to secure a lodging for him was to remove all articles of luxury—books, pictures, plate, but especially mirrors ; and if one of the latter proscribed articles had accidentally been overlooked, Suwarrow had no sooner set his eyes on it than he smashed it to a thousand fragments. His restless, spasmodic nature showed itself in his rapid glances ; in his laconic remarks where the hearer had to supply from his own suggestiveness the words that were lacking to complete the sense ; in his abrupt conversation which was ever dart-

ing from subject to subject like a bird among the twigs. He seemed always anxious to do a thousand things at once, and to follow as many different trains of thought and talk simultaneously. Once in an engagement with the Turks he all of a sudden rushed forward into the ranks of the enemy, stabbed several of the Janissaries, cut off their heads and filled a large sack with them, which he brought away and emptied at the feet of his general. And the impetuosity of resolve and daring which he displayed while a common soldier was in keeping with the fertility and promptitude of expedient he exhibited when, as a Russian marshal, he controlled the movements of armies. If he had been expostulated with for the risk he ran in attacking such fearful odds, he would have answered, as he did on another occasion when comparing the relative worth of a clever man and a fool: "One man is worth three fools; even three are too few, say six; ay, six are too few, say ten; one clever fellow will beat them all, overthrow them and take them prisoners."

Suwarrow affected great simplicity of life and coarseness of manners. A heap of fresh hay with a sheet spread over it formed his bed alike on the march, in the fortress, or at home. He could not sleep without abundance of fresh air; and if the windows would not open he would break every pane of glass in them, and even order the frames to be taken out, saying that he did not fear cold. Before throwing himself down to rest, he seldom took off his boots, spurs, or military accoutrements; sometimes when he wanted either to refresh his exhausted energies or pamper his tired flesh, he might tempt the drowsy god by unfastening one spur. Lest he should slumber too long he always carried a dunhill-cock with which he shared his bedroom, and whose shrill clarion sounding at his ear always summoned the warrior in good time to the duties of the day. "I hate idleness," said he; "and that bird," pointing to the cock, "is very punctual in waking me." So highly did he appreciate the services of the bird that, in emulation of its virtues, he would go to the door of his tent and, instead of ordering the drum to beat, or the bugle to sound,

imitate its cries as a signal that the camp was to awake. His own imitation of the crowing of the cock was the bugle-call for the march. He drilled his troops in his shirt-sleeves, and often rode in front of the army on a bare-backed horse, with no other clothing than his shirt. Summer and winter alike he rose at two in the morning and took a bath, or rather had bucketfuls of cold water thrown over him by his servants. Thereafter he breakfasted; dinner was served at eight; and breakfast and dinner alike consisted of the coarse, black bread of the common soldiers, which in his case was washed down by deep draughts of brandy. During these repasts an officer stood by and, at his discretion, informed Suwarrow that he had eaten and drunk enough, and that the servants would now remove the bread and bottles. "By whose orders dare you interfere with me, sir?" Suwarrow would exclaim. "By the orders of Marshal Suwarrow." "If so, he must be obeyed." He had issued general instructions to his subordinates to command him, in his own name, to desist from doing anything likely to injure his health. He owned neither villa, nor plate, nor carriage, nor books, nor liveried servants, nor pictures, nor rare collections of any kind; and, when he came to St. Petersburg, slept in the cart which all his days, on the march and in triumphal entries, was his favorite vehicle. For twenty years at a stretch he never used a looking-glass for the purposes of the toilet; nor did he ever incur his person with watch or money. In his day personal cleanliness, even among the ladies of the Russian nobility, was not held in much account; and Suwarrow was often seen to take off his shirt and bid his soldiers hold it to the fire, adding that it was the best method he knew for killing certain unclean parasites. In conversation his tone, especially to his equals, was abrupt and imperious; whom he met, or was introduced to, he received with a cannonade of questions, the one following the other in rapid succession. As a test of military fitness, presence of mind, self-reliance, and force of character, it was by no means an unsatisfactory one. All those whom he confused or embarrassed he despised as fools.

Suwarrow met his match in imperturbable coolness and impudence in M. de Lameth. "To what country do you belong, sir?" said Suwarrow. "France," was the reply. "What profession?" "Military." "What rank?" "Colonel." "Your name?" "Alexandre de Lameth." After submitting meekly to this examination, the Frenchman turned on Suwarrow and asked him the same questions, imitating his threatening manner and suspicious look; getting the same laconic answers; after which both gentlemen burst out laughing. It was seldom indeed that Suwarrow's questions were so coherent. What would a stranger think when saluted by a grim, snuffy old man, made up exteriorly of dirt and jewels, with the demand uttered in an imperious tone, "How many stars are there in the skies? You don't know: what do you know? How many trees are there in the forest, or fishes in the lake?" And, on your confessing ignorance in a conciliatory manner, how would you like to have a scornful and filthy finger pointed at you, and be baptized amid a grinning company with the name of Monsieur Know-nothing? Nothing lashed Suwarrow into such fury as the use of that handy conversational phrase, "I don't know." His officers, well aware of this infirmity, would hazard any reply rather than acknowledge ignorance on any subject on which it was his whim to examine them. In his old age he would often be seen running and frolicking in the streets of St. Petersburg, bawling at the top of his voice, "I am Suwarrow, I am Suwarrow," followed by a crowd of urchins among whom he threw apples to be scrambled and fought for. At court he persisted in kissing the portrait of the Empress Catherine, which every lady wore on her breast, to the dismay of the wearers, who shuddered when the snuffy nose, innocent of handkerchiefs, came near their rich silks and white bosoms. Her Majesty herself had one day to ask him to conduct himself more sanely and decently. In the palace his antics were of the most whimsical description: his facial nerves were never at rest, and his jerky attitudinizations, his spasmodic movements, his meaningless grinnings and gigglings, snarlings and piteous moanings, his ob-

scene remarks, weak puns, and small jibes, led those who knew him not to be Suwarrow to conclude that this grimacing and bejewelled object was Catherine's court fool; and their astonishment may be easily conceived on being told that they beheld a hero who had fought countless battles and never lost one of them; and who at the council table had proved himself a sagacious and clear-headed reasoner, a crafty politician and a brilliant epigrammatist. In his riper years he was able to speak a little French and German, which he had probably picked up in his wars and wanderings. His friends aver that he was an adept in the dead languages, and that in his temporary seclusions he studied Hebrew. Several of his sayings have passed into Russian proverbs, especially the sarcasm he uttered on the Emperor Paul's military innovations, which were all of the decorative order: "Hair-powder is not gunpowder; curls are not cannon; and tails are not bayonets"—a bit of doggerel which cost the rhymers his command. The verse in which he announced to the Empress the capture of Tutukay in Bulgaria is well known:

"*Salva bogu!*
Salva vam!
Tutukay vzata!
I ya tam!"

"Glory to God!
 Glory to thee!
 Tutukay is taken
 Here are we!"

The following satiric episode is simply delicious. His Majesty sent his favorite, Count K—, to congratulate the Marshal on his recall from exile. "K—!" said Suwarrow, when the name was announced. "There is no Russian family of that name; who can he be?" The messenger is brought in. "You are not of Russian birth, I judge; from what country are you?" "Of Turkey: I owe my rank and title to his Majesty's favor." "Ah, I see; you have rendered important services to the state; in what battalion are you? in what battles have you fought?" "I have never served in the army." "Oh, you are in the civil service, then?" "No, I have always been in personal attendance on his Majesty." "Indeed; in what capacity?" "*Valet* to his Majesty." Suwarrow thereupon turned to his own servant and said, "Ivan, do you see this nobleman? He once held the same menial office as you. What a glorious

career you have before you ! He is a count now ! so may you yet ! Be a good lad and you will—who knows ?—be decorated with all the orders of Russia !”

It is characteristic of Eastern religions, Pagan and Christian alike, to make piety consist in exterior rather than interior adornment, in gymnastic exercises rather than in loyalty to moral principle or pure affection ; and the lower the nation or the individual in the scale of civilization, which is the power to live for and in ideas, the more pronounced is this tendency to propitiate Deity by ceremonies and grimaces which are of the skin, and which have nothing to do with the disposition and character. Suwarrow's religion was as destitute of moral qualities as his habits were of social refinement. He was a savage both in his inward and outward development. His God was a being to be reconciled and cajoled by a state bow, such as a man makes when he attends one of her Majesty's drawing-rooms ; a Being who could be coaxed to place his own invincible might at the disposal of the man who surpassed all other candidates for that favor in the amount of physical deference he rendered. There never lived a general who insisted more than Suwarrow on the personal piety (as he understood that word) of his soldiers and officers—not even Cromwell himself. On Sundays, and the festivals of Holy Church, he delivered sermons to the superior officers of his army, whom in their turn he compelled to preach and pray in the presence of their regiments, abusing in no measured terms those whose ignorance of Russian disqualified them for praying in the vernacular, and therefore for humoring the national God to whom, like the Jews of old, he ascribed his victories, and in whose protection and favor he had the blindest faith. The Warsaw Butcher never began a battle without reverently and repeatedly making the sign of the cross. He won the silent approval and encouragement of the superstitious people of Italy during his campaign in that country, as much by his devoutness as by his success. Wherever on the march he saw a crucifix or saintly image he stopped to pray ; wherever he met a monk he asked leave to kiss his hand, and solicited his benediction, invoking

his curse on these French regicides and atheists whom it was his mission to punish. He begged relics of departed saints from the convents he visited ; bathed again and again in holy water to make himself invulnerable ; consumed cart-loads of consecrated wafers that he might not hunger any more. Priests and Presbyters, Protestant and Papist—to all alike he paid homage ; each and all of them must have a presiding God whose special charge they were ; and was it not a prudential precaution to secure Him as an ally, when a little deference paid to His ministers was all the price that was asked ? Suwarrow was clearly a broad Churchman, seeing good in all sects and parties. That he was an intentional hypocrite and impostor seems at any rate not believable. He was religious according to his lights, even when there was little to be gained by pretences and professions ; and that his ostentatious devotions, genuflexions, and comic pieties secured him the good-will of the people, was probably as much due to accident as craft. On one occasion he risked the resentment of Catherine rather than neglect his duty to heaven. After the “ pacification of Poland ”—that is, after he had executed all likely to provoke dispeace—the Czarina conferred on him the rank of field-marshal ; but Suwarrow, faithful to his religious principles, would not receive the dignity till he had asked the blessing of Holy Church.

It is needless to say that a man of Suwarrow's habits and temper was little fitted for the domesticities of life. There is a story told of his comrade-in-arms, Marshal Romanzow, who was parted from his wife. One of his sons, having finished his studies, came to the army to ask a commission. “ Who are you ? ” said Romanzow. “ Your son. ” “ Oh, indeed ; you are grown up, I see. ” The interview finished, the young man asked if there was any place where he could take up his abode. “ Why, surely, ” said the father, “ you are acquainted with some officer in the camp. ” Suwarrow's domestic relations seem to have been on no more cordial footing. He had a daughter whom Catherine appointed one of her maids-of-honor, and whom she afterward married to the brother of her husband *pro tem*, Plato

Zubof—the last of a long list who filled the office; which led the wittlings of St. Petersburg to say that Catherine had ended with Platonic love. In this daughter Suwarrow's malformation of mind, to which his eccentricities owe their being, took the form of imbecility. The old man, not having seen his daughter since her childhood, expressed a wish to meet her. "Ah, father," cried she, "how big you have grown since I last saw you!" He quarrelled with his wife soon after their marriage, and refused to live with her. On hearing that the Empress had made his son an officer in the Guards, he made the following comment: "Ah, well, if her Majesty says that I have a son, be it so, but I know nothing about it." There seems, however, to have been one little germ of affection in that tough and twisted and gnarled nature: he was much attached to his nephew, Gortschakoff, who was second in command of the ill-fated army of Switzerland led by Korsakoff against the French. Spiteful gossips say that this nephew was a painted booby, who bedaubed his cheeks as unblushingly as any of the ladies of St. Petersburg who held their toilet-table as incomplete without a rouge-pot, and that he wore whalebone stays to keep his body slim and graceful.

The Empress Catherine, during whose brilliant reign he rose to fame, knew Suwarrow's worth; and, with that instinctive acumen by which she attached to her person and interest all those whose force of character or genius made them dangerous as enemies and powerful as friends, led the rough, uncultured, and perverse hero by a silken thread. Hard cash that had to be deposited out of sight in the pockets—which could not be hung about the person, and flashed and flaunted in the eyes of the world—had no charm for Suwarrow. But Catherine knew how to reach and play upon the savage nature deep-seated in the man. She operated on him chiefly through his weakness for gaudy trinkets, a weakness which, in common with all savages, he shared. If he loved and prized any possession in the world, it was the brilliant baubles and toys which she gave him, and which the touch of her white, royal hand had invested with a double value and with something of

a sacred character. Each new courier that arrived at her court with tidings of a victory coincided with the dispatch of a messenger bearing a bejewelled gift, and a letter of thanks written by the Czarina's own hand. In this way he had accumulated a large collection of richly-carved gold snuff-boxes; imperial portraits set in gold; swords whose hefts sparkled with all the colors of a prism; rich robes bestarred with badges of the royal favor and friendship; and this motley treasure he carried about with him in all his wars and wanderings, locked and double-locked in a massive iron chest. He never touched one of these gifts on which Catherine's hand had rested; nay, his glance never casually alighted on one of them but, as in the presence of something holy, he made the sign of the cross, and, falling on his knees, reverently kissed it, and with greater solemnity than ever devout pilgrim kissed Papal toe or Caabah Stone. Again and again he refused her Majesty's gifts. On one occasion when the Empress was granting favors to everybody, and when everybody was pressing round her with eyes that said, "What am I to get?" she ordered the mob to stand back till a figure in the background came into the full view of the court. It was Suwarrow. Addressing him she said: "And you, General; do you want nothing?" "Only that you would order my lodgings to be paid, madam." The rent of his lodgings was three roubles a month. It is averred that he never shared in the plunder of the cities, which he gave over to his soldiers to be sacked. "At the fall of Ismail he did not take even a horse."

Catherine was prodigal in her gifts to her favorites and servants, and rewarded on a scale of right Russian magnificence. But Suwarrow could never find it in his heart to refuse a gold toy; and his Stoic indifference to wealth capitulated at once when the seductive light of a precious stone bewildered and blinded his eyes. How often did he vex the ears of his officers with the oft-repeated history of each trinket? Again and again he assembled them to admire and eulogize the loveliness of his collection, till the faculty of admiration in them was exhausted, and the language of eulogy had ceased to be fresh. He

would stop his army while on the march, that he might open his chest and gloat over his treasures. At dinner he would, in a rapid succession of shots, fire the following questions at his neighbors : " Have you seen my jewels ? Do you envy me them ? What do you think they are worth ? Why did our Mamma give them to me ? " A failure to answer these questions as promptly as the report follows the explosion, and the General lost his temper, and a louder explosion followed, in which, amid the confusion of gutturals and growls, the only articulate words that could be made out were, " You blockhead, " " You fool ; " while the poor victim, too ignorant to answer rightly, or too honest to lie, or too prosaic to invent a fictitious history of the jewels on the spot, sat blushing and trembling.

But his treatment by Catherine's son and successor, the Emperor Paul—who, hating his mother, hated every one she prized, reversed all the schemes and ends she labored for and cherished—was harsh and ingrate. After Catherine's death, he denuded the grim, sarcastic old Marshal—who had sneered at, and made some doggerel rhymes about his military reforms—of all his commands, and ordered him to retire to Moscow. Suvarrow was with his beloved troops in Southern Poland when he received the imperial mandate, ready to march against France. He determined to break the news of his disgrace to the army himself. Having drawn the troops up in line of battle, he appeared before them in the dress of a common soldier, but decorated with all his orders, and with the portraits of the late Czarina and the Emperor of Austria sparkling on his breast in the sunshine. The soldiers, on hearing the announcement of the Czar's will, broke into cries of indignation and sorrow which the General vainly tried to hush. He then stripped himself of his military accoutrements and deposited them on a pyramid of drums and cymbals, which had previously been raised in front of the embattled battalions. " And now, comrades, " said he, " there may come a time when Suvarrow will be again your general ; he will then resume these spoils which he leaves to you and which he always wore in his victories. " The " mad Czar, " indignant at the honor and

deference paid to the exile by the nobles and populace of Moscow, resolved yet further to humiliate his mother's favorite general. He banished him to an insignificant village. To the officer of police who was deputed to carry out the imperial will, and who had informed Suvarrow that four hours would be allowed him to prepare for his journey, he replied, " Four hours ! too much kindness ! one hour is enough for Suvarrow. " The officer conducted him to the coach which was to bear him to his destination. " A coach ! " he said—" Suvarrow in a coach ! he will go to exile in the equipage he used when travelling to the court of Catherine or leading the army to victory ; go and get a cart. "

In course of time the exile's friends succeeded in softening Paul's enmity ; they even cajoled the monarch into writing him a letter intimating his reinstatement into the favor and protection of his Majesty. The letter was addressed to Field-Marshal Suvarrow. " This letter is not for me, " said the stern, uncompromising exile to the royal messenger ; " if Suvarrow were field-marshal he would not be banished and guarded in a village ; he would be seen at the head of the armies ; " and the courier had actually to bear the letter back to his Majesty unopened.

The exigencies of state, however, obliged Paul to capitulate to his victim and invite him again to lead the armies of Russia. Suvarrow made his appearance at court in civilian costume, without sword or decorative orders. The Emperor was amazed at this daring breach of etiquette. Suvarrow threw himself down on his breast and belly and began to crawl over the floor to the feet of the throne.

" What is this, Marshal ? " said the Emperor. " Come, my son, this will not do ; are you mad ? get up. " " No, no, sire ! I wish to make my way too in this court, and I know it is only by crawling that one can get into your Majesty's good graces. " At last Suvarrow was to reap the joy which he had often prayed Catherine to grant him—an army of 50,000 Cossacks with which to make the conquest of France. For his series of brilliant victories over Macdonald, Moreau, and Joubert, the grateful Czar conferred on him the title of Prince with

the surname of Italisky; and issued a decree ordaining that the same military honors should be paid to Suwarrow as himself, and that henceforward and forever he should be considered the greatest captain of every age, of every nation and country of the world. Paul was the first to disobey his own imperial ukase. He attributed to Suwarrow the disasters of the Helvetian campaign; and in reorganizing his shattered armies he left no command for the brave, gray-haired warrior, who retired to St. Petersburg, bowed with sorrow, broken-hearted and neglected. On his arrival there he went to the house of his nephew, Prince Gortschakoff, and lay down never to rise.

Suwarrow, sprung from a family of no social position and held in no respect, began in 1742 the career which he ended as Generalissimo of the Russian forces, as a private soldier in the Fusilier Guards of the Empress Elizabeth. He won every step in his rapid promotion by his prowess and daring on the field of battle. In five years he attained to the rank of corporal; in 1749 he received further promotion; and in 1754 he quitted the Guards with a lieutenant's commission. His first campaign was made in the course of the Seven Years War with Prussia, when Frederick the Great was "like to be overwhelmed" by his enemies; and he was present at the capture of Berlin by Tottleben in 1760. For his valor in this war Catherine presented him, in 1762, with a colonel's commission written by her own hand. As brigadier-general, he marched against the confederates of Poland in 1768, obtaining the full rank of major-general two years later. When finally he was made Marshal of the Empire, he performed in the presence of the army some of the most wonderful antics recorded in the chronicles of the great. Catherine never granted promotion on grounds of seniority, either of merit or of favoritism—merit in the recipients' relation to the state, or favoritism in their domestic and personal relations to the throne. There is an anecdote to the effect that she dismissed General Kamenskoi from her service for having taken command of an army on the march, consequent on the death of his superior, Prince Potemkin; a responsibility which he could not well evade. He sent a report to her

Majesty, in which the introductory sentence ran as follows: "Having taken the command in consequence of my seniority," on the perusal of which audacious sentence Catherine, in her own hand, wrote the marginal comment, "Who gave you orders?" He then proceeded to criticise the disorganized state of the troops—an indirect reflection on the capacity of the deceased general, who, having originally been Catherine's domestic companion, had become her trustiest adviser, retaining as a statesman the influence he had acquired over her through the tender passion. On reading these strictures, Catherine wrote, "He dared not say a word while the prince was alive;" and though Kamenskoi was a man of much military capacity, the answer to his elaborate critique was a command to quit the army. The allegorical buffooneries Suwarrow performed on the occasion of his elevation to the marshalate were of the most grotesque character. Of the half-superstitious, half-religious temper of the Russian boor, he saw the hand of Providence in his success in life. He resolved that he should publicly thank the Deity for it, which he did in the cathedral church of Warsaw. He packed the nave and aisle of the cathedral with soldiers to witness the following religio-comic entertainment. Having placed in a line as many chairs as there were officers senior to himself and holding military rank between that he had been promoted from and that he had been promoted to, he entered the building in his shirt-sleeves, and in the leap-frog style vaulted over each chair, thereby typifying how he had vaulted over his rivals. Thereafter, in the presence of the grinning yet admiring soldiery, who loved yet laughed at their erratic, brilliant, and vainglorious chief, he dressed himself in his marshal's uniform, covering his breast with his numerous decorations and orders and trinkets. He danced and skipped like a lunatic, and posed and pirouetted in his new costume. Before enrobing himself he hugged and kissed it, and made again and again the sign of the cross; and the mild, innocent vanity of the man showed itself not only in the way he strutted about, inflated with a sense of his self-importance, but in the remark

he made on little Nicholas Soltikoff, who thought himself specially slighted by Suwarrow's promotion over his head: "I don't wonder that they did not give such a dress as this to little Nick; it would be too heavy for him."

His laurels as a general were won in that Russo-Turkish war which has raged through many generations since the descent of the Saracen on Europe. In 1788 Suwarrow commanded the fortress of Kinburn, besieged by the Turks. He suffered the enemy to disembark without opposition; he even encouraged them to proceed by sending out a small force with instructions to retreat, after exchanging a few shots, as though they were frightened. The device succeeded; and while the Turkish boats had gone back to Otchakow for reinforcements, Suwarrow marched out at the head of two battalions with fixed bayonets, and slaughtered the enemy to a man. In these Turkish campaigns he heaped deeds of prowess upon each other. At Fokschan, when 30,000 Austrians fled from the battle-field, leaving the Turkish army of 100,000 men victors, Suwarrow put himself at the head of 8000 Russians and changed the fortunes of the day. "Brothers!" cried he, "never look to the eyes of your enemies! Fix your view on their breasts and thrust your bayonets there."

The sack of Ismail was his crowning triumph in this war. Potemkin, not very anxious for a conclusion of hostilities, had leisurely and playfully besieged the city for seven months, when Madame de Witt, to tempt him into activity, divining by the cards, predicted its downfall within three weeks. The Prince replied that he had a method of divination more prompt and sure than that; and ordered Suwarrow to take it within three days. On the third day the hero drew up his soldiers, and addressing them—"Brothers! no quarter, provisions are dear!"—delivered the assault. His forces, twice repulsed, at last scaled the walls; and then followed a scene of rapine and murder and plunder which secured the conqueror the nickname of Muley Ismail—a name borrowed from the bloodthirsty Emperor of Morocco, and by no means misapplied.

After the sack of the city, Suwarrow wrote to the Empress the laconic letter:

"Ismail is at your feet." The energies of the conqueror of Ismail and Praga were next directed toward Poland. The patriots of the principality had risen against and massacred the Russians resident in Warsaw. Catherine dispatched Prince Repnin—a general whose services she could not dispense with while she insulted and dishonored him—against the rebels; but "the little Martinest priest," as she nicknamed him, not sufficiently shedding blood to slake her vengeance, she named Suwarrow commander-in-chief. The genius of Kosciusko had to hide its diminished head before that of a general greater than he. Suwarrow celebrated his victories at Warsaw by the arbitrary execution of 20,000 men, women, and children, of all ages and ranks; and Catherine died in peace. Henceforward the conqueror was known, and for all time will be known, as the "Butcher of Warsaw."

But it was by his Italian and Helvetic campaigns that Suwarrow won European fame. It had been one of the great desires of his life to march against the French; and, as Cato of old concluded all his speeches with the words, "Father! my opinion is that Carthage ought to be destroyed," so Suwarrow wound up all his Polish dispatches with the entreaty, "Mother! bid me march against the French!" The Marshal was in ecstasies when at last his prayer was granted—he danced and clapped his hands for joy; when a stroke of apoplexy removed Catherine from the Russian throne and placed a greater madman than Suwarrow himself in that seat of autocratic sway. Paul recalled the army of France and dismissed its leader. The sentence in which he announced the spirit and temper of his reign bears a striking resemblance to a celebrated modern sentiment: "The empire is peace." Paul's sentiment was not so epigrammatic, but it was quite as beautiful: "In whatever light and in whatever circumstances I wish to view an emperor of Russia, his noblest part will always be that of a pacificator." But it was just as difficult in 1798 to retain your peaceful intentions with a prosperous and adventurous conqueror at your gates as it was in 1870; and when Paul saw throne after throne toppling over before the victories of Bonaparte and the other Republican

generals, he threw himself into the war with more than his mother's fanaticism and fierceness. General Rosenberg received orders to place himself at the head of that victorious army which Suwarrow once led, and which he was destined to lead again ; for dissensions arose among the officers of the united armies of Austria and Russia which the presence of a general of Suwarrow's name and fame alone could suppress and silence.

In a campaign of six weeks Suwarrow undid the work which took Napoleon a year to accomplish. He arrived in Italy in time to reap the laurels which should have gone to adorn the brow of the Austrian General Kray, who had just inflicted on the army of the Republic the most crushing defeat of the year. Suwarrow's wild Cossacks scattered the shattered army before them like sheep. Milan opened her gates to admit the conqueror, who, caring little for fêtes and festivities, marched quickly up the Po in pursuit of the French assembled again under the leadership of Moreau. For the first time in the history of Europe these two great military nations met in battle array on the banks of the Po near Bassagnano, with little result but to teach each to respect the other's bravery. Macdonald, with the army of Naples at his heels, marched to the aid of Moreau. By a rapid retrograde movement, Suwarrow met him on the field of Trebio, where Hannibal defeated the Romans. The fight was continued, and raged with varying issues for two days, the river flowing between.

On the morning of the third, Suwarrow crossed the stream, determined either to conquer or die, to find that during the night Macdonald had retreated, leaving his wounded behind him. Suwarrow followed in rapid pursuit, to be arrested by the tidings that Moreau's army was in movement. Who does not know his boastful speech, and how faithfully he kept it : "After we have thrashed Macdonald, we will return and trounce Moreau ;" and how he broke into laughter when the youthful and heroic Joubert stepped into the arena and tapped his shoulder with his lance—"Ho ! ho ! here is a stripling come to school ; we must go and give him a lesson."

His battles or victories, for in his case the words are synonymous, were gained

at a fearful sacrifice of life ; but life was a cheap commodity in Russia—"it was so easy for God to make Russians." Of the 40,000 soldiers he led into Italy, he left behind him 28,000 to fertilize her fields. With the rest he scaled the heights of the Mount St. Gothard—a feat to which history has awarded little praise—intending to join his victorious force to the army, which, under Korsakoff, had followed him from Poland. It is the only occasion on which his "children" whispered a murmur of displeasure at the wild vagaries of his generalship. The snow-clad heights and wide-spreading glaciers of the Alps struck terror to the hearts of all but that of the wrinkled old hero himself, frail and feeble in appearance, but full of restless and unconquerable life. The 12,000 veterans refused to begin the ascent. Suwarrow at once seized a shovel, and digging a shallow grave, into which he threw himself, cried, "Cover me up, and leave me here ; you are no longer my children ; I am no longer your father ; there is nothing left for me to do but die." The device succeeded far better in bringing back the allegiance and loyalty of the rebels than the modern device of slinging up the ringleaders on the nearest tree, though it was a device which only a general, led on by his genius and not by his handbook of military instructions, could afford to adopt.

It must, however, be added that certain gossips deny the authenticity of this anecdote ; but the *à priori* ground on which they reject the evidence for it is quite as striking a testimony to Suwarrow's influence over his soldiers as the scene itself : "There never was a Russian army disheartened when Suwarrow was at its head ! And never did a soldier murmur, no matter what were the orders given him !"

The tidings which reached the stout old hero shortly after his descent to the plains of Switzerland almost broke his heart. The battle of Zurich had been fought by Korsakoff and lost. Korsakoff was a soldier of parade, where padding, millinery, and well-trimmed mustaches make the hero. He held Massena and his Republican legions in contempt, and smiled the smile of the strong and self-reliant at the recital of their doings and darings. "The French !"

said he, "they don't know how to stand upright, nor march, nor draw up in ranks, nor perform the simplest evolution correctly." It is only such favored ones as Suwarrow whose vaporings Fate does not take a malicious pleasure in scorning; and the memory of Korsakoff's big talk paralyzed his faculties in the hour of action; he lost his head; issued orders wildly and blindly, each one leading more and more to the final issue of defeat and chaos. Suwarrow foamed with passion when he heard of his colleague's defeat; and stormed and raved like a madman when the subsidence of the passion left him voice to speak. He dispatched a messenger to Korsakoff, ordering him to reassemble his forces, threatening him with decapitation if he took another retrograde step. The approach of Massena made Suwarrow himself retreat. It was the bitterest moment of his life; in his vaunting way he used to say that an army under his command would never execute this humiliating movement. His retreat was conducted with as great brilliance as, and exhibited greater strategic cleverness than, his victories; but he grew silent, and sour, and sulky, and ever and anon turned fiercely on his pursuers when they pressed too closely on him. All their efforts failed to force his lines, or make him retreat one step faster than he pleased. The thought of the shame and dishonor of this movement proved too heavy a burden to bear. It slew him. The Emperor Paul embittered his closing hours with reproaches. He retired to St. Petersburg to die—old, forsaken, and neglected. Some signs of reviving interest Paul indeed did show in the old hero's existence, but not till he was told that the Marshal was dying; he asked bulletins of his condition to be regularly sent to the Court; he ordered the grand dukes to visit him; but these signs of esteem came too late to gladden the old man's embittered heart. Worrying, fretting, snarling, "like a rat in a hole," he died, his trouble being old age, indignation, and despair.

His military success was probably as much due to the splendid material out of which the Russian soldiers of his day were manufactured as to his own genius. Life in Russia has only a military value; its final cause is fighting, and the peasant

has long been taught to regard death in the battle-field for the cause of the Czar as the chief design of his existence; a man is a weapon of war; and the doggedness with which the Russian soldier fights, the readiness with which, under Suwarrow at least, he laid down his life rather than surrender, showed how firmly this theory of life had rooted itself in his nature. To die on the field of battle was believed to be the surest guarantee of and avenue to eternal happiness. It is probable that even yet the Russian soldier believes that if killed in battle he will, on the third day after, come again to life in some sweet and shining valley in the Czar's dominions, where the press-gang will never trouble him. Suwarrow often availed himself of this superstition to bribe his soldiers to greater feats of valor. As the great Frederick, in the bitterness of his defeats at the hands of the Russian soldiers rather than their incapable leaders, said: "It was easier to kill these men than to conquer them." With smiling faces they walked into the cannon's mouth; stood stock-still till they had shot all their enemies, or the last of their own number had been shot. At the siege of Otchakoff an officer met a picket advancing to a post. "Away back," said he; "the Turks have made a sally and are in possession of the post you are going to; you will all be cut to pieces if you go." "What is that to us?" was the answer; "we are sent there, and Prince Dolgorucky is answerable for us." One of their French conquerors on the field of Zurich, riding over the scene of carnage, seeing their bodies piled corpse above corpse, each one with the image of his patron saint in his hand as if his last thought on earth had been a prayer, made the comment: "Warriors so contemptuous of death and so fanatical cannot but be terrible on a day of battle; and certainly we know to our cost that they are so." No general, with the exception of Mahomet, ever succeeded in inspiring his followers with such fanatic fervor and faith in his invincibility as Suwarrow. His soldiers idolized him, and though his officers laughed at his eccentricities they obeyed his wildest commands with the unquestioning trust of children. He shared the frugal fare of the rank and file of the army—black bread seasoned with rape

oil, tallow or onion, washed down by a drink called quass, which those who have tasted it speak of with disgust. On the march and in active service he was his own surgeon-major, and his prescriptions were of the simplest character; he thrashed the invalids out of their beds, saying that "it was not permitted to the soldiers of Suwarrow to be sick." The only other medicine in his pharmacopœia was rhubarb and salts which, to those whose sickness was too manifest to be gainsaid, he administered in such doses that he added to the terrors of the hospital. He drilled his soldiers himself; and his instructions are about the quaintest reading in print, for he actually issued a military manual. When the order "march against the Poles" was given, "the soldier had to plunge his bayonet once;" "march against the Prussians, the soldier strikes twice; march against the execrable French, the soldier makes two thrusts forward, a third in the ground, and there sinks and turns round his bayonet." But here is an extract:

"Heels close! Knees straight! A soldier must stand like a dart! I see the fourth; the fifth I don't see. Soldiers! join elbows in front! Give the drum room! Keep your ball three days, it may happen for a whole campaign, when lead cannot be had. Fire seldom but fire sure! Push hard with the bayonet! the ball will lose its way, the bayonet never; the ball is a fool, the bayonet a hero! Stab once! Off with the Turk from the bayonet! even when he is dead you may get a scratch from his sabre. If the sabre is near your neck dodge back one step and push on again. Stab the second; stab the third; a hero will stab half a dozen. Be sure your ball is in your gun! If three attack you, stab the first, fire on the second, bayonet the third! This seldom happens! When you fire take aim at their guts and fire about twenty balls. Buy lead from your economy! It costs little! If you see the match upon a gun, run up to it instantly; the ball will fly over your head; the guns are yours; the people are yours; down with 'em! stab 'em! to the remainder give quarter! it is a sin to kill without reason: they are men like you. Die for the honor of the Virgin Mary! for your Mother; for all the royal family!—the Church prays for those that die, and those who survive have honor and reward! Offend not the peaceable inhabitant: he gives us meat and drink. The soldier is not a robber! Booty is a holy thing! if you take a camp it is all yours; if you take a fortress it is all yours! . . . There are the God-forgetting, windy, light-headed Frenchmen! if we should ever happen to march against them we must beat them in columns! . . . The cavalry instantly fall to

work! hack and slash! stab and drive! cut them off! don't give them a moment's rest! . . . One leg strengthens the other! One hand fortifies the other! By firing many men are killed! The enemy has also hands, but he knows not the Russian bayonet! Draw out line immediately and instantly attack them with cold arms."

"*Rules for Diet.*—Have a dread of the hospital! German physic stinks from afar; it is good for nothing and rather hurtful! A Russian soldier is not used to it. Messmates know where to find herbs and roots and ants. A soldier is inestimable; take care of your health! Scour the stomach when it gets foul! Hunger is the best medicine! He who neglects his men, if an officer, arrest; if a sub-officer, scourge; to the private, lashes, if he neglects himself! Remember, gentlemen! the field physic of Doctor Bellypotski! in hot fevers eat nothing even for twelve days, and drink your soldier's quass; that's a soldier's physic! In hospitals the first day the bed seems soft! the second comes French soup! the third the brother-in-law is laid in his coffin and they draw him away! One dies and ten companions around him inhale his expiring breath; but all this is frivolous! While one dies in a hundred with others, we lose not one in five hundred in the course of a month. For the healthy, drink, air, and food! For the sick, air, drink, and food! Brothers! the enemy trembles for you! But there is another enemy greater than the hospital! the d—d I-don't-know! From the half-confessing, the guessing, lying, deceitful, the palavering, equivocation, squeamishness and nonsense of I-don't-know, many disasters originate! Stammering, hesitating, and so forth, it is shameful to relate. Pray to God! from Him comes victory and miracles! God conducts us; God is our general! For the I-don't-know an officer is put in the guard! a staff-officer is served with an arrest at home! Instruction is light; not-instruction is darkness! The work fears its master! If a peasant knows not how to grind, the corn will not grow."

It is supposed by some writers that Suwarrow's oddities and eccentricities were inspired by deliberate purpose: that they were cunningly selected to reach a carefully chosen end. Their theory of Suwarrow is, that he resolved to act the fool in order to quiet the jealousies of the great, and even to win their contemptuous patronage, with the view of ultimately supplanting them; and that his undoubted luminousness of intellect, fertility of imagination, and force and firmness of character, presided over by a cunning rather of the Reynard than the human type, were persistently directed toward this end. Had he chosen to pose as a genius, instead of an inspired buffoon incapable of a sustained

ambition, the slips of patrician birth, candidates for the favor and smile of the sovereign, would have intrigued to crush him. As it was, they laughed at and petted him; regarding him as one who could interpose no serious obstacle between them and the attainment of their designs.

If this conception of Suwarrow had been the true one we should expect to have found him discarding the motley when nothing more was to be gained by wearing it. But may not his oddities, feigned at first, have grown into his nature and become part of his essential character, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh? It is hardly probable that such a daring plan for realizing the dreams of a daring ambition would suggest itself to the mind of an illiterate and low-born soldier in a nation where the

sentiment, that every private carries a possible marshal's wand in his knapsack, had never been whispered, and would at once have been suppressed as revolutionary. It seems more rational to believe that Suwarrow lived out honestly the manhood that was in him—sport of Nature though that manhood may have been. A man's career in life is the result of two factors: the spirit within him and the circumstances around him; and the true theory of Suwarrow seems to be that he rose to exalted station and command because his peculiar environment, reacted on by a nature of his peculiar type, favored his rise; and if ever in the history of the world the same inner and outer conditions of life and lot should be repeated, we may expect that the result will be another Suwarrow.—*Temple Bar.*

THE JEWS IN GERMANY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERMAN HOME LIFE."

THE stupendous success of German arms in 1870-71 announced itself to a wondering world after so dramatic a fashion that the triumphal progress was for the most part received in dumb and open-eyed silence. The nations stood aside, astounded at the steady sequence of success, and men whispered to one another that the God (pagan or Christian) of Battles marched with the German legions. Like the ancient myths of the early gods, this gigantic death-struggle came to them under heroic aspects. It was as though the clash of arms upon the "windy plains of Troy" rang in their ears; or the shock of battle, which locked the old Vikings and gray Norsemen in a deadly embrace, clanged mighty and mystic across the dim twilight of the ages. With bated breath, words dying out in speechless wonder on their parted lips, men watched the great drama of death played out to an amphitheatre of waiting kings. None stepped down into the arena. No voice was raised across the blood and dust of the death-struggle. Nothing disturbed the simplicity of action; nothing weakened the magnificent isolation of the belligerents. The absorbing interest remained from first to last centred in the figures of the two combatants. Then came the

anxiously waited for climax, and Versailles crowned William of Prussia Emperor of Germany before a *parterre des rois*.

"*Alone we did it*," was the German's boast. Help had neither been asked nor given. Germany must, before all things, be made German by Germans. The proud sense of willing sacrifice in a national cause; the self-respect born of endurance and achievement; the secret consciousness of a proud place won among the nations, such as, in his wildest dreams of a united Fatherland, the political visionary had not dared to picture, contributed to swell the glad triumph of Teutonic arms.

That was ten years ago. To-day, despite the picture we have conjured up (a revival, as it would almost seem, of all that was best in the proud days of Germany's fame and chivalry), a cry comes from the conquering country that all has been in vain—in vain the sacrifice of German blood and gold; vain the endurance and the loss; vain the glory and the fame. Germany belongs not to herself; she belongs to an alien race—a race with which her children claim no affinity and own no sympathy; Germany, we are told, belongs to the Jews.

Startling as the assertion may seem,

an examination of the facts rather tends to prove than to disprove it. An idle allegation made in the loose language common to wild exaggeration is not to be accepted, however, without grave hesitation; and we will therefore look at the procession of events during the ten years last past, and endeavor dispassionately to realize the actual position of affairs at the present day.

Germany, intoxicated with success, flushed with victory, and believing in the millennium of the milliards, was at the end of a great war, carried to a successful issue, still thirsting for yet further aggrandizement. Berlin, as the capital of a new empire, must not remain a model of limited if respectable dulness. She must vie with Paris in elegant boulevards; she must emulate London in expensive suburbs. Blood-drunk, money-drunk, and victory-drunk, Germany began to cry out that peace had her victories as well as war, and that the day for parsimonious calculations and niggling economies was at an end. Forthwith huge "companies" were advertised and "floated" after the fashion of the Paris Bourse and the London Stock Exchange; the widow and the orphan—and widows and orphans were plentiful in those days—were invited to invest their modest mites and make their future fortunes; struggling officials, bearing up bravely under war taxes and famine prices, and still clinging for comfort to the fiction of "glory," were advised to confide their cheese-parings and flint-skins to the energy and commercial talents of "promoters;" every one was to make his fortune; every one was going to be great and rich and happy. Long blocks of extra-mural buildings began to stretch their monotonous lines far into the sandy landscape, and people told each other gladly that house-rents would go down, and that food and raiment were thenceforth to be proportionately cheap.

Alas! in this phantasmagoric history nothing seemed stable. The "companies" burst like so many bubbles, and vanished into thin air; while the projected palaces, crumbling in their shell to rapid ruin, and the gaunt figures and hungry eyes of that memorable army of starving work-people camping in hopeless despondency outside the city gates, made the sandy suburbs an abiding

"abomination of desolation." Added to this, the stagnation of trades, the little progress in arts and manufactures, the inferiority of German products when submitted to the impartial ordeal of competition—all combined to bring home to men's business and bosoms that sad old truth which the world seems so unwilling to learn, that "glory" is often more glittering than golden.

Then first we began to hear murmurs about the Jews. People said vaguely that "the Jews had done it."

Done what? But no direct answer came. Germany had always owned a large Jewish population, and it was not unnatural that with the unfolding possibilities of the new empire, the children of Israel abiding within her borders should have sent news of the glad tidings of good things to be picked up to their brethren of the ten tribes in distant countries. The looked-for contingent made straight for the Land of Promise, and Berlin speedily became a sort of new Jerusalem.

Up to that time the Jewish dwellers in the land had proved themselves to be good citizens, frugal and thrifty and temperate; rising early, and late taking rest; prosperous, orderly, and as a rule unobjectionable fellow-townsmen. Their success had been rather fair than great; the fortunes they realized respectable rather than miraculous; nor had there been anything in their attitude specially to excite either the alarm or envy of their Teutonic neighbors.

The Jew has always been a favorite figure on the stage. The Shylocks and the Iscariots of tragedy, and the comic Jew of farce and melodrama, are stock figures which never fail to please the "people," no matter how grossly the impersonification may sin against Semitic truth. In this sense, and in this only, the Jew, and especially the Jew of Berlin, was popularly unpopular fifteen years ago. There was more of good-natured tolerance, or of the humorous sense of salient traits, in the gusto with which every Berlin ragamuffin of those days chanted and whistled the well-worn tune of

"Schmeiss' ihn 'raus den Juden Itzig, Juden
Itzig,
Schmeiss' ihn 'raus, er macht sich witzig,
macht sich witzig."

than of race-antipathy or religious bigotry. But should the youthful Gentile of to-day be beguiled into such "ill-considered" piping, his super-sensitive Semitic compeers would see in the comical refrain an outrage and a challenge, and incontinently fall upon and belabor the offending Teuton. Indeed so ticklish is the prescribed punctilio that every peace-loving Berlin citizen of to-day leaves *le haut du pavé* to him who chooses to claim it, and, like King Agag, "goes delicately," even though it be into the gutter, rather than run the risk of arousing slumbering susceptibilities.

In the good old days, when grand dukes were involved in perpetual financial difficulties, begot of luxurious living, the aping of French dress and manners, the costly manias of buildings and water-works on the Versailles pattern, added to the extravagant provisions required by a never-ending succession of *maitresses en titre* and their abundant offspring, the solution of the arithmetical problem became one of bewildering difficulty. Then the moneyed Israelite would invariably appear, a Jewish god out of a money-making machine, and the rough places would, as by magic, be made plain, and the desert of bankruptcy blossom into an Eden of flourishing finance. Then the fiddling and the jiggling, the play-acting and the gambling, would be revived with renewed ardor after this short interregnum, and what could a grateful grand duke do better than "ennoble" the helpful Samaritan, making him thenceforth "hoffähig" ("court-qualified") by the donation of a well-sounding title? Thus most of the minor *Residenz*-towns had their Jew banker, who, *baronisirt*, and with an order in his button-hole, held the destinies of the little land and its mortgaged revenues in the palm of his far-reaching hand. At Court balls the ennobled Israelite banker was (even in the old days) a familiar figure, but there his social triumphs began and ended. He was accepted (as a necessary evil) in the king's palace, but he was silently and unanimously rejected by "society" in social gatherings. His manners were not as the manners of other men, nor was his talk as theirs—the jargon of the Bourse and the shibboleth of the stock-market

being so much heathenism in the ears of his Gentile hearers.*

In all the seaport towns of Northern Germany the Hebrew race had long since taken a leading commercial position. The immense grain trade of the shores of the Baltic was in Jewish hands. Wool, butter, corn, rape, hemp, oil, cattle, were but the counters with which the game was played, and the German system of peasant proprietorship threw the very soil into the hands of the usurers. Long before any prophet had arisen to foretell the miraculous success of this miraculous people, the peasant groaned in the spirit over the extortions of his tormentor. With a sense of grim humor he would point to a picture on his wall showing king and kaiser, soldier and priest, nobleman and magistrate, all fat and well-liking, while the unhappy peasant staggers under the burden laid on his patient shoulders; and a wily Hebrew, with the index of his right hand laid against the most expressive feature of his strongly-marked countenance, leers at the spectator, and, jingling the coin in his pocket with his other disengaged hand, murmurs complacently, "I bleed them all."

Everywhere the peasant proprietor hated the Jew. In the north and in the south, in the east as in the west, one story met the ears of those who would listen to the tale. The land had to be

* An amusing story is told in Germany of one of the "newly-baked" (*neugebackene*) Barons of the Bourse. One of the Rothschilds, seated in his study, was told by his confidential servant that Baron So-and-So desired to see him. "Baron So-and-So?" repeated the great man, searching his memory as he strove in vain to conjure up some remembrance of the nobleman craving audience. "Yes; and he said he was sure you would see him if I only mentioned his name." "I will certainly see him," replied the friendly financier, and the Baron was shown into the sanctum. "What!" exclaimed Rothschild, "it is thou, little Moses; how could I know thee? sit down, thrice welcome visitor." But the "newly baked" one had bargained for a different sort of reception. "Pray do not address me so," he said, looking anxiously round. "I thought every one knew that I had changed my name." "Thou mayst change thy name, little Moses, and heartily welcome, but thou canst not change thy nose. By thy new name I did not recognize thee, but by thy old nose I knew thee at once!"

mortgaged to pay family claims; the bauer had recourse to the money-lender; the money-lender naturally extorted what he could; the Jew grew fat as the Gentile got lean. A few bad harvests, cattle plague, or potato disease, and the wretched peasant, clinging with the unreasoning frantic love of a faithful animal to its habitat, had, in dumb agony, to see his farm sold up, his stock disposed of, and the acres he had toiled early and late to redeem and watered by the sweat of his stubborn brow, knocked down by the Jewish interloper to the highest bidder. By these means (even in old times) the Jew money-lender realized large profits on a small outlay, and so common a case was this that both the Prussian and Bavarian Government saw fit to pass some restrictive laws on this system of chopping up farm lands ("farm-butcher" as the peasant called it) and selling them in small allotments. In countries where the forest lands were partly royal domain and partly the inherited property of the hereditary peasantry, the same ruthless foreclosing, the same utter ruin to the unhappy bauer, drew the attention of both the Government and communal bodies to the pernicious system in vogue. The Jew of agricultural districts would know to a nicety the financial position of the farmers and peasant proprietors. He would wait and watch, and bide his time; lending his victim money in the first instance, then threatening him, again stopping the gap; until, working without capital, the bauer became a mere laborer on his own land, his master exacting work and heavy interest from him, and misfortune on misfortune culminated in total ruin. The Jew, as we have already stated, seldom, if ever, stepped into possession as lord of the soil himself. The Hebrew is not an agricultural race. More is to be made, and made more quickly, by breaking the land up into small lots and parcels after the manner described, and that end accomplished the Jew would, on his own account, "seek fresh woods and pastures new."

But this ill-feeling toward the Jewish race so common among the peasantry of Germany found no echo in the towns. Skilful in trading, the Hebrew community had won for itself a foremost place in every description of commerce.

No matter whether the country were Catholic or Protestant, Prussian or Austrian, Saxon or Bavarian, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, from the Rhine to the Danube, the best shops, the most flourishing businesses, the most remunerative enterprises, all were in the hands of the Hebrews.

Yet they labored under certain disabilities, and when in 1828-30 the Prussian Government turned to the representatives of the people with a plan for the amelioration of the social and political status of the Jews, the project met with so little response in the Prussian Chambers that the measure had to be abandoned.

In the year 1847 the public mind had undergone modification, and the question of Jewish emancipation owed to Prince Reuss its re-introduction to the Prussian Chambers. It was opposed by only two members of the Tory or so-called *Ritter-partei*, Herr von Manteuffel and Herr von (now Prince) Bismarck. It was on that memorable occasion that Prince Bismarck declared that he was "no enemy of the Jews, and if they are my enemies," he said, "I forgive them. Under some circumstances I even like them. I willingly accord them every right, only not that of an important official power in a Christian state. For me the words 'By the grace of God' are no mere empty sounds, and I call that a Christian state which makes the end and aim of its teaching the truths of Christianity. Many speakers have on this, as on other occasions, called attention to the examples which France and England have set us. The question is one of less importance in those countries, because the Jewish community is much smaller than with us. But I would call the attention of those gentlemen who are so fond of seeking the ideal *outré-Rhin et outre-mer* to one distinguishing trait in the character of the Frenchman and the Englishman—namely, to the proud feeling of national honor which does not so easily fall down in admiration of foreign institutions as unfortunately is the case with us. If I should see a Jew a representative of the King's most sacred Majesty, I should feel deeply humiliated."

It is said that Prince Bismarck has considerably modified his opinion since

then. That may be so. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.* Certain it is that such utterances, if made at the present day, would provoke, not only from the whole Jewish press, but from a large section of the so-called Liberal party, grave expressions of reprehension, not to say disgust. But to return to the historical procession of events.

The influx of Jews into the Prussian capital after the war soon made itself felt, and the disastrous condition of affairs opened up a large field for the exercise of their administrative talents.

We have seen that, wheresoever the Semitic race had established itself in Germany, it had, even under adverse conditions, prospered. In Berlin the A B C of commerce (in its larger sense) had yet to be learned. Prussia, singularly deficient in seaports, and Berlin far removed from the seaboard, with little to export, and with few facilities of transport, had hitherto enjoyed little more than a local prosperity. Ground had been reclaimed and colonies planted in former swamps and bogs by Frederick the Great; but a "good year" meant still (to Prussia) a year of good harvests and good husbandry, not of enlarged commercial relations, improved manufactures, and augmented exports.

Sudden greatness had been "achieved"; but a greatness to which the individual is not "born," if achieved too suddenly, may be almost as trying as if it had been "thrust upon him." So it proved to be with Prussia. The pauper-prolific four milliards and the festering Reptile-fund, had turned the sober German brain. The bones of old Blücher must have known brief bliss at the news of the heroic "*Plunder*" of his compatriots. But the short fever of mad speculation, the wild dreams and visions of a Prussian Peru, ended in a cold awakening to the sense of dismal disaster when the futile frenzy culminated in comparative Nothingness.

One man's loss is another man's opportunity. Where the German failed the Jew succeeded. By a series of manœuvres, too long and too varied (even if it were possible) to enumerate, bankrupt builders, insolvent merchants, tottering speculations, ruined "companies," fell into Hebrew hands, and the experts knew so well how to manipulate

matters that what was the Gentile's ruin proved the Jew's fortune. By degrees it became obvious that into every walk of life the Hebrew was determined to penetrate, and having penetrated, to predominate. "Society" had hitherto ignored or at most tolerated him with uneasy, ill-disguised antipathy. Now it should be made to feel the Israelite's power, and to acknowledge his claims.

A Jewish banker, who chose Passion-week for the annual epoch of his hospitalities, smiled to see his drawing-rooms crowded with so-called Christians, and forthwith the Jewish press made merry over the flimsy fiction of a faith which succumbed so easily to social considerations. Nor was it long before the same organs held up the whole Protestant community to general ridicule. The so-called united "Church," its synods and its congresses, its societies and its charities, its prejudices and its weaknesses, were scourged with a pitiless scorn and ridicule that would have met with general reprehension if they had emanated from Gentile sources with reference to cognate Jewish subjects. They who had been as it were fellow-citizens on sufferance arose and smote the smiters. The Crown Prince of Germany pronounced the anti-Semitic feeling to betray "a want of education," and seeing only one side of the question spread the ægis of imperial protection over his future Israelitish subjects.

Forthwith the *salons* of Berlin opened to the Semitic *sesame* with a readiness compounded in equal parts of loyalty and *amour propre*. A persecution of the Hebrews, nay, even a want of sympathy with the chosen people, had been declared to savor of bigotry, of crass ignorance and vulgar prejudice, unworthy of a cultured people. The reproach is one to which the German is specially alive. He is emphatically the Gallio of modern times. He disclaims all prejudice, and he claims all culture. He is frankly Pagan, and if to the infinitesimal few the Jew is offensive by reason of his creed, it behoves, say the Germans, every enlightened Gentile to show that he is educated beyond the point of dogmas and belief, and that all creeds are equally good and equally bad in his far-seeing, clear-sighted eyes.

Herr Stöcker, Court preacher, or, as

we should say, Chaplain, to the Emperor, was the first person who drew upon himself the anger of both Jew and Gentile by his open declaration, that the Hebrew influence in the state was disastrous to the Christian members of the body-politic. Dr. Stöcker is at the head of the Christian Socialist Society, so-called in contradistinction to those democratic Socialists of whom Lassalle, Marx, Bebel, and Liebknecht are the well-known representatives. Dr. Stöcker has especially interested himself in the well-being, social and moral, religious and physical, of the working classes. He has, in this capacity, understood how to attract and retain the confidence of a class not easily conquered by those of a superior social rank, and while advocating socialism of the type which may be said to practically illustrate the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount, he has sought to steer his adherents clear of the rougher doctrines and uncompromising iconoclasm of the social democrats. He, and those who hold like opinions with himself, together with thousands who differ from him on all points except the main issue, believe that the overpowering Semitic influence in Germany is full of hidden dangers and open injustice to their Teutonic fellow-countrymen. A growing feeling of mistrust and an outspoken antagonism toward the Hebrew race have marked Dr. Stöcker's public utterances in the pulpit and out of it for some time past. His pamphlets formed the subject of lively discussion in almost every grade of society in the spring of 1880, and brought upon him the inferential rebuke of the coming kaiser. The world has outgrown everything that resembles the blind persecutions of bigotry. It is not easy to be a martyr nowadays, and such an anachronism as a persecution of the Jews in the nineteenth century is an offence to every liberal-minded, educated, and justly thinking citizen. Party-feeling, party-prejudice, the narrow and peevish antipathies begotten of bigotry and born of dogma, must be resolutely kept out of the discussion of so difficult and delicate a question as that which is now occupying the Berlin public. The petition presented by Dr. Stöcker and his colleagues was doomed before it had ever been laid on the table. How was it possible that

the state should withdraw privileges once granted? Had not the Crown Prince in the most positive language condemned the anti-Semitic league as *ungebildet im-höchsten Grade*? The petition prayed—

1. That immigration of foreign Jews into Germany might have some restrictions placed upon it.

2. That the Jews might be excluded from all posts of supreme authority, and that in courts of justice—for instance as supreme and sole judges—a certain limitation (*Beschränkung*) of their power be instituted.

3. That Christian schools, though used by Jewish scholars, should remain distinctively Christian, and that Jewish teachers only be employed where the nature of the subject taught renders it desirable.

4. That a census or report of the Jewish population be forthwith prepared.

In the discussion which followed the presentation of the petition, one member of the Prussian Chambers indignantly denied that the influx of Jews into Germany had been so considerable as to render the means of subsistence for the native population more precarious than formerly; but upon a nearer inquiry it was proved that no statistics of the Jewish population had been taken since 1870-71, and the complaint of the anti-Semitic league deals with the experiences of precisely those ten years which have elapsed since the Peace of Paris.

In France the Jews have not only been admitted to equal citizen rights, they have enjoyed an absolute social equality; and the reason of this has been found in the fact that in proportion as a country has fallen away from its former faith so much the more readily it has adopted and fused all foreign elements into its own social system. But if ever a country were free of religious prejudices, had stripped off all lingering remnants of her ancient faiths, had proclaimed frankly a philosophic indifference to, and appreciation of, all creeds alike, that country is emphatically Germany.

Of Protestantism it is vain to talk. Pericles and Alcibiades were not more completely and frankly Pagan, or less trammelled by prejudice than the Prussian statesman and warrior of to-day. There are believing Christians in Ger-

many, but who holds them to be of any account? The Protestant "Church" is a dismal spectacle of dwindling indifference; the Catholic Church has fallen a prey to the Protestant Inquisition of Falk renown; and religionists of all denominations are treated by "the general," either as hypocrites and time-servers, or as illiterate imbeciles whose "vain babblings" are of no account. It is not the religion of the Jews that "stinks" in German "nostrils." No "cultured" German cares what the particular "doxy" of his neighbor is. His fear and hatred of the Jew grows out of material grounds, and is a life question, of far more vital importance to him than the relative value of the Testament or the Talmud.

To an Englishman, German liberalism is a hybrid creature, lame of three legs and blind of one eye, and thus it is necessary to explain—if indeed explanation in its rational sense be possible—the position of the German Liberals in this matter of philo-Semitism.

The Jew, having equal burgher rights with his Teutonic brother, no prejudice of race or faith should bar his path. Berlin has fewer Christian churches than any city of like size in Christendom. Yet one of these churches was lately given to the Jewish community for a synagogue. The Mayor of Berlin is a Jew. The late President of the German Parliament, Simpson, was a Jew. Two thirds of the lawyers of higher or lower status in Berlin are Jews. Lasker, as is well known, is a Jew. The whole of the so-called "Liberal" press is in the hands of the Jews. Naturally the bankers, financiers, and leading shopkeepers of the capital are Jews. The country which has just erected a statue to Spinoza, which was the birthplace of the Mendelssohns (Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, and Felix the composer), of Heine and Börne, of Meyerbeer and Offenbach and Auerbach, of the gifted Rahel von Ense, Professor Ewald, and a score of other illustrious Hebrews, could not afford to treat its adopted children on other than the broadest principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Last among the European nations to grant equal rights to the Hebrew race, Germany, the country of culture, the home of philosophy, the fos-

terer of rational ideas, the furtherer of enlightenment, the pioneer of education, must leave all petty prejudice in the background, and hold the even-handed scales of justice between the children, bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, and those step-children of alien race who claim an equal right to her maternal care. But of late days an outcry has arisen, that not only are the children of Israel the equals of the children of Teutonia, they are their successful rivals. In all things it is objected—a preference is shown to them; they get the best places, make the most money, drive the hardest bargains, and, made arrogant by affluence and prosperity, grind down the poor; lending money to their victims at usurious rates of interest, while they keep the capital of the country in their hands, gag the press, and seek to give the tone in matters literary and artistic, so that struggling young painters and authors complain that they have to produce works of pseudo-Semitic tendencies, to the detriment of national feeling and national development. Jewish children frequent the Gentile schools, win the prizes, struggle for places in the battle of life, and, again, win them, leaving the less wily little Teuton brother out in the cold. The well-known weakness of our cousins-german for titles begins to assume dimensions which even in their accustomed eyes verge on the grotesque. The Oriental loves adornment. The *Titelsucht* of Teutonia is unconsciously caricatured in humiliating fashion by the *ennobled* and *baronisirt* children of Israel who begin to swagger with high-sounding patronymics, and to play the grand seigneur after a pattern unknown to the simple old German nobility.

In the watering-places and health-resorts of Germany, living in the best hotels or most luxurious villas, driving the finest equipages, and wearing the most extravagant raiment, the Hebrew at once proclaims his nationality. The native population is almost effaced, and it appeared to the writer of these pages that the modest minority affected an attitude of extreme simplicity and sobriety, scrupulously careful alike to avoid offence or intimacy with these glittering Orientals. In Berlin the Hebrew is too powerful to be ignored, too considerable to be slighted. To the ordinary English

mind the hatred of race and the supremacy of prejudice appear anomalous in this era of enlightenment, and considerable mortification is felt in Germany that both the French and English Liberal press should so readily have adopted the theory of *Judenhass* and *Judenhätze*.

In the first place the German Liberal press is entirely in Jewish hands, and in the next it would be far nearer the truth were the epithets reversed. The frenzied terror and indignant helplessness of the population, and the resistance of society grows, not (emphatically not) out of religious bigotry, or the intolerance of dogma (though to Dr. Stöcker and a few of his friends these may lend an added spice of torment to the voiceless tyranny against which they appeal); it is born of a sense that the Jew is the master of the German, grinding him down to minimum wages at maximum prices; that the Jew sells at a profit to his employes the articles which no German could afford to sell at the same cost, since accumulated capital has killed modest enterprise, and the struggling shopkeeper cannot keep pace with the wealthy capitalist, buying as his wealth and connections allow in the cheapest market, selling for quick returns; able to turn his money over in twenty different directions, and recoup himself if, by a miracle, he should find a loss where he expected a profit. It is that the whole question of labor, the rise and fall of cereals and stocks, the price of the poor man's loaf, and the cost of his coat, are in the hands of the Jews. It is that farms and vineyards, dairies and barns, forests and stock-yards, the sheep in the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, all are mortgaged, pawned, pledged to the Jews. The German peasant, the German laborer, the German workman, all see their master in the Jew, and fear to take definitively a subordinate place, starving on what husks they may wrest from the swine, while their Jewish master enjoys a monopoly of the purple and fine linen and hebdomadal sumptuous fare.

It is asserted that there are at the present moment more Jews in Berlin than in the whole of England or the whole of France. And a section of the English press most unjustly has raised an outcry against the attitude of certain of the Ger-

mans with regard to the Jewish community, believing that attitude to be the outcome of narrow-minded prejudice and religious bigotry. It is said that "it is not the faith but the intellect of their rivals which they abhor and dread. They love money, and it is gall and wormwood to them to see their enemies possessed of greater wealth than them and able to outshine them in display." But this is begging the question with a vengeance, and it argues a very limited acquaintance with Germany or the Germans to lay "sins which they know not" to their charge. If there be anything that the German adores, it is intellect. If there be in his eyes a reconciling quality in the Jew, it is in his ability. Germans are thrifty (and so are the Scotch), but neither nation is given over to vulgar ostentation and tasteless display. It is because the cultured Jew *is* what he is, that cultured Germans love to honor him. But the uncultured Hebrew, brimming over with insolence and purse-pride, is, to say the least of it, as offensive as the opulent New Yorkist, the outcome of "shoddy," "ile," "stores," or "diggings."

We are permitted to eschew the society of Transatlantic persons of this objectionable type (and even to express our adherence to the evangel of Wykeham) although his "wealth is greater than ours, and he is able to outshine us in display." But the German who shrinks from the jingling gold and patronizing airs of the swaggering Israelite *parvenu*, is met with shouts of reprobation from the whole (so-called) "liberal" party, and told he is *ungebildet*, *kleinlich*, and narrow-minded.

The ability, perseverance, thrift, and industry of the Jew are so many points of sympathy between himself and the German, since they are the virtues of all Teutonia; but greed, unscrupulousness, vulgar cunning, underbred arrogance and ostentation, purse-pride, and an indifference to the means, so the end be achieved, together with a cruel callousness to the sufferings by which they grow rich—these, say the Germans, are the characteristics which have aroused hatred of the Hebrew in German hearts.

It might be interesting, and it would certainly be instructive, to take a con-

sensus of Jewish opinion on the subject : of the opinion, that is, of highly cultured high-caste Jews, and compare it with the venom and vituperation of mere Jewish scribblers on a venal press. The writer of these pages was told by a distinguished Hebrew that the nobler type of Jew regarded the line of action taken by the Israelitish "mob" with horror, and disavowed all sympathy with the shameless place-hunting, title-hunger and money-greed of his *parvenu* compatriots. It is not to be supposed that the influx of Israelites into Berlin was composed exclusively of high-souled individuals, scrupulous to keep their hands clean of offence ; and when the patient Teuton begins to fear that his Fatherland, barely capable of supporting him and his offspring, may not be able to sustain the double weight of a vast foreign population added to the original burden, and utters a protest against renewed incursions of the ten tribes, he is met with a storm of rebuke, and told to hold his peace on pain of the stigma of *Mangel an Bildung*. German liberality celebrates its mysteries with "maimed rites."

These same German "Liberals," who accord all honor, freedom, and privileges to the Jews, hounded certain of their fellow-Teutons out of the common Fatherland because they happened to be true to the Catholic faith of their forefathers.

A life question, a bread question, calls forth expressions of fear for the future from a long-suffering population. One section of "society," shocked on sensitive points, joins the working classes, while another section of "society" (the "liberal") silences the petitioners, scolding some and sneering at others. These are the same "liberals" who imposed laws upon their fellow-countrymen (Catholic), so harsh, so cruel, and so unjust as to outrage every sense of liberality, justice, and wisdom. It was these same "Liberals" who fought the unequal battle of the *Kultur Kampf* ; and, in comparison with whose memorable May laws, Dr. Stöcker's petition is as milk and honey. A twentieth part of the vexatious restrictions placed upon unoffending German Catholics by these their "liberal" brethren, would be stigmatized as "Jew-bait-

ing," "Jew-hate," "Class-prejudice," "Race-rabies," it enacted in protection of the children of the soil to-day.

The days of the *Ghetti* and the *Judenstrasse* are for ever gone, and every country shows upon its scroll of fame the names of illustrious Israelites. England's late prime minister, and many of her most eminent public men, judges, and physicians are Jews. Sir Moses Montefiore, beloved as the benefactor of mankind, is a Jew of whom the nation is proud ; Achille Fould, Jules Simon, and Gambetta are Jews, or of Jewish extraction ; the late Adolphe Cremieux was a Jew, and one of the first Napoleon's bravest generals, Massena, was by birth an Israelite. But the question in Germany cannot be affected by citing shining examples of illustrious Hebrews, whose name is confessedly légion. It is a life question ; it is a bread question ; and the last word has not been spoken with the dismissal of Dr. Stöcker's petition. Culture and enlightenment will not be advanced by Jewish reprisals in memory of the *anathema maranatha* of mediæval times. Nor can the native population of a country be permitted to suffer permanently in favor of an alien race artificially superimposed upon an impoverished proletariat. The way out of the difficulty is a problem that may well puzzle the most astute brains. It is reported that Prince Bismarck in one of his hours of post-prandial confidence once remarked that the result (issue) of a marriage between an opulent Jewess and an impoverished noble "might not be the very worst conceivable." As a mere social experiment, the barter of blood for money is not unknown to sophisticated societies ; but the larger question of the subjection of Gentile blood to Jewish gold is one that cannot be waved aside by an invidious remark on the Gentile's "*Mangel an Bildung*."

Contemporary Review.

* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in her account of the policy and manners of the Turks (1717), gives a description of the Jews in Adrianople which might be written for the Jews of Berlin to-day. "I observed," she says, "that most of the rich tradespeople are Jews. That people are in incredible power in this country. They have many privileges above all the natural Turks themselves, and have formed a very comfortable commonwealth here, being judged by their own laws. They have

GEORGE ELIOT.

I. HER EARLY LIFE.

MANY inaccurate statements have been made respecting George Eliot's parentage and early life. Mr. Herbert Spencer has himself contradicted the long-

drawn the whole trade of the empire into their hands, partly by the firm union among themselves, partly by the idle temper and want of industry of the Turk. Every Bassa has his Jew, who is his homme d'affaires; he is let into all his secrets and does all his business. No bargain is made, no bribes received, no merchandises disposed of, but what passes through his hands. They are the physicians, the stewards, and the interpreters of all the great men. You may judge how advantageous this is to a people who never fail to make use of the smallest advantages. They have found the secret of making themselves so necessary that they are certain of the protection of the Court whatever Ministry is in power. Even the English, French, and Italian merchants, who are sensible of their artifices, are, however, forced to trust their affairs to their negotiation, nothing of trade being managed without them, and the meanest among them being too important to be disoblged, since the whole body take care of his interests with as much vigor as they would those of the most considerable of their members. They are, many of them, vastly rich."

The Berlin Jew of to-day is not an oppressed, put-upon individual. He has nothing of the meekness of martyrdom in his disposition. A short time ago, two professors in a Berlin tram-wagon expressed themselves strongly upon a scurrilous article which had appeared recently in a Jewish journal. The conversation, which was in the strictest sense dialogue, was interrupted by a violent box on the ear from a person of Jewish blood, who, springing from an unobserved corner, dealt one of the professors a blinding blow. An angry altercation ensued, and the police were called in. The law protects the assaulted in all civilized countries. An Englishman's *argumentum ad hominem* would probably have been a return "box." But the professors were wiser. The next day the whole Liberal press was loud in its outcries of reprehension. The professors were taunted with their *Mangel an Bildung*; they were told that they had profaned the testament of Lessing in the legacy he had left to all Christendom in "Nathan der Weise." In a word, the "liberal" Germans disavowed their countrymen, and sided unanimously with the belligerent Jew.

The Berlin philanthropists having read of the immense success in England of Workmen's Coffee-taverns, erected a temperance tavern on the same pattern. It proved as flourishing as its founders could have hoped, and a second Coffee-palace was the result. Thereupon the Jewish press made merry over the "Christinn coffee," baptized with skim milk; over the

current belief, to which a positive form had been given, that he had much to do with her training, and has testified that when his friendship with her began in 1851 she was "already distinguished by that breadth of culture and universality

waiters who "look like vergers thrusting the begging plate under your nose;" and over the "beloved of the Lord who use chicory with the coffee, and provide tracts for light refreshment." The article will not bear quoting in English, because taste and tact forbid with us the insult to any man's religion; but it is idle to talk of "Jew-baiting" and "Race-hatred," where such utterances go unproved.

The Jewish youth who lately shot an officer whose remarks displeased him is a fair example of the general Jewish attitude in Germany. Nothing can be farther from oppression, submission, or the dumb endurance of wrongs.

The writer of the foregoing pages was in July, August, September, 1880, in a small German watering-place. The Jewish community outnumbered the Christian population by two thirds, yet there was not a single Hebrew of position or consideration among them. Admission to the Kursaal was procured by the payment of the "cure tax," and once a week a small *réunion* was held, where "society" danced from 8 P.M. to 10 P.M. The conduct of the assembled Jews, the total absence of consideration and tact displayed by them, caused the German and English ladies to withdraw from these soirées, where not even the presence of their fathers and brothers could protect them from the impertinent familiarities of the underbred Israelites present. It was thought to be a hard case that this little relaxation should be denied to young girls fond of dancing, and the German officers determined to hire the ball-room for one night and invite their personal friends to a dance. The thing turned out a great success in a small way. But on the following day the town was in commotion. The Jewish community had been insulted. The steward had no right, though it was never used during the other six days in the week, to let the ball-room to officers. If it occurred again, every Jew, not only the visitors but the shopkeepers in the town, would force their way into the ball-room and join in the dance. Who spent most money in the place, Jews or Germans? And when, in reply to our excited landlady, we remarked, "It cannot signify to you: your house is let to Germans," the woman, trembling with anger and fear, replied, "But next year? I may be glad to let to Jews: and, apart from the visitors, all our best shopkeepers are Jews, and they can spite me in a thousand ways. They can refuse me credit, or sell me the worst things for outside prices; and if I owe them money I cannot say a word." The little local paper was, of course, in the hands of the Jews, and on the following Saturday they celebrated a regular

of power which have since made her known to all the world." In one quarter she has been described as the daughter of a "poor curate," and in another as the daughter of a "Dissenting minister." Her first literary efforts, and in particular her translation of Strauss's "Leben Jesu," have been represented as following her residence in London, and as the natural sequel to the associations and influences which from that time shaped her career. All these statements are alike erroneous.

Mary Ann Evans was born at Griff, near Nuneaton, on the 22d of November, 1820. Her father, Robert Evans, was land-agent and surveyor to five estates in Warwickshire—those of Lord Aylesford, Lord Lifford, Mr. C. N. Newdegate, Mr. Bromley-Davenport, and Mrs. Gregory. In this capacity he was highly respected, and his reputation for trustworthiness may be said to have been proverbial. Mary Ann was the youngest of three children by a second marriage, Mr. Evans having also a son and daughter by his first wife. She was a remarkable child in many ways, thoughtful and earnest, and at the age of twelve might have been seen teaching in the Sunday-school in a little cottage near her father's house. She received her first education at Miss Franklins' school in Coventry, and retained through life an affectionate remembrance of these teachers of her childhood, often speaking of her obligation to Miss Rebecca Franklin for much careful training. Her family resided at Griff until about her twentieth year, her mother having died when she was fifteen. It cannot be doubted—there is every evidence of the fact—that her girlish experiences in that prosaic country district were so many hoarded treasures in her retentive memory which, by means of her marvellous

wit and insight into character, served to enrich her first three novels and her "Scenes of Clerical Life." Her letters of those days show a penetration, wit, and philosophical observation belonging rather to mature life, and they show also that her mind was deeply imbued with evangelical sentiments. Her sisters and brothers having married, she lived alone with her father, who in 1841 removed from Griff to Foleshill, near Coventry.

In this somewhat more populous neighborhood she soon became known as a person of more than common interest, and, moreover, as a most devoted daughter and the excellent manager of her father's household. There was perhaps little at first sight which betokened genius in that quiet gentle-mannered girl, with pale grave face, naturally pensive in expression; and ordinary acquaintances regarded her chiefly for the kindness and sympathy that were never wanting to any. But to those with whom, by some unspoken affinity, her soul could expand, her expressive gray eyes would light up with intense meaning and humor, and the low, sweet voice, with its peculiar mannerism of speaking—which, by the way, wore off in after years—would give utterance to thoughts so rich and singular that converse with Miss Evans, even in those days, made speech with other people seem flat and common. Miss Evans was an exemplification of the fact that a great genius is not an exceptional, capricious product of nature, but a thing of slow, laborious growth, the fruit of industry and the general culture of the faculties. At Foleshill, with ample means and leisure, her real education began. She took lessons in Greek and Latin from the Rev. T. Sheepshanks, then head master of the Coventry Grammar School, and she acquired French, German, and Italian from Signor Brezzi. An acquaintance with Hebrew was the result of her own unaided efforts. From Mr. Simms, the veteran organist of St. Michael's, Coventry, she received lessons in music, although it was her own fine musical sense which made her in after years an admirable pianoforte player. Nothing once learned escaped her marvellous memory; and her keen sympathy with all human feelings, in which lay the secret of her power of discriminating character, caused a constant

Sabbath of Christenhetur. Who were the beggarly aristocrats that spent their pauper pence on preposterous exclusiveness? Was it even certain that the hire of the room could be paid by the impecunious counts and barons whose very sojourn at the wells was owing to the patience of their tailors? And those fine ladies, with nothing to boast of but their gentility and their titles, might it not be better to dance with persons of an ancient race, despite religious prejudice, rather than sit, fading wall-flowers round a room which they peopled rather than adorned?

fund of knowledge to flow into her treasure-house from the social world about her. Among the intimate friends whom she made in Coventry were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bray—both well known in literary circles. In Mr. Bray's family she found sympathy with her ardent love of knowledge and with the more enlightened views that had begun to supplant those under which (as she described it) her spirit had been grievously burdened. Emerson, Froude, George Combe, Robert Mackay, and many other men of mark were at various times guests at Mr. Bray's house at Rosehill while Miss Evans was there either as inmate or occasional visitor; and many a time might have been seen, pacing up and down the lawn, or grouped under an old acacia, men of thought and research, discussing all things in heaven and earth, and listening with marked attention when one gentle woman's voice was heard to utter what they were quite sure had been well matured before the lips opened. Few, if any, could feel themselves her superior in general intelligence, and it was amusing one day to see the amazement of a certain doctor, who, venturing on a quotation from Epictetus to an unassuming young lady, was, with modest politeness, corrected in his Greek by his feminine auditor. One rare characteristic belonged to her which gave a peculiar charm to her conversation. She had no petty egotism, no spirit of contradiction: she never talked for effect. A happy thought well expressed filled her with delight; in a moment she would seize the point and improve upon it—so that common people began to feel themselves wise in her presence, and perhaps years after she would remind them, to their pride and surprise, of the good things they had said.

It was during her residence in Foleshill, almost within a stone's-throw of the quaint old city of Coventry, that she translated the "Leben Jesu." This work she undertook at the instigation of Mrs. Bray's brother, the late Charles Hennell, a writer now remembered only by the few, but whose "Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity" (1838) was recognized in England and Germany as a signal service to the cause of liberal thought. The labor of rendering Strauss's masterpiece into clear idio-

matic English was by no means light, and her intimate friends of that time well remember the strain it entailed upon her. She completed her task (1846) in scarcely more than a year, and had the satisfaction of being complimented by Strauss upon the success that had attended her efforts. Such an undertaking by a young woman of twenty-five may certainly be ranked among the marvels of literature; its real significance will be best appreciated by those who know not only English and German but much more besides.

Miss Evans's father died in 1849, and in the summer of that year she accompanied her friends the Brays on a continental tour, and by her own choice was left behind at Geneva, where she stayed till the following spring. On her return to England she made her home with the same family until 1851, when she was persuaded by Dr. Chapman to take up her residence in the Strand and assist him in the conduct of the *Westminster Review*. Thus ended her connection with her native county, to which, however, she afterward paid many visits.—*From a letter to the Pall Mall Gazette.*

II. THE FUNERAL.

The remains of this gifted authoress were interred yesterday in Highgate Cemetery. The weather was dismal, otherwise the large crowd that attended the obsequies of one so celebrated would have been even larger. But weeping skies accorded well with the unfeigned grief of the mourners who gathered round the grave, and few who were present had a thought to spare for the discomfort of their surroundings. In the chapel the crowd was so great that many had to forego a cherished wish to take part in the service, and were content to group themselves round the grave, waiting patiently amid the drenching rain till they should be able to render their last respectful salute to one who henceforth was to be to them but a memory and a name. In the chapel reverential feeling was at its highest pitch as the Rev. Dr. Sadler, himself deeply moved, read a Unitarian funeral service, which in many passages adheres closely to that of the Church of England. The mourners, leaving Cheyne Walk at eleven, had arrived at the chapel at half-past twelve.

The *cortège* originally consisted of the hearse and eight mourning carriages, but was joined by private coaches on the way. The two carriages immediately following the hearse were occupied by the chief mourners, Mr. J. W. Cross, Mr. Isaac Evans, Mr. C. L. Lewes, Mr. W. Cross, Mr. Albert Druce, Mr. W. H. Hall, Mr. F. Otter, and the Rev. F. R. Evans. In other carriages there followed Mr. Herbert Spencer, Dr. Congreve, Mr. E. S. Pigott, Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. F. W. Burton, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. E. Gurney, Mr. G. Howard, Mr. F. Locker, Mr. C. Kegan Paul, Mr. W. Blackwood, Mr. T. Sellar, Mr. R. Benson, Mr. R. Stuart, Mr. C. H. Warren, Mr. V. Lewes, Mr. F. L. Hutchins, and Mr. J. Langford. Besides these, there were observed as present at some part of the obsequies Professor Tyndall, Sir T. Martin, Mr. Oscar Browning, Professors Beesly and Sidney Colvin, Mr. J. E. Millais, Mr. Lyulph Stanley, M.P., Mr. Du Maurier, Mr. Hamilton Aidé, Mr. Woolner, Mr. W. R. Ralston, Mr. R. Lehmann, and Mr. E. Yates. Many others, including Lady Colville, Miss Helps, General Sir G. Wolseley, Lord A. Russell, Sir H. Thompson, Bart., Professor Huxley, Mr. Lionel Tennyson, Sir L. Pelly, Sir H. Maine, Sir F. Stephen, Mr. J. Morley, Sir C. Dilke, M.P., and Sir J. Lubbock, M.P., were either present or sent some representative or apology for inability to join in the day's mournful ceremonies.

Dr. Sadler, who had conducted a similar service at the funeral of Mr. G. H. Lewes, introduced into the proceedings at the chapel the following address, which, as according well with the feelings of all present, and as also revealing here and there interesting glimpses of "George Eliot's" life, may be here reproduced.

FELLOW-MOURNERS: We who are gathered together to-day must feel that we are here not only to perform an office of reverent affection, but also as representatives of a vast company from far and near, who are present with us in spirit, and sympathize with every tribute of respect and honor which is paid to the earthly part and the memory of that greatly-gifted woman, whom it has pleased God to call away from this world. How many thousands are there who were touched with sympathy and saddened by regret as they read or heard that she, too, had "gone over to the majority!"

They had met her often in the printed page, and had looked forward with eager anticipation and intense interest to every fresh meeting there, and when the new book had been read wondered anew at the genius that could have produced it. She did not so much paint characters as create them, showing them to us not simply on the outside or by dwelling constantly on some peculiarity by which they might always be identified, but in the depths of their being, so that they had a personal influence of their own, and became our companions, examples, warnings. And how wide and diversified is the range of those with whom she has thus made us acquainted! And whither shall we turn for works of the same kind, so rich in thoughts for the thinker to ponder in his study, the divine to quote from in the pulpit, and the devout worshipper to take with him to his chamber as a stimulus and a help to his devotions? We are in no mood now to ask who is or shall be greatest. Her place among the greatest of the living and the dead in the walks of literature is beyond question. She is "one of the few, the immortal names that were not born to die." In the province of imaginative writing what announcement could be made now that would excite so much interest and expectation as would have been excited a little while ago by the prospect of a new work from the pen of "George Eliot?" But the pen has fallen from the hand of her who has made that name so memorable, and nothing is left for us but to gather up with heartfelt thankfulness to the Supreme Giver the treasures she has left for us and all who come after us. But though we who are here to-day represent a multitude which cannot be numbered, it is also given to us to mingle with the feeling of public loss the tenderness of personal friendship and affection. To those who are present it is given to think of the gentleness and delicate womanly grace and charm, which were combined with "that breadth of culture and universality of power which," as one has expressed it, "have made her known to all the world." To those who are present is given to know the diffidence and self-distrust which, notwithstanding all her public fame, needed individual sympathy and encouragement to prevent her from feeling too keenly how far the results of her labors fell below the standard she had set before her. To those who are present too it may be given—though there is so large a number to whom it is not given—to understand how a nature may be profoundly devout and yet unable to accept a great deal of what is usually held as religious belief. No intellectual difficulties or uncertainties, no sense of mental incapacity to climb the heights of infinitude could take from her the piety of the affections or "the beliefs which were the mother tongue of her soul." I cannot doubt that she spoke out of the fulness of her own heart when she put into the lips of another the words, "May not a man silence his awe or his love and take to finding reasons which others demand? But if his love lies deeper than any reasons to be found!" How patiently she toiled to render her work in all its details as little imperfect as might be. How green she kept the remembrance of all those

companions to whom she felt that she owed a moulding and elevating influence, especially in her old home and of him who was its head, her father. How her heart glowed with a desire to help to make a heaven on earth, to be a "cup of strength" to others, and when her own days on earth should have closed, to have a place among those

"Immortal dead who still live on
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity
In deeds of daring rectitude; in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self;
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

How she thus yearned "to join the choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world!" All this is known to those who had the privilege of being near her. My fellow-mourners, not with earthly affections only, but also with heavenly hopes, let us now now fulfil the office which is laid upon us. Before I left home this morning I turned to the preaching of a sweet Methodist girl in "Adam Bede," and I read these words: "When she came to the question, Will God take care of us when we die? she fluttered it in such a tone of plaintive appeal that the tears came into some eyes." As the noblest lives are the truest, so are the loftiest faiths. It would be strange that she should have created immortal things, and yet be no more than mortal herself. It would be strange if names and influences only were immortal, and not the souls which gave them their immortality. No; the love and grief at parting are prophecies, and clinging memories are an abiding pledge of a better life to come. So then we may take home the words of Christ, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions." Great and dear friend, we bid thee farewell, but only for a little while, till death shall come again and unite forever those whom he has separated for a time.

This address was followed by a thanksgiving to "the source of all that is great and good" for "gifts to our departed sister, and to us and the world and the future through her," by a petition for Divine comfort to sorrowing hearts, and by the Lord's Prayer. The coffin, loaded with loving tributes in the shape of lilies, camellias, and other beautiful white flowers, with here and there a small bouquet of violets, was then borne to a grave in the unconsecrated portion of the cemetery, adjoining that of the late George Henry Lewes. These lovely flowers completely covered the lid of the polished oak coffin, and hid from view the inscription:

MARY ANN CROSS.

("GEORGE ELIOT")

Born 22d Nov., 1820; died 22d Dec., 1880.

Quella fonte

Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume.

At the grave side the remaining portion of the Burial Service was read. After the words had been said committing the body, "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust," Dr. Sadler offered up a prayer, committing into the hands of the Heavenly Father "the spirit of her whose earthly tenement" had been committed to the dust. "Raise us," the prayer proceeded, "from the death of sin to a life of righteousness, and when our hour of departure comes, may we rest in Thee, and have part in the great gathering of Thy faithful servants and children in Thy everlasting kingdom." The impressive benediction followed, "Now may He who hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort our hearts, and stablish us in every good word and work. Amen." The crowd lingered a little while over the grave, and then sorrowfully dispersed, the chief mourners returning, according to the funeral arrangements, intrusted to Messrs. Banting, St. James's Square, in the mourning carriages to the now lonely house in Cheyne-walk.—*From the London Daily News of December 30th, 1880.*

III. AN ESTIMATE OF HER WORK.

England has suddenly lost the greatest writer among Englishwomen of this or any other age. There can be no doubt that George Eliot touched the highest point which, in a woman, has been reached in our literature—that the genius of Mrs. Browning, for instance, though it certainly surpasses George Eliot's in lyrical sweetness, cannot even be compared with hers in general strength and force. The remarkable thing about George Eliot's genius is, that though there is nothing at all unfeminine in it—if we except a certain touch of scientific pedantry which is not pedantry in *motive*, but due only to a rather awkward manipulation of somewhat unfeminine learning—its greatest qualities are not in the least the qualities in which women have usually surpassed men, but rather the qualities in which, till George Eliot's time, women had always been notably deficient. Largeness of mind, largeness of conception was her first characteristic, as regards both matters of reason and matters of imagination. She had far more

than many great men's power of conceiving the case of an opponent, and something approaching to Shakespeare's power of imagining the scenery of minds quite opposite in type to her own. There was nothing swift, lively, shallow, or flippant about her; and yet she could draw swift, lively, shallow, and flippant people with admirable skill and vivacity, as, for example, Mrs. Poyser, Mrs. Cadwallader, and many more. Her own nature was evidently sedate and rather slow-moving, with a touch of Miltonic stateliness in it, and a love of elaboration at times even injurious to her genius. Yet no characters she ever drew were more powerfully drawn than those at the very opposite pole to her own—for example, Hetty's childish, empty self-indulgence, Tito's smooth and gliding voluptuousness passing into treachery, Rosamond's tender susceptibility and heartless vanity. She herself was painstaking, even beyond the point up to which genius is truly defined as the power of taking pains. She often took too much pains. Her greatest stories lose in force by their too wide reflectiveness, and especially by an engrafted mood of artificial reflectiveness not suitable to her genius. She grew up under Thackeray's spell, and it is clear that Thackeray's satirical vein had too much influence over her from first to last, but especially in some of those earlier tales into which she threw a greater power of passion than any which she had to spare for the two great efforts of the last ten years. "Adam Bede," which might otherwise be the greatest of all English novels—many, no doubt, really think it so—is gravely injured by those heavy satirical asides to the reader, in which you recognize the influence exerted over her mind by the genius of Thackeray—asides, however, which are by no means in keeping with the large, placid, and careful drawing of her own magnificent, and on the whole tranquil, rural cartoons. The present writer, at least, never takes up these earlier stories, "Silas Marner" excepted, without a certain sense of irritation at the discrepancy between the strong, rich, and free drawing of the life they contain, and the somewhat falsetto tone of many of the light reflections interspersed. George Eliot had

no command of Thackeray's literary stiletto, and her substitute for it is unwieldy. Even in the "Scenes from Clerical Life" this jars upon us. For example, this sentence in "Janet's Repentance": "When a man is happy enough to win the affections of a sweet girl, who can soothe his cares with *crochet*, and respond to all his most cherished ideas with braided urn-rugs and chair-covers in German wool, he has at least a guarantee of domestic comfort, whatever trials may await him out of doors," does not please an ear accustomed to the happy bitterness of Thackeray's caustic irony. It is heavy, not to say elephantine; and this heavy raillery rather increased upon George Eliot in "Adam Bede" and the "Mill on the Floss." One is annoyed to have so great a painter of the largest human life turning aside to warn us that "when Tityrus and Melibæus happen to be on the same farm, they are not sentimentally polite to each other;" or that a High-Church curate, considered abstractedly, "is nothing more than a sleek, bimanous animal, in a white neck-cloth, with views more or less Anglican, and furtively addicted to the flute." These sarcasms are not good in themselves, and still less are they good in their connection, where they spoil a most catholic-minded and marvellous picture. George Eliot's literary judgment was not equal to her reason and her imagination, and she took a great deal too much pains with the discursive parts of her books.

Imaginatively, we hardly recognize any defect in this great painter, except that there is too little movement in her stories; they wholly want dash, and sometimes want even a steady current. No novelist, however, in the whole series of English novelists, has combined so much power of painting external life on a broad canvas with so wonderful an insight into the life of the soul. Her English butchers, farriers, auctioneers, and parish clerks, are at least as vigorously drawn as Sir Walter Scott's bailies, peasants, serving-men, and beggars; while her pictures of the inward conflicts, whether of strong or of feeble natures, are far more powerful than any which Sir Walter Scott ever attempted. Such a contrast as that between Hetty

and Dinah, such a picture as that of Mr. Casaubon's mental and moral limitation and confusion, such a study as that of Gwendolen's moral suffering under the torture administered by Grandcourt, was as much beyond the sphere of Sir Walter Scott, as his historical pictures of Louis XI., Mary Stuart, Balfour of Burley, Claverhouse, or James I. are beyond the sphere of George Eliot. On the only occasion on which George Eliot attempted anything of the nature of historical portraiture, in "*Romola*," the purely imaginative part of the story is far more powerful than the historical. The *ideas* of the time when the revival of learning took place had quite possessed themselves of George Eliot's mind, and had stirred her into a wonderful imaginative effort. But her conceptions of the purely imagined figures—of Bardo, of Baldassarre, and of Tito—are far greater than her study of Savonarola. The genius for historical portraiture, for gathering up into a single focus the hints of chroniclers and historians, is something distinct from that of mere creation, and demands apparently a subtler mixture of interpreting with creating power, than most great creators possess. Even Sir Walter Scott failed with Napoleon, where he had not free movement enough, and the wealth of historical material shackled and overpowered the life of his imagination. It would not be true to say that George Eliot failed in like fashion with Savonarola. No doubt her picture of the great Italian reformer is fine, and up to a certain point effective. But in looking back on the story, Savonarola fades away from the scene. It is Bardo, the old enthusiast for the Greek learning, or the fitfully vindictive gleam of Baldassarre's ebbing intellect as flashes of his old power return to him, or the supple Greek's crafty ambition, which stands out in one's memory, while the devout and passionate Dominican is all but forgotten.

No one can deny that the moral tone of George Eliot's books—"Felix Holt" being, perhaps, a doubtful exception—is of the noblest and purest kind, nor that the tone of feeling which prevails in them goes far in advance even of their direct moral teaching. We should say, for instance, that in regard to marriage,

the spirit of George Eliot's books conveys an almost sacramental conception of its binding sacredness, though, unfortunately, of course, her career did much to weaken the authority of the teaching implied in her books. But the total effect of her books is altogether ennobling, though the profoundly sceptical reflections with which they are penetrated may counteract, to some extent, the tonic effect of the high moral feeling with which they are colored. Before or after most of the noblest scenes, we come to thoughts in which it is almost as impossible for the feelings delineated to live any intense or hopeful life, as it is for human lungs to breathe in the vacuum of an air-pump. After she has breathed a noble spirit into a great scene, she too often proceeds to exhaust the air which is the very life-breath of great actions, so that the reflective element in her books undermines the ground beneath the feet of her noblest characters. In "*Adam Bede*," she eventually justifies her hero's secularistic coldness of nature, and makes you feel that Dinah was an enthusiast, who could not justify what she taught. In "*Janet's Repentance*," again, she expresses in a few sentences the relief with which the mind turns away from the search for convictions calculated to urge the mind to a life of beneficent self-sacrifice, to those acts of self-sacrifice themselves :

"No wonder the sick-room and the lazaretto have so often been a refuge from the tossings of intellectual doubt—a place of repose for the worn and wounded spirit. Here is a duty about which all creeds and all philosophies are at one : here, at least, the conscience will not be dogged by doubt, the benign impulse will not be checked by adverse theory ; here you may begin to act, without settling one preliminary question. To moisten the sufferer's parched lips through the long night-watches, to bear up the drooping head, to lift the helpless limbs, to divine the want that can find no utterance beyond the feeble motion of the hand, or beseeching glance of the eye—these are offices that demand no self-questionings, no casuistry, no assent to propositions, no weighing of consequences. Within the four walls where the stir and glare of the world are shut out, and every voice is subdued, where a human being lies prostrate, thrown on the tender mercies of his fellow, the moral relation of man to man is reduced to its utmost clearness and simplicity ; bigotry cannot confuse it, theory cannot pervert it, passion, awed into quiescence, can neither pollute nor perturb it.

As we bend over the sick-bed, all the forces of our nature rush toward the channels of pity, of patience, and of love, and sweep down the miserable, choking drift of our quarrels, our debates, our would-be wisdom, and our clamorous, selfish desires. This blessing of serene freedom from the importunities of opinion lies in all simple direct acts of mercy, and is one source of that sweet calm which is often felt by the watcher in the sick-room, even when the duties there are of a hard and terrible kind."

There speaks the true George Eliot, and we may clearly say of her that in fiction it is her great aim, while illustrating what she believes to be the true facts and laws of human life, to find a fit stage for ideal feelings nobler than any which seem to her to be legitimately bred by those facts and laws. But she too often finds herself compelled to injure her own finest moral effects by the sceptical atmosphere with which she permeates them. She makes the high-hearted heroine of her "Mill on the Floss" all but yield to the physiological attraction of a poor sort of man of science. She makes the enthusiastic Dorothea, in "Middlemarch," decline upon a poor creature like Ladishaw, who has earned her regard chiefly by being the object of Mr. Casaubon's jealousy. She takes religious patriotism for the subject of her last great novel, but is at some pains to show that her hero may be religious without any belief in God, and patriotic without any but an ideal country. This reflective vacuum which she pumps out behind all noble action, gives to the workings of her great imagination a general effect of supreme melancholy.

We should rank George Eliot second only in her own proper field—which is not the field of satire, Thackeray's field—to Sir Walter Scott, and second to him only because her imagination, though it penetrates far deeper, had neither the same splendid vigor of movement, nor the same bright serenity of tone. Her stories are, on the whole, richer than Fielding's, as well as far nobler, and vastly less artificial than Richardson's. They cover so much larger a breadth and deeper a depth of life than Miss Austen's, that though they are not perhaps so exquisitely finished, they belong to an al-

together higher kind of world. They are stronger, freer, and less Rembrandt-like than Miss Brontë's; and are not mere photographs of social man, like Trollope's. They are patient and powerful studies of individual human beings, in an appropriate setting of social manners, from that of the dumbest provincial life to that of the highest self-knowledge. And yet the reflections by which they are pervaded, subtle and often wise as they are, to some extent injure the art of the pictures by their satiric tone, or if they do not do that, take superfluous pains to warn you how very doubtful and insecure is the spiritual footing on which the highest excellence plants its tread.

And this, too, is still more the fault of her poems, which, in spite of an almost Miltonic stateliness, reflect too much the monotonous cadences of her own musical but over-regulated voice. The poems want inspiration. And the speculative melancholy, which only slightly injured her prose, predominates fatally in her verse. Throughout her poems she is always plumbing the deep waters for an anchorage, and reporting "no soundings." The finest of her poems, "The Legend of Jubal," tries to affirm, indeed, that death, the loss of all conscious existence, is a sort of moral gain, as though the loss of self were the loss of selfishness, which it not only is not—but never could be, since selfishness can only be morally extinguished in a living self—but the lesson is so obviously a moral gloss put on the face of a bad business, that there, at least, no anchorage is found. And in "The Spanish Gypsy" the speculative despair is even worse, while the failure of the imaginative portraiture is more conspicuous, because the portraiture itself is more ambitious. It will be by her seven or eight great fictions that George Eliot will live, not by her poems, and still less by her essays. But all these, one perhaps excepted, will long continue to be counted the greatest achievements of an Englishwoman's, and perhaps even of any woman's brain.—*From the Spectator.*

A WINTER'S EVENING IN THE FENS.

Now the sun sinks the distant swamp below,
Steals back its golden streamers of the light;
Old Norwich pile has lost its burnished glow,
And all has vanished in the approaching night.

In dusky groups the slender poplars stand,
And far off rear their forms against the sky;
While clustering pollards mark the level strand,
Or frozen brooks that one time rippled by.

The shrill north wind its old-world legend sings,
Forsakes the Arctic fastness of its throne,
And bears the dread Ice Maiden on its wings,
To range the marsh and make the Fens its own.

Again the frost has numbed the leaden clouds;
A myriad snow-shaped forms are flitting past;
The hungry wildfowl wheel in timid crowds,
And scream a piercing burden to the blast.

Pile up the fir-logs, pile, upon the fire!
Our limbs are cold; this evening gloom appalls;
That ruddy blaze shall flash its beams yet higher,
And chase the thousand shadows from the walls!

Temple Bar.

KITH AND KIN.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER I.

MEETING THE FIRST.

"God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures
Boasts two soul-sides; one to face the world
with,
And one to show a woman when he loves
her." BROWNING.

"HOLLOA, Aglionby! whither away?"

"Me? I'm off to the Palace of Ceres, to testify my allegiance to the Liberal cause."

"Oh, the Liberal Demonstration! I wish you joy, I'm sure!"

"Thank you. I don't say that I shall agree with all I hear, but I want to know what they have to say for themselves."

"Contradiction, as usual."

"Aren't you going too?"

"Why on earth should I go? We had our turn last week, my boy. You seem to forget that there has been a Conservative Demonstration already, and that we had a great triumph at the

Palace of Ceres last Saturday. Ours is an accomplished fact, while yours has yet to come off."

"A great triumph had you?" returned Aglionby, a gleam of humor, of a kind the reverse of angelic, lighting up his dark, lean visage. "I know there was a great row, because I was there, and helped to make it; if you like to call it a triumph, I've no objection, I'm sure."

"I'll go bail you never were at so enthusiastic a meeting in your life," was the vehement retort.

"Never at such a noisy one, I admit. I hope your chief speaker felt soothed and cheered altogether with his Irkford reception. That scene on the platform—"

"A fine scene!" said the other, reddening angrily all over his fair and ingenuous countenance. "A fine display of English feeling, to hoot down a respectable, honest man, just because his opinions happen to differ from yours!"

"Now, my dear fellow, don't let your feelings carry you away. I was there as well as you, and I'm proud to own that I groaned as loudly as anybody, not just because my opinions differ from his—Heaven forbid! That *was* a meeting, Percy! I congratulate you."

"It was what we wanted—a demonstration," replied his friend, chafing.

"Very much so," said Aglionby politely. "The question is—a demonstration of what?"

"Our party have clearly-defined principles, which they know. They don't want them expounding over and over again, like yours. I hope you may get at something this afternoon—something definite, I mean. At any rate, you will have a good chance of hearing. You see, we had ninety thousand of an audience. To-day, there will be you, the speakers, and the reporters."

"Thanks for that sparkling gem of banter. 'Won't you join the dance?' Will you really not come and save the meeting from irretrievable disgrace? If we could proudly embellish our report in Monday's paper with the distinguished name of Percy Golding, Esq., we should feel that our exertions had not been made in vain."

"I can tell you, you won't get the chance of doing any such thing," said Mr. Golding in a huff. Then, rapidly changing the subject, he added in milder tones,

"Where's Miss Vane? Isn't she going with you?"

"Miss Vane is at home. She cares nothing about such things, I'm happy to say. Women have no business at political meetings—especially young women."

"Lots of ladies are going. Half the reserved seats are taken up with them," said Percy; but his expression showed that he was at one with his friend on the last point, if not as to political principles in general.

"Oh, then there will be one or two others in addition to myself and the reporters, after all. I haven't got a reserved seat. They are too expensive. I'm going with the cads in the shilling places, and, in case any one else should happen to do the same thing, I will go on and secure a place. Farewell! Can't I persuade you, really? I would

stand between you and suffocation from overcrowding."

"My opinions on political matters are formed, thank you," said Mr. Golding stiffly.

"Happy man! Mine are only in the process of development. Once more, farewell!"

Percy Golding returned his nod, and the two young men separated. Bernard Aglionby, warehouseman in an Irkford firm, Radical, and freethinker, took his way toward the city; Percy Golding, his friend, banker's clerk, Conservative and Churchman, took his way out of it, humming a tune the while, and hastening his steps more than he had done when he had met Aglionby. They were fast friends, and had been so for many years. They squabbled incessantly, but quarrelled never.

As Aglionby's long legs carried him quickly down the broad and busy thoroughfare, which gradually, as the town grew thicker, became less broad and more busy, there was at first a strongly-perceptible smile visible upon his dark, keen face—and that smile a sarcastic one. He had a remarkable face, with sharp, handsome, clear-cut features, a firm mouth, a fine brow, and dark eyes, which were often seen brilliant, but rarely soft, and which were illumined oftener than not with a glowing spark of malice and mockery. They darted from one object to another with a keenness and quickness which were remarkable. Nothing seemed to escape their scrutiny; yet there was rarely any pensiveness to be seen in their expression. Eyes and mouth, too, were given to smiling frequently, and a hearty laugh was by no means a rare event in this young man's life. Yet his laugh was not contagious, and was oftenest heard when others were perfectly grave, giving his company an uncomfortable sensation that he laughed at rather than with them.

"I wonder if we shall muster a hundred and fifty thousand this afternoon?" he speculated within himself, as he strode onward, and kept passing pieces of boarding covered with monstrous broadsheets, conspicuous among which was a huge poster in red letters on a white ground—"Palace of Ceres, Knottley, near Irkford. This day. Grand Lib-

eral Demonstration. Speeches will be made by Messrs. — and —. Lord John Ponsonby in the chair. Proceedings to commence at three o'clock precisely."

"The Tories had ninety thousand after all deductions were made," he reflected, "and that's a big crowd. I should like us to beat it."

He whistled softly to himself as he strode on in the brisk, pleasant air of the October afternoon; brisk and pleasant even in the smoky streets of the huge, dingy manufacturing town.

"I hope it will be over in time for me to take Lizzie to the theatre," he again reflected. "As she has got her new toggery, she will want to show it, sense or no sense. Girls are so odd."

He was in the thick now of the great, dirty town, and turned off down a street inscribed "City Road;" very long, very straight, dingy, and uninviting in appearance. Here the walls were enlivened with a constant succession of the red and white posters, announcing in terms impossible to be misconstrued, more and more particulars as to the approaching "Grand Liberal Demonstration at the Palace of Ceres," to be held that afternoon. By and by this road became more and more crowded. Cabs, carriages, and foot-passengers were all increasing in numbers, and all steadily thronging in one direction. From the steps of a railway station poured a continuous stream of persons—men and women both—all turning toward one point, where in the dim distance could be seen looming through the smoke a huge, dome-shaped roof, that of the great hall belonging to the euphoniously-named "Palace of Ceres."

Aglionby recognized an acquaintance here and there, nodded briefly, and stalked onward, his great height and his long strides giving him an advantage over most of the others.

Inside the wall, the very large grounds belonging to the palace were thronged to overflowing with an enormous, surging crowd. There was a lane, preserved by the exertions of sorely-tried policemen, just wide enough to admit of two lines of carriages, one going to, the other coming away from the door of the hall.

Aglionby appeared to know his way well. He wasted no time in struggling

through this densely-planted forest of humanity, but skirting it, came to a side door, presented his shilling to the guardian who stood there, was admitted, and found himself at once within a vast hall, capable of holding twenty-five thousand persons. There was a great platform at the upper end, about which were distributed a few gentlemen, eagerly conversing; a large space in the centre of the hall was devoted to the reserved seats, about half of which were already occupied, and that very largely by ladies, as Mr. Golding had predicted. The space all around these seats was already filled almost to overflowing; but Aglionby, again skirting the crowd, made his way to a most convenient corner, admirably adapted both for seeing and hearing, and in close proximity to one of the reserved benches. In this place a youth was standing, whose face lighted up as he saw Aglionby approach.

"Here I am!" observed the latter. "Did you think I was never coming?"

"I knew you wouldn't miss *this*," said the boy, slipping out of his place; "and I was only just in time to keep the place for you. I've been here just an hour." Aglionby had told Golding that he was "going with the cads in the shilling places," and he had certainly paid that sum for his place, or rather, for permission to enter at the door and try to secure standing room. But at the present moment he drew forth a shabby-looking little leather purse (indeed, his whole costume betokened anything but a superfluity of means) and drew forth from it a half-crown, saying, "Thank you; you've earned your money well, Bob," and tendered it to the youth, who looked like a respectable shop-boy. He flushed a little, looked rather sheepish, and stammered,

"I don't like to take it, Mr. Aglionby, really. It's but a little thing to do for you, and—"

"Pooh! pocket it, and see that no professional gentleman relieves you of it on your way home. A bargain's a bargain; and clear out, my lad, for your room is more desirable than your company at the present moment."

The youth murmured something; looked with more than gratitude up into the dark, sharp face of Aglionby, who appeared at that moment to be abstract-

edly gazing toward the platform, and then, wriggling off, made his way through the crowd, and was soon trudging gayly down City Road, turning the coin over in his pocket, perhaps to institute an intimacy, as rare as it was agreeable, between it and two pennies, a piece of string, and a buck-handled knife.

Aglionby propped himself up against a pillar, and surveyed the proceedings. There was a band, which played popular melodies, to the airs of which a portion of the audience sang political songs. He joined in now and then, in snatches, in a voice which was pleasant, and which had in it more bass than baritone, but he was too intently observing the faces around him to take much interest in the singing.

Two seats at the end of the reserved bench by which Aglionby was standing, and from which nothing but a stout cord separated him, remained empty for some little time. Then came an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, and took their places there—the elderly gentleman next to Aglionby. He was the very image of a country gentleman, thought the pale-faced denizen of streets and offices, and suburban lodgings. His fresh, hale complexion, bright, frosty blue eye, and white hair; his upright attitude; his whole appearance, bespoke the countryman. And Aglionby had noticed, as he made his way to his place, that he was a huge man, tall and broad, and stalwart, with such a physique as is rarely bred in a town. So tall and so big was he, as to make the lady beside him look almost small, although she too was of a stature that was "more than common tall," and of a stately carriage to boot. Aglionby only noticed her passing, at first. He remarked her height and her dignity of mien; he saw that she was young, and had fine and rather large features, and the expression upon her lips and in her eyes, he saw, was not one of girlish timidity, though far removed from boldness. Still, there was more presence of mind and calm assurance than he altogether admired—or thought he admired in woman—characterizing her whole aspect and demeanor. For, though politics were his pastime, and the Radical cause his darling, he was in many matters a martinet in theory and a stanch Conservative in practice

—which is exactly what might have been expected.

He amused himself with the contrast in the conversations on either side of him, scraps of which came to his ears.

"You see we are in plenty of time, uncle," said the lady, in a contralto voice, and with a clear and polished accent. "I hope they will be punctual."

"Trust them!" replied the old gentleman, a little gruffly. "It's a sight worth seeing, this! Does my eyes good to behold it. You never saw the like before, Judith, and you never may again."

"No. And what order they keep, and how they all turn toward that platform, as if it were a magnet! And what earnest, intent faces, most of them! How different from the people at home, uncle!"

The old gentleman indulged in a series of chuckles, which made his face red and his blue eyes moist, and Aglionby glanced sideways at the young woman, attracted by her voice, and pleased with what she said. Certainly she was not wanting in intelligence, but what a contrast to Lizzie—his lovely Liz!

At his right, among those who, like himself, were standing, were two rough-looking fellows in the garb of operatives. A stunted, keen-faced man was talking to them:

"Have you come far?" he asked.

"We've tramped it from Huddersfield," replied one. "Th' young measter giv' us th' tickets, and we coom afoot. We can't afford railway fares i' these bad times."

"Well, you'll not repent it," was the consolatory reply. "How do you think of passing to-night?"

"On the road. We must be back by Monday morn, you see."

"Well, come and have some tea with me, when it's o'er. I live close by, in City Road. I'm a watchmaker, and I'll be glad to give you a meal."

The invitation was apparently accepted, but the band began again, and drowned further conversation.

The great hall was filled now, until not another soul could press in. The most perfect order prevailed. In a momentary stillness, a booming sound in the distance told those who knew, that the clock of the Town Hall, two miles

away, in the city, was striking three. Almost as the sound ceased, the door behind the platform opened, and the principal speakers came on. Many members of Parliament and local celebrities who had already appeared, had been warmly welcomed. Here was the chairman, Lord John Ponsonby. They received him with manifest pleasure, but there was an electricity, a subtle thrill which told that they were waiting for some one, for something yet to come. More celebrities, or otherwise; more short, sharp, absent-minded cheers. More and more heads, known and unknown, crowd forward. Then comes he whom they are waiting for. Here is the "brave white head"—the "grand, calm, proud face" of their best-beloved, and then bursts forth the roar that deafens, and stuns, and is never forgotten of them who have once heard it. A roar, a thunder, a prolonged storm of exultation, that has something fierce and fearful in it, as well as glad, greets that veteran champion of beautiful liberty.

Twenty-five thousand throats cheered at the full pitch of their power, as if to fling all the praise they could upon that one head, as if to bow with weight of glory that well-known brow. All else were forgotten. At Irkford the old love is very faithfully loved. There are others about and around him, who are great and good, but that is the man who fought for them and their fathers years ago, to give them bread; and who has fought for them since, in many a battle. They have not forgotten it: they never will forget it. Aglionby felt the enthusiasm run like lightning, in a subtle red-hot current, through every vein. He too cheered—cheered at the top of his voice—his eyes all the time fixed upon that form and that face, whose appearance had called forth all this storm of fierce and passionate delight. Even while he was cheering, he had observed how some of the women's faces blanched, and their eyes blenched before the tremendous roar of joy—and he looked instinctively at the girl who sat so near to him. There was no blenching in her face. It was a little flushed, out of its pallor, and there was a clear light in her eye, and a repressed smile upon her lip, which told of enjoyment, not fear. The prolonged roar, which lasted

more than five minutes, and would not be hushed, had no terror for her nerves.

At last there was a momentary silence, before the first speaker had opened his mouth, and Aglionby heard, her say quickly,

"Don't you remember, uncle, those lines about, 'How any woman's sides can hold the beating of so strong a throb'? I wonder how any man's glance can meet this approbation, and not quail."

"Ay, ay! But hush, my dear. There's Lord John speaking."

The meeting, unparalleled in the annals of public meetings—even of Anticorn Law, and O'Connell meetings—lasted two hours. Those on the platform described afterward how they were haunted by the sea of faces turned up to them; by the wave-like surgings of the great multitude. This was the smallest section of the crowd which had assembled. In other halls, and in the grounds outside, receiving scraps of oratory from disinterested speakers, were as many as made up the whole gathering to more than one hundred thousand. The speeches were strictly limited as to time, and punctually at five o'clock the meeting dispersed.

Aglionby, slowly making his way out, paused near the great door, watching the carriages of the celebrities and non-celebrities as they drove away, observing the throng and hearing the comments.

The carriages and cabs went by numbers, and as he stood there a hired landau drove up, and the number, 137, was called out, but as no response was made, it was quickly hurried on, to come round again in its turn, which would not be for a long time yet. Just when it had disappeared, there was some pushing from behind, and turning, Aglionby beheld the elderly gentleman and stately young lady beside whom he had stood during the meeting.

"Come along, Judith!" said the old man irascibly. "We can slip between the horses' heads, and overtake the carriage."

"Oh, but, my dear uncle—"

But the rash and impetuous old gentleman, who looked as if he could not brook having to wait for anything or any one, dragging his niece by the hand, was

down the steps, and under the heads of a couple of prancing steeds belonging to an approaching carriage. With a repressed exclamation she wrenched her hand out of his, and while he darted forward, she darted back again, and up the steps, alone. The disconsolate visage of the ruddy-faced gentleman was visible, peering at her between horses' heads, jostled by the crowd, and looking very helpless, despite his great stature and herculean dimensions.

Aglionby was conscious of a vague interest in these proceedings. He watched her as she came to the top of the steps, and stood there, frowning a little, and biting her lip.

"Provoking!" he heard her murmur. "But perhaps, if I wait—"

She looked a little anxious, and glanced uncomfortably around her. Aglionby's theories upon the subject—woman—included one which proclaimed her helplessness in a crowd. He thought the better of her for looking uneasy. Lizzie would have been frightened to death, poor little thing!

As this thought crossed his mind, his lips moved, and he suddenly and impulsively stepped forward, raising his hat, and remarking,

"If you will take my arm a moment, I will help you across to your companion."

She looked a little surprised, glanced for a moment into the face of the man who addressed her, and said,

"Thank you. If you would not mind!"

She placed her hand lightly within the arm which he extended, and he led her quickly and skilfully between the carriage then advancing, and the one behind it; and despite expostulating policemen and disapproving coachmen, handed her in safety to the other side. A few moments' search sufficed to discover the old gentleman, who exclaimed,

"I wish we had never left the steps, Judith! The crowd here is most rough and unpleasant, and how we are ever to find the carriage, I don't know."

"Your carriage is just over there, if you like to come to it, and sit in it till your turn comes round again," said Aglionby politely, and secretly much amused at the mixture of reckless impetuosity and nervous helplessness charac-

teristic of the country cousin in a great crowd.

"Where? How? Thank you, sir!" said the elderly gentleman, crimsoning in his agitation, and looking excited.

"There," said Aglionby, his eyes gleaming with subdued mockery, as he stretched a long arm, and pointed a long forefinger toward the spot where he saw the carriage clearly enough.

"Suppose you follow me—I know the place all through," he suggested, and the old gentleman, tucking the young lady's arm through his own, and glaring (no other word will describe the look) with sudden interest at Aglionby's back, and up to his close-cropped dark hair, followed him whither he led him through the masses of the crowd, until, by what seemed to the bewildered strangers nothing short of a miracle, they stood beside their own chariot, which, hired though it was, was still a haven of refuge, with the tall, dark, young man holding the door open, composedly, and smiling slightly.

"Thank you, thank you, sir!" said the old man, handing his niece in, and still staring at Aglionby with a fixedness, and withal a suspicious expression, at which the latter could with difficulty refrain from laughing aloud.

"The old boy must think me a plausible member of the swell-mob," he thought. "He's thinking that he would not like to meet me alone on a country road, late at night, and armed with a stick. *She* looks as if she didn't care what happened, so long as she got out of the crowd, and away from the reek of the many-headed—of whom I am one, and she knows it. I saw her look at me during the meeting."

Aloud he said,

"If you will sit here, your man will drive you on as soon as he can, and you will be all right. Good afternoon!"

"Sir, pardon me, but will you not, can we—"

"Thank you, I'm walking," replied Aglionby, slightly lifting his hat, and striding away.

CHAPTER II.

MEETING THE SECOND.

AGLIONBY carried himself homeward as fast as might be, through a tortuous maze of side streets and short cuts. He

lived in lodgings in a southern suburb of Irkford, in a quiet, modest, dingy-looking street, call Crane Street, and in apartments suited to his very moderate means. As he bent his steps toward Crane Street, his mind was running eagerly and delightedly on the spectacle, the excitement of that afternoon. He was not given to airing any crotchets or enthusiasms; his fault was extreme reserve and taciturnity; but at the same time he silently cherished ardent longings, wishes, ambitions.

"I call that *life*, that sort of thing, for those who take part in it," he said within herself. "One afternoon of that would be worth a hundred years of selling gray shirtings and towellings, and being badgered if your sales don't come up to the mark you are expected to reach. It's a life for a galley-slave, by gad! and nothing better. I wish I saw my way out of it. 'Aglionby this!' 'Aglionby that!'" His face darkened. "And then old Jenkinson, who's rolling in money, can go canting to people about its being a misfortune for any young man to have anything to depend upon but his own exertions! Hum! Ha! I wish he'd just let one of his own sons exchange with me, and see where his own exertions landed him. I should like to cut the whole concern, and go off to Canada, or New Zealand; only I like Irkford, and I like the life there is here. I like the politics, and the stir and the throb of a big city like this. And then Liz—poor little Liz!—she would scream at the very notion of such a thing."

A smile dawned in Aglionby's face and eyes, which for a few moments had been preternaturally grave, and even severe. This smile was unquestionably a tender one; it transfigured his face, and made it look that of another being, gave a softness and graciousness to the hard, sharp outlines, and melted away the cynical little lines about the mouth. He looked up, rousing himself from his abstraction, with a vague consciousness that he must be near home, and found himself within a few paces of the house. He strode up the little walk, and opened the door with a latch-key.

Apparently its rattle in the lock had been heard, for as he was pulling it out, and standing just within the narrow lit-

tle passage, about to close the door, some one came tripping out of a back parlor and said,

"How late you are!"

"I'm sorry, my child! Couldn't afford so many 'bus fares in one day, so I had to walk," he replied, putting the latch-key into his pocket with one hand, and with the other possessing himself of her slim fingers; then his arm by some means slipped round her waist, and thus pinioned, he led her into the dark, little back parlor whence she had emerged.

"Come, let me go, sir! You and I are going to have our teas all alone, and that's more luck than you deserve. And then off we go! Oh, I'm dying to be off, and we shall get no places, if we're not in lots of time."

"Well, stop—you can spare time for me to have one look at you. Let's see how your new finery suits you."

He held her off at arms-length, and gazed at her, with his keen eyes softening visibly. Handsome though his own features were, his hard and cynical expression made his face almost a plain and decidedly a sombre one. Surely she compensated for his want of attractiveness; for she was an exquisitely pretty creature. Tall, lithe, and *svelte*, her form was enchanting, while the long, slender white throat supported a lovely little head. She was fair, with a delicate complexion, untouched by the smoke and closeness of the town. She had one of those faces, child's and woman's at once, which appeal irresistibly to all male hearts, and to most feminine ones. Soft blue eyes; a lovely mouth, pensive, yet pouting, and a dreamy smile; abundance of pale hair, which, however, just failed to have the true corn-colored tinge which makes the difference between flax and gold—all these charms she possessed, together with that other charm usually wielded by woman at nineteen years of age. So much for the first view; the real, undeniable advantages—and they were all that Aglionby had ever seen. From the hour in which he had been betrothed to her, he had been firmly convinced that she embodied his ideal of womanhood. Perhaps a feminine eye would have been required to perceive, a feminine finger to point out, certain

other characteristics, which, however, *she* might read who ran.

Miss Lizzie Vane wore a dress which faithfully followed every worst point of the prevailing fashion, and exaggerated all of them a little, by way of originality. Her gown was the gown of the present day. It fitted her almost half the length from her throat to her heels, like a skin; it was well tied back just behind the knees, and on the ground behind an abundance of perfectly meaningless little frills, arranged upon a spoon or wedge-shaped piece of stuff, wagged and whisked about with her every movement. This was the "train" of Miss Vane's dress; for a young lady moving in her exalted sphere, and living too in one of the palatial family mansions of Crane Street, could hardly be expected to dispense with so useful, so necessary an appendage. Her waist was, let us say, *very* slim indeed; her bust and hips forced into a prominence displeasing in itself, and out of all proportion with the rest of her figure. Her plentiful hair was gathered behind into as small and shabby a round knob as it could by any means be screwed into: in front a great wisp of it was pulled forward, relentlessly cut short, and then curled, frizzed, piled and towered both on the front of her head, and over her pretty white forehead. Certainly a pair of liquid blue eyes look at you with a very bewitching glance from out a forest of such little ringlets; and so Aglionby thought. So much for Miss Vane's appearance while in repose. The exigencies of her sub-skirt arrangements, the position of what she called her "kicking-straps" necessitated a side-long, crab-like movement, which, if gracefully managed, is amusing for a short time as a novelty, but he who would call it soothing or agreeable as a permanent form of locomotion in one who is to be a companion for life, must be a man who is very much in love indeed.

It was upon this sinuous-looking form that Aglionby gazed with admiring eyes. Then his glance left her form and fell upon her face. That at least was lovely, since it had no waist to be compressed into an attenuation suggestive of the most painful results in case of any unlooked-for accident. No frizzing and no torturing of hair could make it other-

wise. Ill-temper now, old age in her future, could alone have the power to make Lizzie Vane's face an ugly one, and—to tell the whole truth—no power, in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, would ever make the said face a noble one, or put a spark of intellectual fire into the sweet blue eyes.

"Do come and get your tea!" she implored him, wriggling impatiently. "Ma has gone out. I've been waiting for you for such a time, I should have died of dulness, if Mr. Golding hadn't looked in, and cheered my solitude."

She laughed a little affectedly.

"Percy came, did he? Ah! your society would suit him better than the home-truths we've been hearing this afternoon. There was too much of the sledge-hammer about our proceedings to suit friend Percy," he said, smiling sardonically, as he seated himself; and Miss Vane, bending in an elegantly serpentine attitude, stood before the tray, and poured out the tea.

"Why don't you sit down, too?" he asked. "I thought you were going to get tea with me."

"So I am, but I shall stand. I can't sit down, I'm so impatient, and I must be off to get ready," replied Lizzie, conscious of a treacherous tension about the knees, which she knew by experience meant a crack, and a sudden unseemly expansion of garment, in the event of sitting down, or of assuming any other than an upright posture.

"How do you like my dress? You don't even seem to see it," she said, bending into a graceful curve, and looking affectionately over her shoulder at the spoon-shaped train before alluded to.

"It's—well, I don't understand such things. I suppose it's very pretty, but I don't think it suits you quite so well as some you've had. It looks a little too tight, as if there hadn't been quite enough stuff, doesn't it?"

"There's a compliment!" cried she, with more heat than the occasion seemed to demand. "But you're no judge. Mr. Golding said he had never seen anything in more perfect taste."

"Well, Percy's more of a judge than I am; and then he has sisters," said Bernard with ready acquiescence, "so I suppose it must be right. And," he added, in the most perfect innocence

and good faith, "I suppose they know what's what in a big shop like Lund and Robinson's, eh?"

"Yes," said Lizzie eagerly, and all smiles; "why? did you see anything like it in their windows?"

"N—no. At least I didn't observe anything, but when I went to buy that ribbon for you last week, the girl who served me had on a dress exactly like this of yours—only black, you know. She reminded me of you, somehow."

He smiled, thinking he had paid an unexceptionable compliment. Indeed, a year ago, the idea of his going into a draper's shop to buy ribbons for a girl would have been scouted by him as being out of the range of possibility. But flimsy creatures have, ere this, wielded considerable power over other creatures which were anything but flimsy. Lizzie Vane's influence had tamed him, not only to the buying of ribbons, but to a feeling of anxiety to understand her and sympathize with her, in her own particular province—that of dress and millinery. To his surprise and discomfiture, his last well-meant effort produced only an angry pout.

"Really, your ideas are so odd, Bernard. To think of comparing me with a shop-girl!" she expostulated.

It was Bernard's turn to look surprised. "I didn't compare you with a shop-girl," he said; "and if I had—I don't know much about such things—but that girl I speak of was infinitely superior to some of her customers. Why not a shop-girl, Lizzie?" he added reflectively. "Suppose you had been obliged to go out, as they call it, to earn your living, I'd rather be a saleswoman in one of those big shops full of pretty things, than a nursery governess, with a lot of impudent squalling brats to tyrannize over me."

"I've never considered the subject, not having felt the necessity for it," retorted Miss Vane loftily. Bernard smiled slightly. If anybody but Lizzie had been talking, scathing would have been the comments upon pampered ignorance and upstart vanity. As it was, he let the observation pass, and spreading a slice of bread-and-butter attacked another topic—one which he had tried before with scant success. He spoke out of the fulness of his heart, not because he hoped

that Lizzie would feel interested in the subject.

"We *had* a meeting this afternoon, Liz! I don't believe there ever was such a meeting!"

"Oh, I know nothing about meetings," she replied with temper.

"No; I'm glad of it, my child."

This was his usual reply to such announcements on the part of his betrothed. He made it, not because it was what he really felt, but rather what he thought he ought to feel under the circumstances. Perhaps he cherished a hope that frequent repetition of the words would produce the desired sensation.

"There were lots of ladies there, though," he added, and the face of the young woman who had sat near him was vaguely present in his mind as he spoke.

"I expect they were frights," she said, not yet appeased.

"Not a bit of it. There were some very fine ladies indeed there, I can tell you. A very fine-looking young woman sat close to me."

"How was *she* dressed?" asked Miss Vane.

"Oh, how do I know? In black, I think."

"Had she a hat or a bonnet on?"

"I don't know. She'd something that shaded her eyes—a low, round thing."

"A *round hat with a brim*! At a large meeting! Impossible! No one would wear such a thing."

"Now you give it a name, it was a hat with a brim," he rejoined. "White straw it was, with a white feather laid round it, somehow, flat-looking. And a little silk shawl quite loose round her shoulders."

"She could not have been young, and she must have been a dowdy. I said they were all frights," said Lizzie, interested for once in her life in a public meeting.

"She was young, handsome, and no dowdy," he replied composedly, but with more tenacity of the point than he was wont to display in matters relating to dress and appearance. "You know, my dear, ladies who are somebodies often dress much more plainly than people in our position. I dare say a countess's daughter would be more simply

dressed than you and Lucy Golding, when you go to town in the omnibus. My aunt, Mrs. Bryce—"

"Well! commend me to public meetings for making a man too polite for anything," was the exasperated reply. "When you've done, if you do not *very* strongly object, we *might* be thinking of setting off."

"Any time; I'm ready as soon as you are," he answered, promptly jumping up.

Miss Vane floated sideways from the room, and presently returned attired in a large white hat, turned up at one side with a large pale blue feather, and a bunch (also large) of blush roses. Over her pale-gray dress she had flung a buff-colored *dolman* of so gorgeous a show at the first glance as to belie its very moderate cost. This garment was richly braided, and further adorned with large buttons and a narrow bordering of a fur which, with the best intentions, did not quite succeed in matching the color of the cloak it was supposed to trim.

Gathering up the cataract of little frills which hung behind her, Miss Vane announced herself ready, and after giving a critical glance at Bernard, and rather mournfully remarking that she "supposed he must do," they set out together; presently found an omnibus, and in it went down to the town again, and descended at the entrance of one of the Irkford theatres.

As may be supposed, the more select and expensive seats were beyond their means; they occupied places in the upper circle, and being very early, secured seats in the front row of the same, forming one of innumerable couples in similar circumstances who that evening chose that means of amusing themselves.

They were, perhaps, a rather noticeable pair, certainly a contrasted one. His sombre face, with its gleaming eyes and occasional smile; his careless dress and nonchalant, unconventional attitudes, might have struck some eyes. Any one who had cared to observe him so far would also have remarked that, underlying all the carelessness of dress and mien, there was a pride which could not be concealed—a certain imperious *hauteur* in the glance, which scarcely agreed with his ostensible station, occu-

pation, and surroundings. "His heart was not in the place, or the play, or the scene at all; he went to please her, and for nothing else. She was an almost startling contrast to her lover—fair, delicate-looking, and pretty to admiration, despite her ridiculous dress, and absurdly vulgar and affected airs and graces. She could not and did not, fail to attract attention. Aglionby never noticed that people looked at her. Miss Vane was, however, fully conscious of the fact. This evening, after they had sat waiting for some time, she drew his attention to it, saying plaintively,

"Bernard, that odious man on the other side has never taken his eyes off my face. It is so disagreeable. What am I to do?"

"A—what?" he asked abstractedly. "Oh, that man is staring at you? don't look at him, and then you can't see him."

Brutal retort, thought Lizzie, in despair. Mr. Golding had more than once wondered at some "fellow's" impudence in staring at her, and expressed a wish to knock her offender down; a style of argument which appealed, as it seemed to her, to more elevated, chivalric feelings than that used by Bernard.

"Well, you might try to enliven me a bit!" she exclaimed rather impatiently. "What am I to do *but* sit and look at people, if you never open your lips?"

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure. The fact is, this seems rather flat after this afternoon. I wish you could have seen the ovation they gave to — It was grand; and he was grand too. He smashed the Government all to atoms."

"Dear me! The Government is always being smashed to atoms, according to what you say; but it seems to me to keep on governing all the same," observed Lizzie, unconsciously touching a sore spot.

"Of course it does," he growled; "and will do, unless it is kicked out."

"I wish political meetings didn't make people so awfully grumpy," observed the young lady rather ruefully. You do seem to think of nothing but politics."

"There's nothing else much worth thinking of. When a fellow's like me, Liz—"

"I wish you wouldn't call me 'Liz.'"

"No? What then?"

"Lilian is what I like to be called."

"But if Lilian is not your name, which it isn't—"

"Never mind, I shall never get you to understand. When a fellow's like you, well what happens?"

"A slave in a warehouse, and with absolutely no prospects except to sell gray shirtings till he's superannuated, he's apt, if he has not something to take his mind outside his daily drudgery, to get either despondent or dissipated. Now politics take me out of myself, and—holloa! Why, there she is!"

"She? who?" asked Miss Vane, forgetting her superfine manners and craning forward as eagerly as he did.

"Why—she, the girl I was telling you about. They must have got home safely then."

"Which? Where? Do show me! Do you mean the girl that had the hat with a brim? I should like to see her."

"The same. Look at her, going into that box with the old gentleman; and tell me, if you dare, that she isn't a fine-looking girl."

"I can see nothing fine-looking about her," said Miss Vane crushingly, and not altogether truthfully, as a dismal suspicion began to form itself in her mind that there was something more admirable about the perfect simplicity of the lady in question than in even her own truly *recherché* toilette.

"Come, come, Liz! you're jealous!"

"Jealous, Bernard! Why, she has on one of those plain washing silks that look no better than a brown holland. And nothing in her hair, and no color, no eyes, no *go!*" said Lizzie, becoming energetic in her contempt.

"My dear child, she has far more than what you call 'go'! Look at the way in which she moves. Look at the glance of her eyes—how she measures everything so calmly and deliberately! I tell you that woman would look just the same, only rather cooler, if every soul in this theatre was one of a mob thirsting for her blood."

"Well, to be sure! What next? A quiet, plain-looking girl like that! I am better-looking than she is, and I'm no beauty."

This was one of Miss Vane's favorite remarks, and was always made in the

firm conviction that since there was not a word of truth in it, it must be magnanimous.

"And I declare, Bernard, she's looking at you. She is! And she is pointing you out to her pa. Oh, and you are blushing! He's blushing, for the first time in his life! Eh—h—h! what fun!"

There was certainly a heightened color in his face, as he turned to her, with a curling lip, and in a voice which was new to her in its coolness and disdain, observed that she was behaving like a child.

Lizzie's mirth was checked for the moment. At that tone she experienced the same constrained sensation, the same quickened breath and beating heart, though in a lesser degree, as when he had one night suddenly upset all her calculations, and claimed her love and her life in a manner which had subdued her. She became silent, and her lip quivered for a moment. This great clumsy Bernard, at whose *gaucheries* she many a time laughed, had sometimes a way of looking at her, and speaking to her, which sent her heart into her mouth.

He leaned back in his seat, and studied the playbill until the curtain went up, and then he looked toward the box before he looked at the stage. They were not looking at him now; they were intently watching the first scene of "Diplomacy," with the absorbed interest of country folk, who do not often get the chance of seeing a play.

The curtain went down on the end of the first act.

"Oh, my! What lovely dresses that Mrs. Kendal has, to be sure! I wish I'd had this made a long plain princess robe, like that gray and gold one she has. Don't you think it would have suited me better, Bernard?"

"It might have suited you; the question is, how would the passages and the size of the rooms at your mother's house have suited it?" he answered, honestly endeavoring to go deeply and conscientiously into the subject.

"Tsh!" she replied impatiently. During the remainder of the performance she was sulky and silent. Aglionby did not perceive it. He was interested in his late neighbors at the Liberal Demonstration. He could not help seeing

that they looked at him more than once, and exchanged remarks about him. It was the old gentleman who looked at him oftenest, and who even once levelled his opera-glass, and looked long and intently through it in his direction. The young lady, as Bernard saw, looked exceedingly grave, when her features were not animated during the play; but her face was one on which a grave expression sits well, though her smile, when she did smile now and then, was a sweet one. There was something in her countenance which indefinably attracted him, and led him to wonder what she would be like to talk to. He admired the old man, too—his huge stature, and the proud carriage of his head; and the conclusion he came to was still that they lived in the country, and were most likely people of consequence, wherever their home might be.

When the play was over he made his way, with Liz on his arm, down the stairs. In the large entrance-hall was a great crowd of people going away. Close to the door Bernard jogged elbows with some one, and looking round, saw the old gentleman with the young lady on his arm. This time it was she who was next to him—so near that their elbows touched, and he could look into her very eyes. He saw that she had one of those marble-pale countenances whose pallor by no means betokens ill-health. How calm and composed the deep, steady gray eye! How steadfast the meeting of her lips one upon the other—steadfast, yet sweet! And what a store of intellectual strength was betokened by that smooth, expansive white brow, which had the unmistakable arch that denotes power of thought!

He saw that her eyes were fixed upon Lizzie, who happened also to look round at that moment, flushed with excitement, and a little, perhaps, with vexation—brilliantly, dazzlingly pretty, with that beauty which by gaslight looks ethereal and almost transparent. When she saw the steady eyes of the strange girl fixed upon her, she bridled, tossed back her head, hung upon Aglionby's arm, and said in an affected and audible voice,

"Do let us get out, Bernard, dear! I'm almost stifled."

"Bern—" broke suddenly from the old gentleman's lips. He made a lunge

forward; he stretched out his hand toward Aglionby's coat-sleeve; he cried, "Sir! sir! Mr.—a—!" But in vain. The crowd closed in between them. The elderly gentleman and his companion were left to await their conveyance; Aglionby and Miss Vane to make their way through the crowd: she to grumble bitterly as they waited for an omnibus; and to wish ardently that cabs were not so ruinously expensive.

The second meeting had brought them no nearer than the first.

CHAPTER III.

'AN INTERLUDE.

"But for loving, why, you would not, sweet,
Though we prayed you,
Paid you, brayed you
In a mortar, for you *could* not, sweet."

SUNDAY at Irkford is a day which may or may not be dull, according to the habits of those who have to spend it there, by which I would intimate that the place is so large as to allow of Sunday being spent there in divers and various ways without any scandal accruing therefrom. Some kind of provision is made for the spiritual (or otherwise) entertainment of all, from Christians and secularists, through every denomination of the Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics who form no inconsiderable item of its population. It was Bernard's only clear holiday throughout the week, as he had only the half of Saturday. He had got into a groove as we all get into grooves; and his mode of spending the day seldom varied. The morning he usually disposed of in walking if it were fine; or in reading, writing, and smoking if it were wet—in either case, alone. Miss Vane was not much to be seen during those morning hours. Bernard usually dined at the timely hour of a quarter past one on this day with Lizzie and Mrs. Vane. In the afternoon he was supposed to be at the service of his betrothed—generally, in the evenings also, on which occasions he would accompany her to a church in some outlying fields, which church was a favorite walk in summer for hundreds of persons who attended the service and afterward walked home in the evening freshness and coolness. It was the nearest approach to a "summer Sunday evening" in the country which was to be had. Bernard and Lizzie generally

strolled back by some roundabout route, leading at last into the gas-lighted thoroughfare, and so quietly and peacefully home to supper, and, when Miss Vane had retired, to a pipe, a book, and bed.

There were occasional Sunday evenings on which his *fiancée* was deprived of his society—occasions on which he devoted his attention to the furtherance of the Liberal cause in politics, and the secular one in religious and philosophical matters, at a meeting composed of himself and a body of kindred spirits, or rather of spirits as nearly akin to his own as he could find—and that was not very near, for his was a caustic, lonely, and somewhat bitter nature. 'This knot of men—chiefly young, as may be supposed from their proceedings—called themselves by the somewhat ambiguous and misleading title of "The Agnostics." It was very much of a misnomer, since their confession of agnosticism certainly went no further than matters religious; on all other topics—social, moral, and political—they professed to have the newest lights, and to be capable of taking the lead at any moment. These "Agnostics" were all ardent, hard-working fellows; Bernard Aglionby was the one cynic in their ranks. They talked as pessimists of the most terrible and gloomy school. They acted, hoped, and enjoyed themselves as optimists of the brightest cheerfulness, again, always with the exception of Bernard, and with him a tinge of pessimistic melancholy was constitutional. It needed a corrective, which neither his life, his companions, nor his surroundings had yet supplied.

Mr. Percy Golding, it need hardly be mentioned, did not belong to the aspiring body of "Agnostics" just spoken of.

On the day in question the club did not meet, therefore Aglionby was at liberty to dispose of his time as seemed good in his own eyes. He got his breakfast, and just as the piously-disposed were wending their way to their different temples, he put on his hat, ran up-stairs, and knocking at the closed door of the beloved of his soul, said,

"I'm going out, Lizzie. Shan't be back again till dinner-time."

"All right!" cried Miss Vane, and Aglionby, whistling, set off. He did not miss Lizzie in these Sunday-morning walks. In the first place, they extended

so far that certainly no town-bred girl could have joined him in them, however good her will. Next, they were always devoted to meditations—sometimes, when he got quite out into the country, to reading—in which she had no part nor lot. His Lizzie was a dear girl; he never thought of her without a smile and a softened look; but, equally, there were long hours during which he never thought of her at all. He did not want feminine influence in his deeper thoughts, so he often told himself. What a bewildering thing it would be if Lizzie ever were to take it into her head to pretend that she felt an interest in politics, for instance. What a hopeless muddle would result! Fortunately, she had better sense. She knew what she was equal to, and with wisdom confined herself to doing it. He never said within himself that she knew what she liked, and never troubled her head about any person or thing outside the sphere of her little, little world. He would have liked dearly to marry her out of hand, give her a carriage, a fine house, a check-book, and *carte-blanc* to amuse herself as she chose, and give what entertainments it pleased her to have; while he would have been very proud of her beauty, would have lived in the utmost harmony with her, and she would never have interfered in the really serious concerns which were outside her sphere—in the business, the politics, and the statesmanship of life. In their mutual bark she was metaphorically to recline in the comfortable, cushioned cabin, with a novel and her fancy work, while he was to be the man at the wheel.

It was a fine, crisp October morning, as he set out, turning his face toward the south, and quickly threading the mazes of streets, till he came to a great highroad, full of persons dressed in their best, with their Prayer-books in their hands, and with their Sunday gloves, umbrellas, and expressions in full force. On either side of the road were large houses, residences of rich merchants, fashionable doctors, men of law in large practice, bank directors, and other favored ones of fortune. There were trees, too, in the gardens, waving over the road, and an occasional Sunday omnibus taking a load of passengers out into the country.

He pursued his way until the last

houses were left behind, and those which did now and then appear were really mansions in the country; in grounds or parks of their own. The air was pleasant, and blew with an agreeable freshness upon his face. Far away he could see the soft outlines of blue Derbyshire hills, while to the right extended a flat, smooth, highly-cultivated plain. He met very few persons when he had advanced so far on his way. With his hands in his pockets, and his face occasionally turned upward to look into the deep field of liquid blue above, he marched on and on, thinking busily of many things—chiefly of the meeting yesterday, and, naturally enough, of those two strangers with whom he had been twice in one day brought into collision.

"I suppose she took an interest in it all," he reflected. "I wonder what she thought of it, and whether she agreed or disagreed. She must have come because she was interested—or perhaps the old boy made her come. I shouldn't wonder. He looked as if he were one who wouldn't let any one out of his sight whom he imagined ought to be in attendance upon him."

A pause in the thoughts, which presently returned to another but a parallel track.

"I wonder what the Tories will make of our meeting yesterday; I'm awfully anxious to see to-morrow's papers. By the way, I wonder, will my letter be in to-morrow morning's *Daily Chronicle*. It should be, and it should touch up those denominational schools a bit. I hope it will draw down a storm of abuse. I like being abused—when I know I am in the right of it. I like battle." His eyes gleamed with that light—not a mild one—which oftenest illumined them. "Pity there is so little chance of combat, of any sort, in an Irkford sale-room."

Of late, these reflections upon that state of life in which his lot was cast had been more numerous and more discontented than usual.

"If I could only see my way to something else, not another day would I remain," he thought. "It is slavery—neither more nor less. I should think that father of mine, poor fellow, hardly saw the probable results of his decisive step in life, or he might have looked

again before he took it. I am one of those results"—he smiled in grim amusement—"and some of the others I have to put up with, as a salesman of cotton goods."

He laughed again, not mirthfully, and, looking at his watch, wheeled round on his heel, and returned over the same ground as that which he had already traversed. He arrived again in Crane Street, and found Miss Vane quite ready to receive him, and dinner almost ready to be eaten. Lizzie was got up regardless of trouble, at least; one trembled to think of the amount of time which must have been devoted to the frizzing and arranging of the frizz of hair which projected, like an excrescence, over her forehead, and hung almost into her eyes; trembled because, if she had little leisure, her work must have suffered direly from the tyranny of fashion, and if she had much leisure she occupied it in a deplorable manner. It did not seem to strike Bernard in that light; probably he had not the faintest idea but that her hair grew ready frizzed as he saw it. His eyes lighted, his face softened as she met his view.

"Well, my lass, good-morning; you do look bonny!" he exclaimed, kissing her tenderly.

"Don't call me 'lass,' Bernard, dear, as if I were a factory girl!" she said plaintively, raising her blue eyes to his face.

"I won't call you anything that you don't like, my beauty—does that suit you better? What am I to do for you this afternoon? I am at your service."

"Oh, we are going to Mrs. Golding's to tea, and then I want you to go to church with me."

The light certainly did die out of Aglionby's eyes as this enchanting programme was unfolded for his delight.

"Tea at Mrs. Golding's?" he said, trying hard not to speak ruefully.

"Have you quite promised? Is there no means of getting out of it?"

"I don't want to get out of it," said Lizzie candidly. "I like going there; there'll be others there as well as us, and I've promised Mr. Golding to sing his favorite song."

"Have you? What is that?" asked Bernard, who was never jealous by any chance—a characteristic not perfectly

agreeable to Miss Vane's ideas of a model lover.

"It's called, 'We sat by the River, you and I,'" she answered. "Come, dinner's ready; Ma's calling."

"All right, we'll leave the river till afterward, though what river you and Percy can imagine yourselves by, at Mrs. Golding's, except one of tea, which there always is there, I can't conceive."

"I shouldn't think you would like to imagine us by any river unless you were there too," she said, marvelling at his utter incapacity to comprehend that other men admired her.

"He thinks I'm like him, I suppose. He sees no one but me; and he thinks I can't even see that others see me. I do wonder sometimes that I ever said 'Yes' to him so easily as I did, except that he is so much more of a man than any of the others, and so awfully indifferent to everybody else—and then, Lucy Golding said I never could bring him to book, however much I tried. I'll show her this afternoon whether I haven't brought him to book."

They sat down to dinner. Mrs. Vane, Lizzie's mother, was of course present as well. Her aspect might have afforded a timely warning to any man not already in love. She had once been exquisitely pretty in the style of a wax-doll, or a Dresden shepherdess. She had had eyes of forget-me-not blue: it is a color that does not stand the test of tears and sleeplessness, with both of which ills Mrs. Vane's life had been plentifully troubled. She had had a profusion of flaxen hair, which was now thin, and streaked with gray. She had had a pretty figure and a peach-blossom complexion. Figure and complexion had both vanished like a dream. She had been the essence of the much-bepraised "womanly woman," in the sense of not taking the most remote or elementary interest in any question outside personal, domestic, or family gossip. Advancing years had not made her more intellectual; the ardent hater of the "strong-minded female" must have hailed Mrs. Vane as his ideal—no one ever had been able to accuse her of strongmindedness. In addition to this, she was prone to tell Aglionby, now that he was, as she said, "like a near rela-

tion," that "Lizzie is so like what I used to be at her age, Bernard: I think I see myself again, in her—only for the dress. We wore more stuff in our skirts in those days, and I think it looked better—not but what she's very good taste."

Mrs. Vane might have furnished a warning to Bernard in more ways than one. She was the widow of a man who had held a somewhat higher position than Aglionby's, in a business of the same kind—such a position as Bernard himself looked forward to attaining before he could make Lizzie his wife. His higher position had afforded him the means of marrying, and had enabled him to save sufficient money to leave a tiny income to his widow and his one child, which income they eked out by taking two lodgers, Bernard Aglionby and another young man, who did not trouble them much, and who always went home to the country at the end of the week, and stayed there till Monday.

Lizzie had been at a cheap school, where she had acquired some flimsy accomplishments, and a little superficial information—generally incorrect—upon such matters as geography, history, and "common subjects." The large and first-rate high school for girls had been disdained, as not being select enough, since tradesmen's daughters went to it. The other large school in the vicinity, at which a really first-rate education was to be obtained, was a ladies' college, avowedly intended for rich and exclusive pupils, and of which the terms were prohibitory to persons of Mrs. Vane's annual income; therefore Lizzie had gone to the cheap day-school already mentioned, and had flirted at a very early age with the students of the college hard by, with the big boys on their way to the grammar-school, and with the clerks going down to business, specimens of each of which class she was in the habit of meeting on her way to and from her seminary. She had been the belle of that truly select establishment for a long time before she had left it. Languishing youths had written her notes, and sent her valentines and gloves and goodies in abundance; in fact Miss Vane was a reigning beauty—in her set. If she had been in another set the "society" papers would have chronicled her

doings, and told of her costumes, would have disputed about the color of her eyes, and fought fiercely over her reputation, or want of it.

Just a year ago Bernard Aglionby had come to lodge with them, replacing another young man who had recommended the place to him. Naturally, they had frequently met. Lucy Golding and she had talked him over. Lucy said Percy knew him well, but that he never came to their house; that he was well known to be impervious to all feminine charms and womanly wiles. This, and other communications of a like nature, had somewhat piqued Miss Vane, and had inspired her with a deep interest in Aglionby. Soon existence ceased to be worth having until at any rate a smile and a compliment had been wrung from Bernard—some token to show that he was not proof against her, however nearly case-hardened. It had been some little time before the experiment had succeeded—before Aglionby had even thoroughly roused to the consciousness that there was a pretty girl in the house who smiled kindly upon him. Then, whatever he might have felt, he had for some time concealed his sentiments behind a mask of impassive calm, until one day he broke forth, and made love in a fashion so imperious, and so vehement, as, metaphorically speaking, to carry Miss Vane off her feet. She could not withstand the torrent of his fiery nature. His piercing eyes seemed to burn through her. His voice, and his glance, and his ardor had for the moment thrilled and subdued her, and it was such a triumph over Lucy and Percy, and all the rest of them—over Bernard's friends, too—those odd "Agnostics" who never went to church, and who talked about republicanism as if they would not be sorry to see it established, and who all—there was the point—seemed to think that Aglionby was quite above woman's influence—these incentives, put together, formed a stronger influence than she could resist. Aglionby became her accepted lover, and, looking at it all from her point of view, she presently began to find that a great conquest brings its cares and pains as well as its pleasures. Still, it was a conquest, and her power had made itself felt now and then. More than once she had cajoled Bernard into

giving up some political meeting, or some evening of debate; or she had withdrawn him from his brother Agnostics in order to take her to the theatre, or go out with her to some suburban tea-party. Suburban tea-parties and theatre-going were things which she liked, and which Bernard, as she very well knew, disliked, so that every time he accompanied her to either one or the other entertainment, was a new and tangible proof of her ascendancy over him.

This afternoon she had what she considered a very convincing proof of this ascendancy. Bernard meekly followed her to Mrs. Golding's, and there there were, as he had prophesied, rivers of tea, many muffins and tea-cakes, a number of young people, and a little music by way of diversion. Bernard sat in silent anguish during this last form assumed by the entertainment. He had some scientific knowledge of music; his mother while she lived had taken care of that; and he had a fine natural taste and discrimination in the matter, thrilling in answer to all that was grand or elevated in the art. His one solitary personal extravagance was to attend the series of fine concerts which were given every autumn and winter season at Irkford. The performances this afternoon caused him pain and dejection. He experienced a sense of something akin to shame; to him it all appeared a sort of *exposé*. Lizzie, in the sublime blissfulness of ignorance, boldly sat down and sang in a small voice, nasal, flat, and affected,

"We sat by the river, *you* and *I*,
In the sweet summer-time long ago."

It was terrible. He was thankful when at last Lizzie arose and said it was time to be going to church. That was her moment of triumph, or rather it ought to have been—when Miss Golding, it may be innocently, or it may be of malice aforethought, but certainly with every appearance of ingenuous surprise, exclaimed,

"To church! I thought you never went to church, Mr. Aglionby."

"I go with Lizzie whenever she likes," he said carelessly and haughtily. "It pleases her, and does me no harm."

"Oh—h! Bernard!" cried his be-

trothed, her cup of pleasure dashed from her lips; while a young lady who was almost a stranger, and who appeared struck with this remark of Bernard's, said severely that she could not understand how going to church could harm any one. To which he, inwardly annoyed by the silly stupidity of the whole affair, replied nonchalantly that it was nevertheless very bad for some constitutions, his among them, and amid the consternation produced by this statement he and Lizzie departed.

"Really, Bernard, you do upset me when you come out with those awful remarks of yours. Poor Miss Smith couldn't make you out at all."

"I dare say not. I am sure it is a matter of complete indifference to me whether she made me out or not."

"Yes, you will set public opinion at defiance, and it will do you no good, say what you like."

"My child," said he, drawing her hand through his arm, and laying his own upon it, "I think you can hardly be called a judge as to what is public opinion. If you mean that Miss Smith represents it, I don't care to please it. And if I go to church with you at your wish, what do fifty Miss Smiths and their silly ideas matter?"

"Ah, but I don't know whether it is not very wicked in you to come to church, when you don't believe in a word of what is going on. I am not sure that I do right to bring you, only I

keep hoping that it will have *some* good effect upon you."

"Well, it has," he said tenderly. "It has the effect of making me love you and prize you ten times more for your goodness and your faith."

They were reconciled, as they entered the gates of the churchyard, and joined the throng going in, while the loud, clanging bells overhead sounded almost deafening, and the steeple rocked to their clamorous summons.

Bernard liked sitting there, through the evening service, with Lizzie by his side; and he liked the walk home through the fields, under the clear, starlit sky, and then through the streets, between the lines of lamps. When she hung on his arm, and they talked nothings together, then he felt at home with her, he forgot her bad singing, and her conventional little thoughts and stereotyped ideas. In the province of talking nothings Lizzie was at home, was natural, unaffected, even spirited. So soon as she left them she became insipid and artificial, and this was, what Aglionby, had dimly felt for some time, though he had not given a definite name to the sensation. They talked nothings to-night, and he parted from her in the warm conviction that she was a dear, lovely little creature, that she was the woman who loved him, and whom he loved, and to whom he was going to be loyal and true to his life's end.—*Temple Bar*.

THE PROPHETIC POWER OF POETRY.

BY J. C. SHAIRP, PROFESSOR OF POETRY AT OXFORD.

HAZLITT has somewhere said that "genius is some strong quality in the mind, aiming at and bringing out some new and striking quality in nature." The same thought seems to have possessed Coleridge when, in the third volume of "The Friend," he labors to reconcile Bacon's insistence on observation and experiment as the tests of truth with Plato's equal insistence on the truth of ideas independent of experience. In the "prudens quæstio," says Coleridge, which the discoverer puts to nature, he is unconsciously feeling after and antici-

pating some hidden law of nature; and that he does so feel after it till he finds it is in virtue of some mysterious kinship between the guess of the discoverer's mind and the operations of nature.

In the physical world we observe that those guesses of genius which are the parents of discovery arise in some gifted minds, here or there, just when some new invention or discovery is required to carry on the course of human affairs. The mariner's compass, whoever may have been its discoverer, was introduced into Europe the century before Vasco

de Gama and Columbus undertook their voyages, and, as it would seem, to enable them to do so. Newton wrought out his system of Fluxions, and published his "Principia," with its announcement of the law of gravitation, at a time when physical inquiry must have remained at a standstill had these discoveries been withheld. In the last generation James Watt's great invention and, within living memory, Robert Stephenson's, appeared, just at the time when society was ready to assume a new phase, but could not have assumed it till these discoveries were perfected.

But there are other social changes, more impalpable but not less real, more subtle but piercing deeper than the physical ones. These last, wrought on the world's surface, are visible and tangible, and all can appreciate them. But the invisible changes wrought in men's minds, the revolutions in sentiment which distinguish one age from another, are so silent and so subtle that the mere practical man entirely ignores or despises them. Mere sentiment, forsooth! who cares for sentiment? But let the practical man know, those sentiments he despises are in human affairs more potent than all the physical inventions he so much venerates.

How these changes of feeling arise, from what hidden springs they come, who shall say? But that they do come forth and make themselves widely felt, and in the end change the whole face of society, none can doubt. They come, as changes in the weather come, as the sky changes from bright to dark and from dark to bright, from causes which we cannot penetrate, but with effects which all must feel.

"The thoughts they had were the parents of the deeds they did; their feelings were the parents of their thoughts." So it always has been and shall be. In the movements of man's being, the first and deepest thing is the sentiment which possesses him, the emotional and moral atmosphere which he breathes. The causes which ultimately determine what this atmosphere shall be are too hidden, too manifold and complex, for us to grasp, but among the human agents which produce them none are more powerful than great poets. Poets are the rulers of men's spirits more than the philosophers,

whether mental or physical. For the reasoned thought of the philosopher appeals only to the intellect, and does not flood the spirit; the great poet touches a deeper part of us than the mere philosopher ever reaches, for he is a philosopher and something more—a master of thought, but it is inspired thought, thought filled and made alive with emotion. He makes his appeal, not to intellect alone, but to all that part of man's being in which lie the springs of life.

If it be true that

We live by admiration, hope, and love—

that it is the objects which we admire, love, hope for, that determine our character, make us what we are—then it is the poet, more than any other, who holds the key of our most secret being. For it is he who, by virtue of inspired insight, places before us in the most true and attractive light the highest things which we can admire, hope for, love; and this he does mainly by unveiling some new truth to men, or, which is the same thing, by so quickening and vivifying old and neglected truths that he makes them live anew. To do this last requires quite as much of prophetic insight as to see new truths for the first time.

This is the poet's highest office—to be a prophet of new truth, or at least an unvelier of truths forgotten or hidden from common eyes. There is another function which poets fulfil—that of setting forth in beautiful form the beauty which all see, or giving to thoughts and sentiments in which all share beautiful and attractive expression. This last is the poet's artistic function, and that which some would assign to him as his only one.

These two aspects of the poet, the prophetic and the artistic, coexist in different proportions in all great poets; in one the prophetic insight predominates, in another the artistic gift. In the case of any single poet it may be an interesting question to determine in what proportions he possesses each of these two qualities. But without attempting this I shall now only try to show by examples of some of the greatest poets, ancient and modern, that to each has been granted some domain, of which he is the supreme master; that to each has been vouchsafed a special insight into some

aspect of truth, a knowledge and a love of some side of life or of nature not equally revealed to any other; that he has taken this home to his heart and made it his own peculiar possession, and then uttered it to the world in a form more vivid and more attractive than had ever been done before.

To begin with Homer. It was no merely artistic power, but a true and deep insight into human nature, which enabled him to be the first of his race, as far as we know, who saw clearly, and drew with firm hand, those great types of heroic character which have stamped themselves indelibly on the world's imagination. Achilles, Ulysses, Nestor, Ajax, Hector, Andromache, Priam—these, while they are ideal portraits, are at the same time permanent outstanding forms of what human nature is. The Homeric vision of Olympus and its immortals, splendid though it be, was still but transient. It had no root in the deepest seats of human nature. For even in his own land a time came when, in the interest of purer morality, Plato wished to dethrone Homer's gods. But his delineation of heroes and heroines remains true to human feeling as it exists to-day. Even Shakespeare, when, in his "Troilus and Cressida," he took up those world-old characters and touched them anew, was still constrained to preserve the main outlines as Homer had left them. It is this permanent truthfulness and consistency in the human characters of the "Iliad" which makes one believe, in spite of all the critics, that one master hand was at the centre of the work, and that it performed that which no agglomeration of bards could ever have achieved.

Again, Æschylus and Sophocles were, each in their day, revealers of new and deeper truth to their generation. The Greek world, as it became self-conscious and reflective, had no doubt grown much in moral light since the time of Homer, and that light, which their age inherited, these two poets gathered up and uttered in the best form. But, besides this, they added to it something of their own. In the religion of their poems, though the mythologic and polytheistic conceptions of their country are still present, you can perceive the poet's own inner thought disengaging it-

self from these entanglements, and rising to the purer and higher idea of the Unity of Zeus, the one all-powerful and all-wise Ruler of heaven and earth; till in Sophocles he stands forth as the "centre and source" of all truth and righteousness.

Then, as to the life of man, we see in Æschylus and Sophocles the Greek mind for the first time at work upon those great moral problems which at an earlier date had engaged the Hebrew mind in the Book of Job. The mystery of suffering, especially the suffering of the guiltless, is ever present to them. The popular conception held that such innocent suffering was the mere decree of a dark and unmoral destiny. Æschylus was not content with this, but taught that when the innocent man or woman suffers it is because there has been wrongdoing somewhere. He sought to give a moral meaning to the suffering, by tracing it back to sin, if not in the sufferer himself, at least in some one of his ancestors. The father has sinned, the son must suffer. *Ἵβρις* there has been in some progenitor, *ἄτη* and ruin fall on his descendants.

Sophocles looks on the same spectacle of innocent suffering, but carries his interpretation of it a step farther, and makes it more moral. Prosperity, he shows, is to the individual not always truly gain, but often proves itself an evil by the effects it produces on his character. Neither is adversity entirely an evil, for sometimes, though not always, it acts as a refining fire, purifying and elevating the nature of the sufferer. Its effects, at least in noble natures, are self-control, prudence, contentment, peace of soul. Philoctetes, after being ennobled by the things he had suffered, has his reward even here in being made the means of destroying Troy and then returning home healed and triumphant. Œdipus, in his calm and holy death within the shrine of the Eumenides, and in the honor reserved for his memory, finds a recompense for his monstrous sufferings and his noble endurance. Antigone, though she has no earthly reward for her self-sacrifice, yet passes hence with sure hope—the hope that in the life beyond she will find love waiting her, with all the loved ones gone before.

These few remarks may recall to some

who read them some suggestive thoughts which fell from Professor Jebb in his two concluding lectures on Sophocles, given last summer in the hall of New College, Oxford. And all who desire to follow out this subject I gladly refer to the admirable essay on "The Theology and Ethics of Sophocles," which Mr. Abbot, of Balliol, has recently contributed to the book entitled "Hellenica."

We would not naturally turn to Roman literature to find the prophetic element. Speculation and imaginative dreaming, whence new thoughts are born, were alien to the genius of that practical race. But there is at least one of Rome's poets who is filled with something like true prophetic fire. On the mind of Lucretius there had dawned two truths, one learned from his own experience, the other from Greek philosophy; and both of these inspired him with a deep fervor, quite unlike anything else to be met with in his country's literature. One truth was the misery and hopelessness of human life around him, as it still clung to the decaying phantoms of an outworn mythology, and groped its way through darkness with no better guides than these. The other truth, gained from the teaching of Democritus and Epicurus, was the vision of the fixed order of the universe, the infinite sweep, the steadfastness, the immutability of its laws. As he contemplated the stately march of these vast, all-embracing uniformities, he felt as though he were a man inspired to utter to the world a new revelation. And the words in which he does utter it often rise to the earnestness and the glow of a prophet. He was, as far as I know, the earliest and most earnest expounder in ancient times of that truth which has taken so firm hold of the modern mind. In the full recognition by men of the new truth which he preached, he seemed to himself to see the sole remedy for all the ills which crush human life.

Again, Virgil, though with him the love of beauty, as all know, and the artistic power of rendering it, are paramount, yet laid hold of some new truth which none before him had felt so deeply. No one had till then conceived so grandly of the growth of Rome's greatness, and the high mission with which heaven had intrusted her. And

who else among ancient poets has felt so deeply and expressed so tenderly the pathos of human life, or so gathered up and uttered the highest sentiment toward which the world's whole history had been tending—sentiment which was the best flower of the travail of the old world, and which Christianity took up and carried on into the new? In these two directions Virgil made his own contribution to human progress.

If any other poet deserves the name of prophet, it is he whose voice was heard the earliest in the dawn of modern poetry. In the "Divine Comedy," Dante gave voice to all the thoughts and speculations, as well as to the action, of the stirring thirteenth century. I suppose that no age has ever been summed up so fully and melodiously by any singer. On Dante's work I cannot do better than quote the words in which one of the most accomplished of its interpreters has expressed his feeling regarding it. Dean Church, in his well-known essay on Dante, has said:

Those who have studied that wonderful poem know its austere yet subduing beauty; they know what force there is in its free and earnest yet solemn verse, to strengthen, to tranquillize, to console. It is a small thing that it has the secret of nature and man; that a few keen words have opened their eyes to new sights in earth, and sea, and sky; have taught them new mysteries of sound; have made them recognize, in distinct image and thought, fugitive feelings, or their unheeded expression by look, or gesture, or motion; that it has enriched the public and collective memory of society with new instances, never to be lost, of human feelings and fortune; has charmed ear and mind by the music of its stately march, and the variety and completeness of its plan. But, besides this, they know how often its seriousness has put to shame their trifling, its magnanimity their faint-heartedness, its living energy their indolence, its stern and sad grandeur rebuked low thoughts, its thrilling tenderness overcome sullenness and assuaged distress, its strong faith quelled despair and soothed perplexity, its vast grasp imparted harmony to the view of clashing truths.

To review the great poets of our own country, and consider what new elements of thought and sentiment each in his turn imported into the minds of his countrymen, would be an interesting study, but one not to be overtaken in a single essay, if it could be in many. I shall therefore pass at once to that great outburst of song which ushered in the dawn of the present century in England,

and try to show, somewhat more in detail, some of the original and creative impulses which the poets of that time let loose upon society. This I shall do by taking the examples of two poets of that generation. Other poets, their contemporaries, were not without some touch of the prophetic gift; but the two I shall name have exerted an influence, the one wider, the other more deep, and both more distinctly healthful, than any of their brethren.

It was nothing short of a new revelation when Scott turned back men's eyes on their own past history and national life, and showed them there a field of human interest and poetic creation that had long lain neglected. Since the days of Shakespeare a veil had been upon it, and Scott removed the veil. Quinet has spoken of the impassable gulf which the age of Louis Quatorze has placed between mediæval France and the modern time. It has parted the literature of France, he says, into two distinct periods, between which no communion is possible. Bossuet, Corneille, Racine, Molière, Voltaire, owe nothing to the earlier thought of France, draw nothing from it. Because of this separation Quinet thinks that all modern French literature, both prose and poetry, is more real and more fitted to interpret the modern spirit than if it had grown continuously. We may well doubt this, especially whether it has not been the death of French poetry—the cause why modern France possesses so little that seems to us poetry at all. It would seem as if at one time a like calamity threatened English literature. In the earlier part of last century, under the influence of Pope and Bolingbroke, a false cosmopolitanism seemed creeping over it, which might have done for our literature what the French wits of the Louis Quatorze age did for theirs. But from this we were saved by that continuity of feeling and of purpose which happily governs our literary not less than our political life. All through last century the ancient spirit was never wholly dead in England, and it would have revived. That immense sentiment, that turning back of affection upon the past was coming—no doubt it would have come—even if Scott had never been born. But he was the chosen vessel to gather up and con-

centrate within himself the whole force of this retrospective tendency, and to pour it in full flood upon the heart of European society. More profoundly than any other man or poet he felt the significance of the past, brooded over it, was haunted by it, and in his poems and romances expressed it so broadly, so felicitously, with such genial human interest, that even in his own lifetime he won the world to feel as he did. One among many results of Scott's work was to turn the tide against the Illumination, of which Voltaire, Diderot, and the whole host of encyclopædists were the high priests. Another result was that he changed men's whole view of history, and of the way in which it should be written; recalled it from pale abstractions to living personalities, and peopled the past no longer with mere phantoms, or doctrinaire notions, but with men and women in whom the life-blood is warm. If you wish to estimate the change he wrought in this way, compare the historic characters of Hume and Robertson with the life-like portraits of Carlyle and Macaulay. Though these two last have said nasty things of Scott, it little became them to do so; for from him alone they learned that art which gives to their descriptions of men, and scenes, and events their peculiar charm. If we now look back on many characters of past ages with an intimate acquaintance and a personal affection unknown to our grandfathers, it was Scott who taught us this.

These may be said to be intellectual results of Scott's ascendancy; but there are also great social changes wrought by his influence, which are patent to every eye. Look at modern architecture. The whole mediæval revival, whether we admire it or not, must be credited to Scott. Likely enough Scott was not deeply versed in the secrets of Gothic architecture and its inner proprieties—as, I believe, his own attempts at Abbotsford, as well as his descriptions of castles and churches prove. But it was he who turned men's eyes and thoughts that way, and touched those inner springs of interest from which, in due time, the whole movement came.

Another social result is, that he not only changed the whole sentiment with which Scotchmen regard their country, but he awakened in other nations an in-

terest in it which was till his time unknown. When Scott was born, Scotland had not yet recovered from the long decadence and despondency into which she had fallen after she had lost her kings and her parliament. Throughout last century a sense of something like degradation lay on the hearts of those who still loved their country, and could not be content with the cold cosmopolitanism affected by the Edinburgh wits. Burns felt this deeply, as his poems show, and he did something in his way to redress it. But still the prevailing feeling entertained by Englishmen toward Scots and Scotland was that which is so well represented in the "Fortunes of Nigel." Till the end of the last century the attitude of Dr. Johnson was still shared by most of his countrymen. If all this has entirely changed—if Scots are now proud of their country instead of being ashamed of it—if other nations look at the land with feelings of romance, and on the people themselves with respect if not with interest, this we owe to Scott, more than to any other human agency. And not the past only, with its heroic figures, but the lowly peasant life of his own time he first revealed to the world in its worth and beauty. Jeanie Deans, Edie Ochiltree, Caleb Balderstone, Dandie Dinmont—these and many more are characters which his eye first discerned in their quiet commonplace obscurity, read the inner movements of their hearts, and gave them to the world, a possession for all time. And this he did by his own wonderful human heartedness—so broad, so clear, so genial, so humorous, more than any man since Shakespeare. He had in him that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, and he so imparted it to his own creations, that they won men's sympathies to himself not less than to his country and his people. Wordsworth has well called Scott "the whole world's darling." If strangers and foreigners now look upon Scotland and its people with other eyes and another heart, it is because they see them through the personality of Scott, and through the creations with which he peopled the land; not through those modern democratic aspects which since Scott's day have obliterated so much

that he most loved in the character of his countrymen.

I have spoken of how Scott has been a power of social and beneficent influence by the flood of fresh sentiment which he let in on men's minds. But I am aware that to your "practical" man, romance is moonshine and sentiment a delusion. Such an one may, however, be led to esteem them more highly, when he is made aware how much sentiment and romance are worth in the market. The tourists, who from all lands crowd to Scotland every summer, and enrich the natives even in remotest districts—what was it brought them thither? What but the spell of Walter Scott? And, as the late Sir William Maxwell well expressed it at the Scott Centenary, the fact that Scott has in any of his creations named a farm, or a hill, or a stream, that is to their possessor as good as a new title-deed, and will be sure to enhance the marketable value of the spot. This, I think, will prove, even to the most sordid, that poetry is a real power in the affairs of this working world.

I have been speaking of the power poetry has, by bringing in on men's minds new tides of feeling, to effect great and visible social changes.

I shall now turn to another poet, a contemporary and a friend of Scott's, whose influence has affected a much narrower area, but who within that area has probably worked more intensely. Wordsworth is nothing if he is not a revealer of new truth. That this was the view he himself took of his office may be gathered from many words of his own. In the "Prelude" he speaks of

the animating faith,
That poets, even as prophets, . . .
Have each his own peculiar faculty,
Heaven's gift, a sense that fits them to perceive
Objects unseen before.

And then goes on to express his conviction that to him also had been vouchsafed

An insight that in some sense he possesses
A privilege, whereby a work of his,
Proceeding from a source of untaught things,
Creative and enduring, may become
A power like one of Nature's.

If Wordsworth was a revealer, what did he reveal?

The subjects of his own poetry, he tells us, are Man, and Nature, and Human Life. What did he teach? what new light did he shed on each of these? He had a gift of soul and eye with regard to nature which enabled him in her presence to feel a vivid and sensitive delight which it has been given to few to feel. The outward world lay before him with the dew still fresh upon it, the splendor of morning still undulled by custom or routine. The earliest poets of every nation, Homer and Chaucer, had no doubt delighted in rural sights and sounds in their own simple, unconscious way. It was Wordsworth's special merit that, coming late in time, when the thick veil of custom and centuries of artificial civilization had come between us and this natural delight, and made the familiar things of earth seem trivial and commonplace, he saw nature anew, with a freshness as of the morning, with a sensibility of soul that was like a new inspiration; and not only saw, but so expressed it, as to remove the scales from the eyes of others, and make them see something of the fresh beauty which nature wore for himself—feel some occasional touch of that rapture in her presence with which he himself was visited. This power especially resides in his "Lyrical Ballads," composed between 1798 and 1808. Such a heap of stuff has recently been written about Wordsworth's way of dealing with nature—and I have made my own contribution to that heap—that I should be ashamed to increase it now; the more that in this, as in other good things, our attempts to analyze the gift spoil our enjoyment of it. Two remarks only I shall make, and pass on. First, he did not attempt to describe rural objects as they are in themselves, but rather as they affect human hearts. As it has been well expressed, he stood at the meeting-point where nature's inflowing and the soul touch each other, showed how they fit in each to each, and what exquisite joy comes from the contact. Secondly, he did not hold with Coleridge that from nature we "receive but what we give," but rather that we receive much we do not give. He held that nature is a "living presence," which exerts on us active powers of her own—a bodily image

through which the sovereign mind holds intercourse with man.

When face to face with nature Wordsworth would sometimes seem too much of an optimist. At such times it was that he exclaimed—

naught
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

Nature had done so much to restore himself from his deepest mental dejection, that he sometimes spoke as if she was able to do as much for all men. But, when he so spoke, he forgot how many people there are whom, either from inward disposition or from outward circumstances, nature never reaches.

But in the poems which deal with human life and character there is none of this optimistic tendency. It has been recently said that "no poet of any day has sunk a sounding-line deeper than Wordsworth into the fathomless secret of suffering that is in no sense retributive." His mind seemed fascinated by the thought of the sorrow that is in the world, and brooded o'er it as something infinite, unfathomable.

His deepest convictions on this are expressed in these lines:

Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done; and in the after vacancy of thought
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
Suffering is permanent, obscure, and dark,
And hath the nature of infinity.
Yet through that darkness (infinite though it
seems
And unremovable), gracious openings lie,
By which the soul—with patient steps of
thought,
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—
May pass in hope, and though from mortal
bonds
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine.

This is the keynote of his deepest human poetry. In theory and practice alike he held that it is not exciting adventure, romantic incident, strange and unusual mental experience, in which the depth of human nature is most seen, or its dignity. Along the common high road of life, in the elementary feelings of men and women, in the primary affections, in the ordinary joys and sorrows, there lay for him truest most permanent sources of interest. His eye saw be-

neath the outward surface that which common eyes do not see, but which he was empowered to make them see. The secret pathos, the real dignity which lie hidden often under the most unpromising exteriors, he has brought out in many of those narrative poems in which he has described men and women, and expressed his views about life in the concrete, more vividly than in his poems that are purely reflective and philosophical. Take, for instance, "Ruth," "The Female Vagrant," the "Affliction of Margaret," the "Story of Margaret" in the "Excursion," the "Story of Ellen" and others in the "Churchyard among the Mountains," "The Brothers," "Michael"—above all, "The White Doe of Rylston." It is noticeable how predominating in these is the note of suffering, not of action, and in most of them how it is women rather than men whom the poet takes for his subject. This is perhaps because endurance seems to be especially the lot of women, and patience among them has its most perfect work. Human affection sorely tried, love that has lost its earthly object, yet lives on, with nothing to support it :

Solitary anguish !
Sorrow that is not sorrow, but delight
To think of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind, and what we are.

These are the subjects over which his spirit broods, as with a strange fascination. This might be well illustrated could I have dwelled in detail on the story of "Margaret" in the first book of the "Excursion." Those, however, who are interested in the subject, should study that affecting tale, as it is one in which is specially seen Wordsworth's characteristic way of sympathizing with, yet meditating upon, human suffering.

The reflection which closes the narrative is peculiarly Wordsworthian. The "Wanderer," seeing the poet deeply moved by the tale, says :

My friend ! enough to sorrow you have given,
The purposes of wisdom ask no more ;
Be wise and cheerful ; and no longer read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye.
She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here.
I well remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on the
wall,
By mist and silent rain-drops silvered o'er,
As once I passed, did to my heart convey

So still an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful,
Amid the uneasy thoughts that filled my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the grief,
The passing shows of being leave behind,
Appeared an idle dream, that could not live
Where meditation was. I turned away
And walked along my road in happiness.

No poet but Wordsworth would have concluded such a tale with these words. In this "meditative rapture" which could so absorb into itself the most desolating sorrow, there is, it must be owned, something too high, too isolated, too remote from ordinary human sympathy. Few minds are competent to such philosophical hardihood. Even Wordsworth himself, as he grew older and experienced home sorrows, came down from this solitary height, and changed the passage into a humbler tone of Christian sentiment.

I have taken this one story as a good sample of Wordsworth's general attitude, as seen in all his estimate of men. It is specially to be noted that their trappings and appendages and outward circumstances were nothing to him ; the inner man of the heart was everything. What was a man's ancestry, what his social position, what were even his intellectual attainments ?—to these things he was almost as indifferent as the writers of the Holy Scriptures are. There was a quite biblical severity and inwardness about his estimate of things. It was the intrinsic man, the man within the man, the permanent affections, the will, the purpose of the life, on which alone his eye rested. He looked solely on men as they are men within themselves. He cared too, I gather, but little for that culture, literary, æsthetic, and scientific, of which we now hear so much, as though the possession or the want of it made all possible difference between man and man. This kind of culture, I fancy, he lightly esteemed, for he had found something worthier than all class culture, often among the lowliest and most despised. He tells us that he was

Convinced at heart
How little those formalities, to which,
With overweening trust, alone we give
The name of education, have to do
With real feeling and just sense ; how vain
A correspondence with the talking world
Proves to the most.

It has sometimes been said that Words-

worth's estimate of men was essentially democratic. Inasmuch as it looked only at intrinsic worthiness, and made nothing of distinctions of rank, or of polished manners, or even of intellectual or æsthetic culture, it may be said to have been democratic. Inasmuch, however, as he valued only that which is intrinsic and essentially the best in men, he may be said to have upheld a moral and spiritual aristocracy, but it is an aristocracy which knows no exclusiveness, and freely welcomes all who will to enter it. No one, indeed, could be farther from flattering the average man by preaching to him equality, and telling him that he was as good as any other man. Rather he taught him that there are moral heights far above him, to which some had attained, to which he too may attain, but that only by thinking lowly of himself, and by thinking highly of the things above him—only by upward looking and by reverence may he rise higher.

One thing is noticeable. The ideas and sentiments which fill Wordsworth's mind, and color all his delineations of men and of nature, are not those which pass current in society. You feel intuitively that they would sound strange and out of place there. They are too unworldly to breathe in that atmosphere. Hence you will never find your man of the world, who takes his tone from society, really care for Wordsworth's poetry. The aspect of things he has to reveal does not interest such men. But others there are who are anything but worldly-minded, whom nevertheless Wordsworth's poetry fails to reach; and this not from their fault, but from his limitations. His sympathies were deep rather than keen or broad. There is a large part of human life which lies outside of his interest. He was, as all know, entirely destitute of humor—a great want, but one which he shared with Milton. This want, often seen in very earnest natures, shut him out from much of the play and movement that make up life. Again, he was not at home in the stormy regions of the soul; he stands aloof alike from the Titanic passions and also from the more tender and palpitating emotions. If he contemplates these at all, whether in others or as felt by himself, it is from a dis-

tance, viewing the stormy spectacle from a place of meditative calm. This agrees with his saying, that poetry arises from emotion remembered in tranquillity. If his heart ever was hot, it was not then that he spake, but when it had time to cool by after reflection. To many sensitive and even imaginative natures this attitude is provoking and repellent. Those things about Lucy, they say, are these all he had to give to the tenderest affection he ever knew? And they turn from them impatiently away to such poems as Byron's on Thyrsa, or to his—

When we two parted
In silence in tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years—

or to the passion of Shakespeare, or to the proud pathos of Mrs. Barrett Browning's sonnets—tingling through every syllable with emotion. Compared with these, Wordsworth's most feeling poems seem to them cold and impassive, not to say soporific. But this is hardly the true account of them. Byron and such poets as he, when they express emotion, are wholly absorbed in it, lose themselves entirely in the feeling of the moment. For the time it is the whole world to them. Wordsworth and such as he, however deeply they sympathize with any suffering, never wholly lose themselves in it, never forget that the quick and throbbing emotions are but "moments in the being of the eternal silence." They make you feel that you are, after all, encompassed by an everlasting calm. The passionate kind of lyric is sure to be the most universally popular. The meditative lyric is likely to commend itself to those natures which, without being cold, try to balance feeling with reflection. Which of them is the higher style of poetry I shall not seek to determine. In one mood of mind we relish the one; in another mood we turn to the other. Let us keep our hearts open to both.

In a word, Wordsworth is the prophet of the spiritual aspects of the external world, the prophet, too, of the moral depths of the soul. The intrinsic and permanent affections he contemplated till he saw "joy that springs out of human sufferings," a light beyond the deepest darkness. In the clearness and strength with which he saw these

things there is something almost super-human.

It is a large subject on which I have been dwelling, and yet I feel that I have only touched the surface of it. Fully to illustrate what contributions of new thought and sentiment Scott and Wordsworth made to their age would require at least a separate treatise for each. But, besides these, there were poets among their contemporaries who had something of the prophetic light in them, though it was a more lurid light; pre-eminently the two poets of revolt, Byron and Shelley. It was with something of quite prophetic fervor that each of these, in his own way, tore off the mask from the social compromises and hollownesses which they believed they saw around them, and denounced the hypocrisies. Neither of them perhaps had much positive truth with which to replace the things they would destroy. Byron did not pretend to have. Yet in the far and fierce delight of his sympathy with the tempests and the austere grandeurs of nature, and in the strength with which he portrayed the turbid and Titanic movements of the soul, there was an element of power hitherto unknown in English poetry.

Shelley, on the other hand, had this quite unique gift. He has caught and fixed forever movements and hues both in nature and in the mind of man, which were too subtle, too delicate, too evanescent for any eye but his. He may be said to be the prophet of many shades of emotion, which before him had no language; the poet, as he has been called, of unsatisfied desire, of insatiable longing. An antidote for all human ills he fancied that he had found in that universal love which he preached in such variety of tones. But one may doubt if the love that he dreamed of was substantial, or moral, or self-sacrificing enough to bring any healing.

I do not wish to discuss now poets who are still living. Else one might have tried to show how the Laureate in some of his works, specially in "In Memoriam," if he has not exactly imported new truths into his age, has yet so expressed much of the highest truth that was dawning on men's consciousness, that he has become in some sort the first unvelier of it: also how great inroads he has made into the domains of science, bringing thence truths, hitherto unsung, and wedding them to his own exquisite music.

One might have shown too how Mr. Browning, disdaining the great highway of the universal emotions, has, from the most hidden nooks of consciousness, fetched novel situations, and hard problems of thought, and in his own peculiar style uttered

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

In the younger poets of the day, as far as I know them, I have not yet perceived much of that original prophetic power which has been so distinctive of many of "the dead kings of melody." If it exists, and I have failed to discern it, no one will welcome it more gladly than I. But what seems to me most to distinguish the poetry of the time is, elaborately ornate diction and luscious music expended on themes not weighty in themselves. Prophet souls, burning with great and new truth, can afford to be severe, plain, even bare in diction. Charged with the utterance of large substantive thoughts, they can seldom give their strength to studied ornamentation. We wait for the day of more substance in our poetry. Shall we have to wait till the ploughshare of revolution has been again driven through the field of European society, and has brought to the surface some subsoil of original and substantive truth which lies as yet undiscerned? — *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE UNITY OF NATURE.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGVILL.

V.

ON THE TRUTHFULNESS OF HUMAN
KNOWLEDGE CONSIDERED IN THE
LIGHT OF THE UNITY OF NATURE.

BUT another nightmare meets us here—another suggestion of hopeless doubt respecting the very possibility of knowledge touching questions such as these. Nay, it is the suggestion of a doubt even more discouraging—for it is a suggestion that these questions may probably be in themselves absurd—assuming the existence of relations among things which do not exist at all—relations indeed of which we have some experience in ourselves, but which have no counterpart in the system of nature. The suggestion, in short, is not merely that the answer to these questions is inaccessible, but that there is no answer at all. The objection is a fundamental one, and is summed up in the epithet applied to all such inquiries—that they are anthropomorphic. They assume authorship in a personal sense, which is a purely human idea; they assume causation, which is another human idea; and they assume the use of means for the attainment of ends, which also is purely human. It is assumed by some persons as a thing in itself absurd that we should thus shape our conceptions of the ruling power in nature, or of a Divine Being, upon the conscious knowledge we have of our own nature and attributes. Anthropomorphism is the phrase employed to condemn this method of conception—an opprobrious epithet, as it were, which is attached to every endeavor to bring the higher attributes of the human mind into any recognizable relation with the supreme agencies in nature. The central idea of those who use it seems to be that there is nothing human there; and that when we think we see it there, we are like some foolish beast wondering at its own shadow. The proposition which is really involved when stated nakedly is this: that there is no mind in nature having any relation with, or similitude to, our own, and that all our fancied recognitions of intellectual operations like

our own in the order of the universe are delusive imaginations.

The denial of what is called "The Supernatural" is the same doctrine in another form. The connection may not be evident at first sight, but it arises from the fact that the human mind is really the type of the supernatural. It would be well if this word were altogether banished from our vocabulary. It assumes that we know all that "nature" contains, and that we can pronounce with certainty on what can and what cannot be found there. Or else it assumes that nature is limited to purely physical agencies, and that our own mind is a power and agency wholly separate and distinct from these. There might indeed be no harm in this limitation of the word if it could be consistently adhered to in all the terms of any argument involving its use. We are all quite accustomed to think of man as not belonging to nature at all—as the one thing or being which is contradistinguished from nature. This is implied in the commonest use of language, as when we contrast the works of man with the works of nature. The same idea is almost unconsciously involved in language which is intended to be strictly philosophical, and in the most careful utterances of our most distinguished scientific men. Thus Professor Tyndall, in his Belfast address to the British Association, uses these words: "Our earliest historic ancestors fell back also upon experience, but with this difference, that the particular experiences which furnished the web and woof of their theories were drawn, not from the study of nature, but from what lay much closer to them—the observation of men." Here man is especially contradistinguished from nature; and accordingly we find in the next sentence that this idea is connected with the error of seeing ourselves—that is, the supernatural in nature. "Their theories," the professor goes on to say, "accordingly took an anthropomorphic form." Further on, in the same address, the same antithesis is still more distinctly ex-

pressed, thus: "If Mr. Darwin rejects the notion of creative power acting after human fashion, it certainly is not because he is unacquainted with the numberless exquisite adaptations on which the notions of a supernatural artificer is founded." Here we see that the idea of "acting after human fashion" is treated as synonymous with the idea of a supernatural artificer; and the same identification may be observed running throughout the language which is commonly employed to condemn anthropomorphism and the supernatural.

The two propositions, therefore, which are really involved in the thorough-going denial of anthropomorphism and the Supernatural are the following: 1st, that there is nothing above or outside of nature as we see and know it; 2d, that in the system of nature, as thus seen and known, there is no mind having analogies with our own.

Surely these propositions have been refuted the moment the definition of them has been attained. We have only to observe, in the first place, the strange and anomalous position in which it places man. As regards at least the higher faculties of his mind, he is allowed no place in nature, and no fellowship with any other thing or any other being outside of nature. He is absolutely alone—out of all relation with the universe around him, and under a complete delusion when he sees in any part of it any mental homologies with his own intelligence, or with his own will, or with his own affections. Does this absolute solitariness of position as regards the higher attributes of man—does it sound reasonable, or possible, or consistent with some of the most fundamental conceptions of science? How, for example, does it accord with that great conception whose truth and sweep become every day more apparent—the unity of nature?

How can it be true that man is so outside of that unity that the very notion of seeing anything like himself in it is the greatest of all philosophical heresies? Does not the very possibility of science consist in the possibility of reducing all natural phenomena to purely mental conceptions, which must be related to the intellect of man when they are worked out and apprehended by it?

And if, according to the latest theories, man is himself a product of evolution, and is therefore, in every atom of his body and in every function of his mind, a part and a child of nature, is it not in the highest degree illogical so to separate him from it as to condemn him for seeing in it some image of himself? If he is its product and its child, it is not certain that he is right when he sees and feels the indissoluble bonds of unity which unite him to the great system of things in which he lives?

This fundamental inconsistency in the Agnostic philosophy becomes all the more remarkable when we find that the very men who tell us we are not one with anything above us, are the same who insist that we are one with everything beneath us. Whatever there is in us or about us which is purely animal we may see everywhere; but whatever there is in us purely intellectual and moral, we delude ourselves if we think we see it anywhere. There are abundant homologies between our bodies and the bodies of the beasts, but there are no homologies between our minds and any Mind which lives or manifests itself in nature. Our livers and our lungs, our vertebræ and our nervous systems, are identical in origin and in function with those of the living creatures round us; but there is nothing in nature or above it which corresponds to our forethought, or design, or purpose—to our love of the good or our admiration of the beautiful—to our indignation with the wicked, or to our pity for the suffering and the fallen. I venture to think that no system of philosophy that has ever been taught on earth lies under such a weight of antecedent improbability; and this improbability increases in direct proportion to the success of science in tracing the unity of nature, and in showing step by step how its laws and their results can be brought more and more into direct relation with the mind and intellect of man.

Let us test this philosophy from another point of view, and see how far it is consistent with our advancing knowledge of those combinations of natural force by which the system of the physical universe appears to be sustained.

We may often see in the writings of our great physical teachers of the pres-

ent day reference made to a celebrated phrase of the old and abandoned school of Aristotelian physics—a phrase invented by that old school to express a familiar fact—that it is extremely difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to produce a perfect vacuum, that is to say, a space which shall be absolutely empty. The phrase was this: "Nature abhors a vacuum." It is now continually held up as a perfect example and type of the habit of thought which vitiates all true physical reasoning. Now let us observe what this error is. As a forcible and picturesque way of expressing a physical truth—that the difficulty of producing a vacuum is extreme, that nature sets, as it were, her face against her doing it, the phrase is a good one, and conveys an excellent idea of the general fact. Sir W. Grove says of it, that it is "an aphorism, which, though cavilled at and ridiculed by the self-sufficiency of some modern philosophers, contains in a terse though somewhat metaphorical form the expression of a comprehensive truth." But there is this error in the phrase (if indeed it was or ever could be literally understood), that it gives for the general fact a wrong cause, inasmuch as it ascribes to the material and inanimate forces of nature, whose simple pressures are concerned in the result, certain dispositions that are known to us as affections of mind alone. In short, it ascribes to the mere elementary forces of matter—not to a living agency using these as tools, but to mere material force—the attributes of mind.

Now it is well worthy of remark that, so far as this error is concerned, the language of physical science is full of it—steeped in it; and that in this sense it is chargeable with a kind of anthropomorphism which is really open to the gravest objection. To see mind in nature, or, according as nature may be defined, to see mind outside of nature, acknowledging it to be mind, and treating it as such—this is one thing—and this is the true and legitimate anthropomorphism which some physicists denounce. But to see mind in material forces alone, and to ascribe its attributes to them—this is equally anthropomorphism, but a form of it which is indeed open to all the objections they express. This, nevertheless, is the anthropomorphism which

gives habitually its coloring to their thoughts and its spirit to their language.

Let me explain what I mean by some examples. I will take, first, the theory of development, or the derivative hypothesis, which, as applied to the history of animal life, is now accepted by a large number of scientific men, if not as certainly true, at least as an hypothesis which comes nearer than any other to the truth. Whether that theory be true or not, it is a theory saturated throughout with the ideas of utility and fitness, and of adaptation, as the governing principles and causes of the harmony of nature. Its central conception is that in the history of organic life changes have somehow always come about exactly in proportion as the need of them arose. But how is it that the laws of growth are so correlated with utility that they should in this manner work together? Why should varied and increasing utility operate in the requisite direction of varied and increasing developments? The connection is not one of logical necessity. Not only can we conceive it otherwise, but we know that it is otherwise beyond certain bounds and limits. It is not an universal law that organic growths arise in proportion to all needs, or are strengthened by all exertion. It is a law prevailing only within certain limits; and it is not possible to describe the facts concerning it without employing the language which is expressive of mental purpose.

Accordingly, Mr. Darwin himself does use this language perpetually, and to an extent far exceeding that in which it is used by almost any other natural philosopher. He does not use it with any theological purpose nor in connection with any metaphysical speculation. He uses it simply and naturally for no other reason than that he cannot help it. The correlation of natural forces, so adjusted as to work together for the production of use in the functions—for the enjoyments and for the beauty—of life, this is the central idea of his system; and it is an idea which cannot be worked out in detail without habitual use of the language which is moulded on our own consciousness of the mental powers by which all our own adjustments are achieved. This is what, perhaps, the greatest observer that has ever

lived cannot help observing in nature ; and so his language is thoroughly anthropomorphic. Seeing in the methods pursued in nature a constant embodiment of his own intellectual conceptions, and a close analogy with the methods which his own mind recognizes as "contrivance," he rightly uses the forms of expression which convey the work of mind. "Rightly," I say, provided the full scope and meaning of this language be not repudiated. I do not mean that naturalists should be always following up their language to theological conclusions, or that any fault should be found with them when they stop where the sphere of mere physical observation terminates. But those who seek to remodel philosophy upon the results of that observation cannot consistently borrow all the advantage of anthropomorphic language, and then denounce it when it carries them beyond the point at which they desire to stop. If in the words which we recognize as best describing the facts of nature there be elements of meaning to which their whole force and descriptive power is due, then these elements of meaning must be admitted as essential to a just conception and to a true interpretation of what we see. The analogies which help us to understand the works of nature are not, as it were, foreign material imported into the facts, but are part of these facts, and constitute the light which shines from them upon the intellect of man. In exact proportion as we believe that intellect to be a product of nature, and to be united to it by indissoluble ties of birth, of structure, and of function, in the same proportion may we be sure that its organs of vision are adjusted to the realities of the world, and that its innate perceptions of analogy and resemblance have a close relation to the truth. The theory of development is not only consistent with teleological explanation, but it is founded on teleology, and on nothing else. It sees in everything the results of a system which is ever acting for the best, always producing something more perfect or more beautiful than before, and incessantly eliminating whatever is faulty or less perfectly adapted to every new condition. Professor Tyndall himself cannot describe this system without

using the most intensely anthropomorphic language : "The continued effort of animated nature is to improve its conditions and raise itself to a loftier level."

Again, I say, it is quite right to use this language, provided its ultimate reference to mind be admitted and not repudiated. But if this language be persistently applied and philosophically defended as applicable to material force, otherwise than as the instrument and tool of mind, then it is language involving far more than the absurdity of the old mediæval phrase that "nature abhors a vacuum." It ceases to be a mere picturesque expression, and becomes a definite ascription to matter of the highest attributes of mind. If nature cannot feel abhorrence, neither can it cherish aspirations. If it cannot hate, neither can it love, nor contrive, nor adjust, nor look to the future, nor think about "loftier levels" there.

Professor Tyndall in the same address has given us an interesting anecdote of a very celebrated man whom the world has lately lost. He tells us that he heard the great Swiss naturalist Agassiz express an almost sad surprise that the Darwinian theory should have been so extensively accepted by the best intellects of our time. And this surprise seems again in some measure to have surprised Professor Tyndall. Now it so happens that I have perhaps the means of explaining the real difficulty felt by Agassiz in accepting the modern theory of evolution. I had not seen that distinguished man for nearly five-and-thirty years. But he was one of those gifted beings who stamp an indelible impression on the memory ; and in 1842 he had left an enthusiastic letter on my father's table at Inverary on finding it largely occupied by scientific works. Across that long interval of time I ventured lately to seek a renewal of acquaintance, and during the year which proved to be the last of his life I asked him some questions on his own views on the history and origin of organic forms. In his reply Agassiz sums up in the following words his objection to the theory of natural selection as affording any satisfying explanation of the facts for which it professes to account : "The truth is, that life has all the wealth of endowment of the most comprehensive

mental manifestations, and none of the simplicity of physical phenomena."

Here we have the testimony of another among the very greatest of modern observers that wealth—immense and immeasurable wealth—of mind is the one fact above all others observable in nature, and especially in the adaptations of organic life. It was because he could see no adequate place or room reserved for this fact in the theory of development that Agassiz rejected it as not satisfying the conditions of the problem to be solved. Possibly this may be the fault of the forms in which it has been propounded, and of the strenuous endeavors of many of its supporters to shut out all interpretations of a higher kind. But of this we may be sure, that if men should indeed ultimately become convinced that species have been all born just as individuals are now all born, and that such has been the universal method of creation, this conviction will not only be found to be soluble, so to speak, in the old beliefs respecting a creative mind, but it will be unintelligible and inconceivable without them, so that men in describing the history and aim and direction of evolution, will be compelled to use substantially the same language in which they have hitherto spoken of the history of creation.

Mr. Mivart has indeed remarked in a very able work,* that the teleological language used so freely by Mr. Darwin and others is purely metaphorical. But for what purpose are metaphors used? Is it not as a means of making plain to our own understandings the principle of things, and of tracing amid the varieties of phenomena the essential unities of nature? In this sense all language is full of metaphor, being indeed composed of little else. That is to say, the whole structure and architecture of language consists of words which transfer and apply to one sphere of investigation ideas which have been derived from another, because there also the same ideas are seen to be expressed, only under some difference of form. Accordingly when naturalists, describing plants or animals, use metaphorically the language of contrivance to describe the adaptations of function, they must use

it because they feel it to be a help in the understanding of the facts. When, for example, we are told that flowers are constructed in a peculiar manner "in order that" they may catch the probosces of moths or the backs of bees, and that this adaptation again is necessary "in order that" these insects should carry the fertilizing pollen from flower to flower, nothing more may be immediately intended by the writer than that all this elaborate mechanism does as a matter of fact attain this end, and that it may be fitly described "as if" it had been arranged "in order that" these things might happen. But this use of language is none the less an acknowledgment of the truth that the facts of nature are best brought home and explained to the understanding by stating them in terms of the relation which they obviously bear to the familiar operations of our own mind and spirit.

And this is the invariable result of all physical inquiry. In this sense nature is essentially anthropomorphic. Man sees his own mind reflected in it—his own, not in quantity but in quality—his own fundamental attributes of intellect, and, to a wonderful and mysterious degree, even his own methods of operation.

It is really curious and instructive to observe how even those who struggle hardest to avoid the language of anthropomorphism in the interpretations of nature are compelled to make use of the analogies of our own mental operations, as the only possible exponents of what we see. Let us look, for example, at the definition of life given by Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is a very old endeavor to construct such definitions, and not a very profitable one: inasmuch as life is only known to us as itself, and all attempts to reduce it to other conceptions are generally mere playing with empty words. But it is not without instruction to observe that Mr. Spencer's laborious analysis comes to this: "Life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." Bare, abstract, and evasive of characteristic facts as this formula is, it does contain at least one definite idea as to how life comes to be. Life is an "adjustment." This is a purely anthropomorphic conception, conveying the idea of that kind

* "Genesis of Species."

of co-ordination between different powers or elements which is the result of constructive purpose. I have already pointed out in a former chapter that all combinations are not adjustments. The whole force and meaning of the word consists in its reference to intentional arrangement. No combination can properly be called an adjustment if it be purely accidental. When, therefore, life is represented as an adjustment, this is the mental image which is reproduced; and in so far as it does reproduce this idea, and does consciously express it, the formula has at least some intelligible meaning. If, indeed, it has any plausibility or approach to truth at all, this is the element in it from which this plausibility is derived.

We may take another case. Mr. Matthew Arnold has invented a new phrase for that conception of a Divine Being which alone, he thinks, can be justified by such evidence as we possess. And what is that phrase? "The Eternal, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." Surely whatever meaning there may be in this artificial and cumbrous phrase is entirely derived from its anthropomorphism. An agency which "makes for" something—that something, too, being in the future, and being also in itself an abstract, moral, and intellectual conception—what can such an agency be conceived to be? "Making for" an object of any kind is a purely human image—an image, too, derived primarily not from the highest efforts of human will, but from those which are represented in the exercises of the body, and the skill with which, in athletic contentions, some distant goal may be reached and won. Such is the attempt of a very eminent man to instruct us how we are to think of God without seeing in him or in his world anything analogous to our own thought and work.

Nor is it wonderful that this attempt should fail, when we consider what it is an attempt to do—to establish an absolute separation between man and nature; to set up man as something above nature, and outside of it; and yet to affirm that there is no other Being, and no other Intelligence in a like position. And if anything can render this attempt

more unreasonable, it must be the further attempt to reach this result through science—science, the very possibility of which depends upon and consists in the possibility of reducing all natural phenomena within the terms of human thought, so that its highest generalizations are always the most abstract intellectual conceptions. Science is the systematic knowledge of relations. But that which perceives relations must be itself related. All explanation consists in nothing else than in establishing the relation which some order of external facts bears to some corresponding order of thought; and it follows from this truth, that the highest explanations of phenomena must always be those which establish such relations with the highest faculties of our nature. Professor Tyndall, in another part of his Belfast address, like many other writers of the present day, goes the length of saying that the great test of physical truth is what may be called its "representability"—that is to say, the degree in which a given physical conception can, from the analogies of experience, be represented in thought. But if our power of picturing a physical fact distinctly be indeed an indication of a true physical analogy, how much more distinctly than any physical fact can we picture the characteristic workings of our own mental constitution. Yet these are the conceptions which, we are told, we are not to cherish, because they are anthropomorphic, or, in other words, because of the very fact that they are so familiar to us, and their mental representability is so complete.

Some, indeed, of our physical teachers, conscious of this necessary and involuntary anthropomorphism of human thought and speech, struggle hard to expel it by inventing phrases which shall as far as possible avoid it. But it is well worthy of observation, that in exact proportion as these phrases do avoid it, they become incompetent to describe fully the facts of science. For example, take those incipient changes in the substance of an egg by which the organs of the future animal are successively laid down—changes which have all reference to a purely purposive adaptation of that substance to the future discharge of sepa-

rate and special functions. I have already referred* to the fact that these changes are now commonly described as "differentiations," an abstract expression which simply means the establishment of differences, without any reference to the peculiar nature of those differences, or their relations to each other and to the whole. But the inadequacy of this word to express the facts is surely obvious. The processes of dissolution and decay are processes of differentiation as much as the process of growth and adaptation to living functions. Blood is differentiated just as much when, upon being spilt upon the ground, it separates into its inorganic elements, as when, circulating in the vessels, it bathes and feeds the various tissues of the living body. But these two operations are not only different, but absolutely opposite in kind, and there does not seem to be much light in that philosophy which insists on using the same formula of expression to describe them both. It is a phrase which empties the facts as we can see and know them, of all that is special in our knowledge of them. It is possible, no doubt, by this and other similar artifices of language, so to deprive them, or at least to appear to deprive them, of their highest mental characters. More foolish than the fabled ostrich, we may try to shut our eyes against our own perceptions, or refuse to register them in our language, resorting, for the sake of evasion, to some juggleries of speech. "Potential existence" is another of those vague abstract conceptions which may be, and is, employed for a like purpose. It may be applied indiscriminately to a mere slumbering force, or to an unfulfilled intention, or to an undeveloped mental faculty, or to an elaborate preparation of foresight and design. If we desire to take refuge from the necessity of forming any distinct conceptions, such phrases are eminently convenient for the purpose, while under cover of them we may cheat ourselves into the belief that we have got hold of some definite idea, and perhaps even of an important truth.

All who are puzzled and perplexed by the prevalent teaching on these high

matters should subject the language in which it is conveyed, to a careful, systematic, and close analysis. It will be found to fall within one or other of these three classes: First, there is the phraseology of those who, without any thought either of theological dogma or of philosophical speculation, are above all things, observers, and who describe the facts they see in whatever language appears most fully and most naturally to convey what they see to others. The language of such men is what Mr. Darwin's language almost always is—eminently teleological and anthropomorphic. Next, there is the language of those who purposely shut out this element of thought, and condemn it as unscientific. The language of this class is full of the vague abstract phrases to which I have referred—"differentiation"—"molecular change"—"harmony with environment," and others of a like kind—phrases which, in exact proportion to their abstract character, are evasive, and fall short of describing what is really seen. Lastly, we have the language of those who habitually ascribe to matter the properties of mind; using this language not metaphorically, like the old Aristotelians whom they despise, but literally—declaring that mind, as we know it, must be considered as having been contained "potentially" in matter; and was once nothing but a cosmic vapor or a fiery cloud. Well may Professor Tyndall call upon us "radically to change our notions of matter," if this be a true view of it; for in this view it becomes equivalent to "nature" in that largest and widest interpretation to which I referred at the close of the last chapter, viz., that in which nature is understood as the "Sum of all Existence." But if this philosophy be true, let us at least cease to condemn, as the type of all absurdity, the old mediæval explanations of material phenomena, which ascribe to them affections of the mind. If matter be so widened in meaning as to be the mother and source of mind, it must surely be right and safe enough to see in it those dispositions and phenomena which are nothing but its product in ourselves.

The truth is, that this conception of matter and of nature, which is associated with vehement denunciations of

* *Contemporary Review*, September 1880, p. 368.

anthropomorphism, is itself founded on nothing else but anthropomorphism pushed to its very farthest limit. It is entirely derived from and founded on the fact that mind, as we see it in ourselves, is in this world inseparably connected with a material organism, and on the further assumption that mind is inconceivable or cannot be inferred except in the same connection. This would be a very unsafe conclusion, even if the connection between our bodies and our minds were of such a nature that we could not conceive the separation of the two. But so far is this from being the case, that, as Professor Tyndall most truly says, "it is a connection which we know only as an inexplicable fact, and we try to soar in a vacuum when we seek to comprehend it." The universal testimony of human speech—that sure record of the deepest metaphysical truths—proves that we cannot but think of the body and the mind as separate—of the mind as our proper selves, and of the body as indeed external to it. Let us never forget that life, as we know it here below, is the antecedent or the cause of organization, and not its product; that the peculiar combinations of matter which are the homes and abodes of life are prepared and shaped under the control and guidance of that mysterious power which we know as vitality; and that no discovery of science has ever been able to reduce it to a lower level, or to identify it with any purely material force. And, lastly, we must remember that even if it be true that life and mind have some inseparable connection with the forces which are known to us as material, this would not make the supreme agencies in nature, or nature as a whole, less anthropomorphic, but greatly more, so that it would, if possible, be even more unreasonable than it is now to condemn man when he sees in nature a mind having real analogies with his own.

And now what is the result of this argument, what is its scope and bearing? Truly it is a very wide scope indeed, nothing less than this: that nothing in philosophy, in theology, in belief, can be reasonably rejected or condemned on the sole ground that it is anthropomorphic. That is to say, no adverse presumption can arise against any

conception or any idea, or any doctrine on the mere ground that it rests on the analogies of human thought. This is a position, purely negative and defensive though it be, from which we cannot be dislodged, and which holds under its destructive fire a thousand different avenues of attack.

But this is not all. Another result of the same argument is to establish a presumption the other way. All the analogies of human thought are in themselves analogies of nature, and in proportion as they are built up or are perceived by mind in its higher attributes and work, they are part and parcel of natural truth. Man, he whom the Greeks called *Anthropos*, because, as it has been supposed, he is the only being whose look is upward, man is a part of nature, and no artificial definitions can separate him from it. And yet in another sense it is true that man is above nature, outside of it; and in this aspect he is the very type and image of the "supernatural." The instinct which sees this image in him is a true instinct, and the consequent desire of atheistic philosophy to banish anthropomorphism from our conceptions is dictated by an obvious logical necessity. But in this necessity the system is self-condemned. Every advance of science is a new testimony to the supremacy of mind, and to the correspondence between the mind of man and the mind which is supreme in nature. Nor yet will it be possible, in the face of science, to revive that nature-worship which breathes in so many of the old religions of mankind. For in exalting mind, science is ever making plainer and plainer the inferior position of the purely physical aspects of nature—the vague character of what we know as matter and material force. Has not science, for example, even in these last few years, rendered forever impossible one of the oldest and most natural of the idolatries of the world? It has disclosed to us the physical constitution of the sun, that great heavenly body which is one of the chief proximate causes of all that we see and enjoy on earth, and which has seemed most naturally the very image of the Godhead to millions of the human race. We now know the Sun to be simply a very large globe of solid and of gaseous matter, in

a state of fierce and flaming incandescence. No man can worship a ball of fire, however big; nor can he feel grateful to it, nor love it, nor adore it, even though its beams be to him the very light of life. Neither in it nor in the mere physical forces of which it is the centre, can we see anything approaching to the rank and dignity of even the humblest human heart. "What know we greater than the soul?" It is only when we come to think of the co-ordination and adjustment of these physical forces as part of the mechanism of the heavens, it is only, in short, when we recognize the mental, that is, the anthropomorphic, element, that the universe becomes glorious and intelligible, as indeed a *Cosmos*; a system of order and beauty adapted to the various ends which we see actually attained, and to a thousand others which we can only guess. No philosophy can be true which allows that we see in nature the most intimate relations with our intellectual conceptions of space and time and force, but denies that we can ever see any similar relation with our conceptions of purpose and design, or with those still higher conceptions which are embodied in our sense of justice and in our love of righteousness, and in our admiration of the "quality of mercy." These elements in the mind of man are not less certain than others to have some correlative in the mind which rules in nature. Assuredly, in the supreme government of the universe these are not less likely than other parts of our mental constitution to have some part of the natural system related to them, so related that the knowledge of it shall be at once their interpretation and fulfilment. Neither brute matter nor inanimate force can supply either the one or the other. If there be one truth more certain than another, one conclusion more securely founded than another, not on reason only, but on every other faculty of our nature, it is this—that there is nothing but mind that we can respect; nothing but heart that we can love; nothing but a perfect combination of the two that we can adore.

And yet it cannot be denied that among the many difficulties and the many mysteries by which we are surrounded, perhaps the greatest of all diffi-

culties and the deepest of all mysteries concerns the limits within which we can, and beyond which we cannot, suppose that we bear the image of Him who is the source of life. It seems as if on either side our thoughts are in danger of doing some affront to the Majesty of Heaven, on the one hand, if we suppose the Creator to have made us with an intense desire to know Him, but yet destitute of any faculties capable of forming even the faintest conception of his nature; on the other hand, if we suppose that creatures such as (only too well) we know ourselves to be, can image the High and the holy One who inhabiteth Eternity. Both these aspects of the truth are vividly represented in the language of those who "at sundry times and in divers manners" have spoken most powerfully to the world upon Divine things. On the one hand we have such strong but simple images as those which represent the Almighty as "walking in the garden in the cool of the day," or as speaking to the Jewish lawgiver "face to face, as a man speaketh with his friend;" on the other hand we have the solemn and emphatic declaration of St. John that "no man hath seen God at any time." In the sublime poetry of Job we have at once the most touching and almost despairing complaints of the inaccessibility and inscrutability of God, and also the most absolute confidence in such a knowledge of his character as to support and justify unbounded trust. In the Psalms we have these words addressed to the wicked as conveying the most severe rebuke, "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself."

And perhaps this word "altogether" indicates better than any other the true reconciliation of apparent contradictions. In the far higher light which Christianity claims to have thrown on the relations of man to God, the same solution is in clearer terms presented to us. "Knowing in part and prophesying in part," "Seeing through a glass darkly," and many other forms of expression, imply at once the reality and yet the partial character of the truths which on these high matters our faculties enable us to attain. And this idea is not only consistent, but is inseparably connected with that sense of limitation which we have already seen to be

one of the most remarkable and significant facts connected with our mental constitution. There is not one of the higher powers of our mind in respect of which we do not feel that "we are tied and bound by the weight of our infirmities." Therefore we can have no difficulty in conceiving all our own powers exalted to an indefinite degree. And thus it is that although all goodness, and power, and knowledge, must, in respect to quality, be conceived of as we know them in ourselves, it does not follow that they can only be conceived of according to the measure which we ourselves supply.

These considerations show—first, that as the human mind is the highest created thing of which we have any knowledge, its conceptions of what is greatest in the highest degree must be founded on what it knows to be the greatest and highest in itself; and, secondly, that we have no difficulty in understanding how this image of the Highest, may, and must be, faint—without being at all unreal or untrue.

There are, moreover, as we have seen, some remarkable features connected with our consciousness of limitation pointing to the conclusion that we have faculties enabling us to recognize certain truths when they are presented to us, which we could never have discovered for ourselves. The sense of mystery which is sometimes so oppressive to us, and which is never more oppressive than when we try to fathom and understand some of the commonest questions affecting our own life and nature, suggests and confirms this representation of the facts. For this sense of oppression

can only arise from some organs of mental vision watching for a light which they have been formed to see, but from which our own investigations cannot lift the veil. If that veil is to be lifted at all, the evidence is that it must be lifted for us. Physical science does not even tend to solve any one of the ultimate questions which it concerns us most to know, and which it interests us most to ask. It is according to the analogy and course of nature that to these questions there should be some answering voice, and that it should tell us things such as we are able in some measure to understand. Nor ought it to be a thing incredible to us—or even difficult to believe—that the system disclosed should be in a sense anthropomorphic—that is to say, that it should bear some very near relation to our own forms of thought—to our own faculties of mind, and soul, and spirit. For all we do know, and all the processes of thought by which knowledge is acquired, involve and imply the truth that our mind is indeed made in some real sense in the image of the Creator, although intellectually its powers are very limited, and morally its condition is very low.

In this last element of consciousness, however—not the limitation of our intellectual powers, but the unworthiness of our moral character—we come upon a fact differing from any other which we have hitherto considered. It is not so easy to assign to it any consistent place in the unities of nature. What it is and what it appears to indicate, must form the subject of another chapter.—*Contemporary Review.*

DEATH AND ITS SUPERSTITIONS.

APART from the resurrection, one of the most powerful arguments, perhaps, for the immortality of the soul is to be found in the universal superstition connected with death from the very earliest period. This can only be accounted for from the fact that there is implanted within man a powerful instinct of his immortality, which forbids him to look upon death as the final consummation of his being. Hence it is that he associates with death a certain dread, not

only on account of its awful mysteriousness, but owing to its being the crisis of an entirely new phase of the soul's existence. However apparently powerful to some may seem the weapons of modern infidelity employed in assailing the soul's immortality, these have never yet been able to explain how it is that the doctrine of the soul's existence after death has not only been the subject of belief in all ages, but amid the lowest savages and most uncivilized tribes of

the world. This statement, too, is happily beyond contradiction. We have only to consult the histories, both past and present, of heathen tribes, to learn that it is a well authenticated and established fact. Mr. Tylor, in his "Primitive Culture" (1871 ii. 19), says: "Looking at the religion of the lower races as a whole, we shall at least not be ill-advised in taking as one of its general and principal elements the doctrine of the soul's future life." The question, therefore, naturally arises, When originated this feeling within man that death does not rob him of his life? Although, as in the case of some of the rude tribes, he may have somewhat distorted notions in this matter, believing occasionally either in the soul's re-birth in another place, or its transference to animals and plants. The only satisfactory and, indeed, intelligent answer to this question is that this feeling has been divinely implanted within man. Hence, in spite of all his uncivilization and ignorance, man justly refuses to see in death his destruction, and so he invests it with that superstition which its mystic nature suggests. One very curious notion which we find in this and foreign countries relates to the exit of the soul from the body at death, it being supposed that the departure of life is delayed so long as any locks or bolts in the house are fastened. It is, therefore, a common practice, when a person is at the point of death, to open every door in the house, so that the soul may not be hindered in taking its leave of the body. A reference to this idea occurs in "Guy Mannering," where it is said "the popular belief that the protracted struggle between life and death is painfully prolonged by keeping the door of the apartment shut was received as certain by the superstitious eld of Scotland." A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" mentions the following incident, which is an interesting instance of this curious superstition. He tells us that he had for a long time visited a poor man who was dying of a very painful disease and was daily expecting his death. Upon calling one morning to see his poor friend, his wife informed him that she thought he would have died during the night, and, consequently, she and her friends unfastened every lock in the house. On inquiring

the reason, he was informed that any hole or lock fastened was supposed to cause uneasiness to, and hinder the departure of, the soul. This is a common superstition in France and Germany, and exists even among the Chinese, who make a hole in the roof to let out the soul at death. This practice originated in the conception of the soul as being something material and substantial. Indeed, even to this day, a German peasant considers it wrong to slam a door for fear of accidentally pinching a soul in it. In some parts of Holland, when a child is dying, persons shade it from the parents' gaze with their hands, the soul being believed to linger in the body as long as a loving sympathetic eye is fixed upon it. In Germany there is a notion that if any one who sheds tears over an expiring friend does but wipe them off he enhances the difficulty of death's last struggle.

Another very common superstition is that death announces its approach by certain mysterious noises. These, too, it is said, are sometimes caused by the dying persons themselves, who make known their departure to their friends in such strange sounds. Countless instances are on record of such supposed forebodings of death. Occasionally, too, we even hear of the credulous actually looking for them, believing strongly in their reality. A curious example of this species of folk-lore is, perhaps, still in the memory of some of our readers, namely, that in connection with the death of Mr. Smith, the eminent Assyriologist. This famous scholar died at Aleppo, on the 19th of August, 1876, at or about the hour of six in the afternoon. On the same day, and between three quarters of an hour and an hour later, a friend and fellow-worker of Mr. Smith's—Dr. Delitzsch—was passing within a stone's throw of the house in which Mr. Smith lived while in London, when he suddenly heard his own name uttered aloud in a "most piercing cry," which, says the *Daily News* (September 12th, 1876), thrilled him to the marrow. The fact impressed him so strongly that he looked at his watch, noted the hour, and although he did not mention the circumstance at the time, recorded it in his note-book.

Again, Mrs. Crowe relates that on

board one of her Majesty's ships lying off Portsmouth, the officers being one day at the mess-table, a young lieutenant suddenly laid down his knife and fork, pushed away his plate, and turned extremely pale. He then rose from the table, covered his face with his hands, and retired. The president of the mess, supposing him to be ill, sent to make inquiries. At first he was unwilling to reply; but on being pressed, he confessed that he had been seized by a sudden and irresistible impression that a brother he had in India was dead. "He died," said he, "on the 12th of August, at six o'clock; I am perfectly convinced of it." No argument could overthrow his conviction, which in due course of time was verified to the letter.

Events of this kind, in the minds of many, seem to point to a mysterious sympathy and harmony between two personalities, while others explain them as simply the result of "fancy and coincidence." Any one, it is argued,* may fall into a brown study, and emerge from it with a stare and the notion that he heard his name spoken. That is the part of fancy, and the simultaneous event, death, is the part of coincidence. Against this it will always be argued that these coincidences are too many to be accidental, and this position will, says a writer in the *Daily News*, always be met by efforts to weaken the evidence for each individual case, and so to reduce the cumulative evidence to nothing. Taking into consideration, however, the countless instances which are on record of this kind—many too on evidence beyond impeachment—we must, while giving them the credence they deserve, honestly admit they are beyond the limits of human explanation.

Again, the wraith, or spectral appearance of a person shortly to die, is an object of belief in this country as well as abroad. In Ireland these apparitions are called "fetches," in Cumberland "swarths," and in Yorkshire "waffs."

Popular omens of death are innumerable. One, perhaps, which is more fully believed in than any other, is the "death-watch." This, although known to be caused by a certain beetle, belonging to the timber-boring genus, *Anobium*,

is the cause of fear to many who have a given notion that—

"The solemn death-watch clicks the hour of death."

This superstition is mentioned by Baxter in his "World of Spirits," which obtained currency for its belief upward of a century. He says: "There are many things that ignorance causeth multitudes to take for prodigies. I have had many discreet friends that have been affrighted with the noise called a death-watch, whereas I have since, near three years ago, oft found by trial that it is a noise made upon paper by a little nimble, running worm, just like a louse, but whiter and quicker, and it is most usually behind a paper pasted to a wall, especially to wainscot; and it is seldom if ever heard but in the heat of summer. It is generally agreed by entomologists to be the call of these insects to one another, which is caused in the following way: The insect raises itself upon its hind legs, with the body somewhat inclined, and beats its head with great force upon the surface near it, and its strokes are so powerful as to make a considerable noise. In Lancashire, we are informed that the death-tick must only tick three times on each occasion.

Another almost equally popular omen of death is the howling of a dog at night—a very old superstition, and not confined to our own country. It is mentioned by Virgil in allusion to the Roman misfortunes in the Pharsalic war; and Pausanias relates how, before the destruction of the Messenians, the dogs set up a fiercer howling than at other times. According to a quaint German idea, if a dog howls looking downward it portends a death, but if upward, then a recovery from sickness. Shakespeare includes the howling of the dog among omens. Thus, in 3 Henry VI. (v. 6), the king says:

"The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook
down trees."

It is curious how even an uneducated person could suppose that things which God, in His merciful providence, has hidden from mortal gaze, should be revealed to objects of the lower creation. Mrs. Latham, in her "West Sussex

* *Daily News*, September 12, 1876.

Superstitions," recorded in the "Folk-Lore Record" (i. 56), says that no slight consternation was caused at Worthing a few years ago by a Newfoundland dog, the property of a clergyman in the neighborhood, lying down on the steps of a house and howling piteously, refusing to be driven away. As soon as it was known that a young lady, long an invalid, had died there, so much excitement took place that the occurrence reached the owner of the dog, who came to Worthing to inquire into the truth of it. It turned out, however, that the dog had accidentally been separated from his master in the evening, and had been seen running here and there when in search of him, and howling at the door of the stable where he put up the horse, and other places which he often visited in Worthing. It happened also that his master had been in the habit of visiting the particular house where the young lady had died, which at once accounted for the apparent mystery.

Another omen of death is the hovering of birds around a house, and their tapping against the window-pane. The crowing of the cock, too, at the dead of night is regarded as equally ominous. Mice are also said to portend death. On one occasion a poor old woman in Devonshire, when speaking about the mice in her room, exclaimed, "I pray God at a night, when I hears them running about, to keep 'em down." It is a common notion that to kill a cricket is highly unlucky. Thus Gay, in his "Pastoral Dirge," among many prognostications of death, gives the following:

"And shrilling crickets in the chimney cried."

In the North of England a swallow flying down the chimney is very ominous; while in most places the breaking of a looking-glass is a certain forerunner of death. Among the countless other superstitions associated with man's decease may be mentioned one prevalent in Lancashire, where it is believed that to build, or even to rebuild, a house, is always fatal to one member of the family—generally to the one who may have been the principal promoter in wishing for the building or alteration. Fires and candles afford presages of death—coffins flying out of the former, and winding-

sheets guttering down the latter. A Sussex piece of folk-lore tells us that if the church clock strikes twelve while a hymn is being sung in the morning service, a death will most surely follow during the following week.

High spirits have been considered a presage of death, a notion alluded to by Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet* (v. 3).

"How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry! Which their keepers
call
A lightning before death."

Indeed there are numerous instances on record of this belief, which still remains a psychological question. Tytler, in his "History of Scotland," speaking of the death of King James I., says: "On the fatal evening (February 20, 1436), the revels of the court were kept up to a late hour. . . . The prince himself appears to have been in unusually gay and cheerful spirits. He even jested, if we may believe the contemporary manuscript, about a prophecy which had appeared that a king should that year be slain." In the evidence given at the inquest upon the bodies of four persons killed by an explosion at a firework manufactory in Bermondsey, October 12, 1849, one of the witnesses stated: "On Friday night they were all very merry, and Mrs. B. said she feared something would happen before they went to bed, because they were so happy."

From a very early period there has existed a belief in the existence of the power of prophecy at that period which precedes death. It took its origin in the assumed fact that the soul becomes divine in the same ratio as the connection with the body is loosened. It has been urged in support of this theory that, at the hour of death, the soul is, as it were, on the confines of two worlds, and may possibly at the same moment possess a power which is both prospective and retrospective. Shakespeare in his *Richard II.* (II. 1), makes the dying Gaunt, alluding to his nephew, the young and self-willed king exclaim:

"Methinks I am a prophet new inspired,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him."

Again in *Henry IV.*, the brave Percy, when in the agonies of death, conveys the same idea in the following words:

"O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue."

Curious to say, this notion may be traced as far back as the time of Homer. Thus Patroclus prophesies the death of Hector ("Iliad," ii. 852): "You yourself are not destined to live long, for even now death is drawing nigh unto you, and a violent fate awaits you—about to be slain in fight by the hands of Achilles, the irreproachable son of Oacus." Again, Aristotle tells us that "the soul, when on the point of taking its departure from the body, foretells and prophesies things about to happen." Others have even sought for the foundation of this belief in the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis: "And Jacob called his sons, and said, Gather yourselves together, that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days. And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into his bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people." Whether, however, we accept this origin or not, at any rate it is very certain that the notion has existed from the earliest times, being alluded to also by Socrates, Xenophon, and Diodorus Siculus. The belief still exists in Lancashire and other parts of England.

Many families, it is said, take their special warnings of death, which assume special shapes. Thus, the ancient baro-

net's family of Clifton, of Clifton Hall, in Nottinghamshire, is forewarned of approaching death by a sturgeon forcing its way up the River Trent, on whose bank their mansion is situated.

Prince, in his "Worthies of Devon," tells us that "there is a family of considerable standing, of the name of Oxenham, at South Tawton, near Okehamp-ton, of which this strange and wonderful thing is recorded: That at the death of any of them, a bird with a white breast is seen for a while fluttering about their beds, and then suddenly to vanish away."

Family omens of this kind are very common; and it is unfortunate that the great majority of them have been transmitted to us without the particulars that gave rise to them. In most cases it is impossible to find any connection between the omen and the family.

The superstitions associated with death are so extensive that a good-sized volume might be written on this deeply-interesting subject. In the present paper I have therefore only been able to lay before the reader a brief description of some of the most well-known ones; but these are sufficient to show their general character. They are valuable in so far as they illustrate the ideas of our fellow-creatures at that solemn and inexpressibly sacred moment which soon must overtake us all; and when it comes may it find us ready!—*Leisure Hour.*

SAINTE-BEUVE.

ONE of Sainte-Beuve's secretaries has recently added a third volume, to the two volumes already published, of the "Correspondance de Sainte-Beuve." It will probably be the last, for the editor seems to have gone to the very bottom of the basket, and many of the letters which he has included in the volume contain nothing of interest but the signature. It was not to be expected that these letters, which have been collected so tardily, should contain revelations and surprises. But although they do not alter the general impression of Sainte-Beuve which we have obtained from the first two volumes of his letters, there are nevertheless certain points on which they throw a new light. The let-

ters to the Abbé Barbe, his old school-mate and almost unique confidant, are of great interest and show us a side of Sainte-Beuve which we might perhaps have divined, but which he fully confided to the Abbé Barbe alone.

I find the following portrait of Sainte-Beuve in an unpublished letter of Ximenes Doudan, dated October 19, 1869:

"Yes, I am sad at the death of poor Sainte-Beuve. He was, in certain matters, superior to all critics past and present. For a long time no book of importance will appear without our asking involuntarily what Sainte-Beuve would have thought of it. He had knowledge, taste, imagination, a free style, and an opinion and instincts that were thoroughly personal. He had also virtues which the somewhat capricious vivacity of his hatreds caused to be dis-

regarded. M. Paradol has well said that he died with the courageous serenity of an ancient, as old Pliny would have died if he had died of sickness. Zealous persons will translate that by saying that he died like a Pagan. It is also a singularity of mind and character to have so well understood the grand and sombre souls of Port-Royal, and to have entered boldly and all alone into the little cell of Mount Parnassus."

Sainte-Beuve's correspondence bears out Doudan's delicate portrait. That which first strikes one, on reading his letters, is the fact that from the first page to the last there are traces of but one sole and constant passion, literature. We shall seek in vain for juvenile effusions, generous illusions, or youthful ardor. Sainte-Beuve was a man of precocious maturity and premature old age, and his life was from beginning to end full of bitterness, lassitude and ennui.

Still there is reason to believe that if the course of his domestic life had been different, we should not have been justified in saying that love disturbed his senses rather than his soul. In December 1831 he writes to the Abbé Barbe :

"I have had much grief within the last two months—grief of that kind which one avoids by getting into port in good time. I have felt that passion of which I had only caught a glimpse, but which I desired. It is cruel and fixed, and it has thrown into my life many necessities—bitterness mingled with sweetness, and a duty of sacrifice which will have its good effect, though costing our nature dearly."

What this particular passion was we are not told, but in the previous year, after writing to the Abbé Barbe at length on his religious doubts, he says :

"After many excesses in philosophy, and after much doubting, I have arrived, I hope, at the belief that there is no true repose here below, except in religion ; in the orthodox, Catholic religion, practised with intelligence and submission. But, alas ! as yet, for me that is a simple theoretical result, or a result of internal experience ; and I am far from regulating my life and actions by it as I should do. The perpetual instability of my condition ; my want of fortune ; my literary necessities—all that has thrown me into a manner of living in which there is nothing fixed or regulated ; and after a few hours of good resolutions I very soon fall once again a prey to outside impressions, or, what is worse, to the abandonment of passions which no one perhaps has felt so cruelly as I have. That is what in my moments of half-leisure I have tried to paint in my poems, which I have always been ashamed to send to you, and which I beg you not to read until I have seen you in person and explained many things to you."

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXIII., No. 3

At this time, Sainte-Beuve had the reputation of being an ultraromantic, *fort exagéré en romantisme*, as he says. He was indeed a prominent member of the famous Cénacle, over which Victor Hugo presided, in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, and the ardor of the language and passions of the long-haired revolutionaries of literature may well have terrified a good abbé who had spent his whole life in the quiet town of Boulogne-sur-mer, and whose idea of love and passion had been obtained from the sentimental pastorals of the eighteenth century.

The poets of Victor Hugo's school, Alfred de Vigny, Sainte-Beuve, Alfred de Musset, Antony Deschamps, were innovators, romantics in the full force of the term, writing in *roman* or the jargon of the day, and rebelling against all archaism and traditions. But it was not so much perhaps on account of the form that Sainte-Beuve apologized so gently for his poems ; it was on account of the matter. As for the unfortunate passion to which he refers so frequently in his letters to the Abbé Barbe, there is no reason to believe that it was so ideal as he painted it. If it had been, and if he had got into port, as he puts it, in good time, his life might have been less unhappy. But we must remember, once for all, that in Sainte-Beuve there were two if not three men—there was the exquisite and profound critic ; the poet with high aspirations ; and a very ugly, shock-headed and red-haired animal man. The critic is universally known and appreciated, and his fame has almost utterly eclipsed that of the poet, high as was his inspiration, and elegant as was his versification. But it is the soul of Sainte-Beuve the poet that speaks in some of his best letters. Finally we come to the animal man, whose doings and instincts have been revealed only too freely since his death. Unfortunately Sainte-Beuve was endowed with an essentially amorous temperament, and cursed with an ugliness such as women cannot pardon.

To his intense disgust women always offered him their friendship when he asked for their love. He had a fine and subtle soul ; but the casket in which it was stored was coarse and unpleasing. At first he tries a reconciliation of soul

and body, from which attempt sprang his poems and novels, so strangely intermingled with sensuality and mysticism. At last, he finds a reconciliation impossible; a divorce takes place; his soul becomes more and more refined and more and more melancholy and weary in its isolation, while the body abates none of its exigencies and abrogates none of its rights. Hence the curious contrasts and contradictoriness of his life. His letters show that there really was an admirable unity of spirit in his existence. His will was always free; his character, sensitive, disappointed and independent, and his well-balanced intellect brought a rare lucidity to everything that it touched. He remained, as he himself says, "clearsighted even in his weaknesses."

It must not be supposed that, because Sainte-Beuve allowed the purely animal man to have his way, he lost any of those ideal qualities which are expressed by the word heart. On the contrary, his ardor touched by constantly increasing melancholy became converted into sentimentality. The numerous letters which he wrote to Mme. Desbordes-Valmore, the poetess, and the Comtesse de Fontanes show of what his heart was capable. Later in life he regrets that he had extinguished his flame (for reasons which we have seen above), but he proudly declares that he never perverted his heart.

The *culte* of the mother has always been one of the most charming sides of French family life. The romantics following therein the example set by their master, Victor Hugo, carried the literary expression of this mother-worship to the highest degree of ideality. It became, if we may say so without disrespect, the fashion to celebrate one's mother in verse. Now Sainte-Beuve, who, it must not be forgotten, was a poet of a very high order, and who is always cited by Théophile Gautier, the impeccable master, side by side with Hugo, Lamartine, de Vigny, and Alfred de Musset—Sainte-Beuve was a singular exception to this rule. A hostile critic has even gone to the pains of searching Sainte-Beuve's poems, in which he found on the subject nothing but the following comically dry line and a half:

"Et ma mère aussi m'aime,
Elle mourra pourtant."

Given the prevalent fashion, the critic concludes that the inspiration was wanting. The inference is perhaps somewhat hasty. Mme. Sainte-Beuve was an ordinary *bourgeoise*; her chief care was to repair her son's socks, and her only anxiety was that he had chosen a precarious and unlucrative profession, to wit, that of literature. On the other hand there was no limit to her devotion, and from the day of his birth until the day of her death Sainte-Beuve was hardly ever out of his mother's sight. It was she who brought him to Paris and who put a heavy strain on her narrow means in order that he might complete his studies.

Mme. Sainte-Beuve died in December 1850, after having lived to see her son famous and independent. Sainte-Beuve was then forty-six years of age. The terms in which he tells the sad news to his friend the Abbé Barbe do not bear out the conclusion that all the affection had been on the side of the mother:

"The death of my poor mother," he writes, "although not unexpected, considering her age, has been another blow for me; it was so sudden. . . . I used to think that I was lonely before; and I perceive now, for the first time, that I am truly alone, and that I have no one behind me."

Then he continues in the usual tone of ennui:

"No more have I any one before me, for I have let pass the season of marriage and of those ties which bind us to the future. Of late, I have thrown myself more than ever into my work. It is a manner of deceiving life, and if in the eyes of those who, like you, have a sublime belief, it is only a palliative, it is, at least, the most honorable and least prejudicial that one could choose. The labor to which I have subjected myself is so severe that I have not a minute for the agreeable relations of life, and scarcely even for the indispensable duties of society." ("Nouvelle Correspondance," p. 124.)

The letters to the Abbé Barbe, which have been published for the first time in this new volume, are particularly interesting on account of the confessions which Sainte-Beuve makes concerning his religious doubts. In his first letter to the Abbé from Paris, dated 1819, the writer, being then fifteen years of age, speaks of religion as his great consol-

tion. Nine years later, when he began to see his career open before him, he complains of failings of soul, of lassitude, of vague longings, and of uneasiness caused by religious doubts. Sainte-Beuve, by the way, had been brought up as a strict Catholic; and it was, as we shall see, not until after years of internal struggles and continual hesitations, that he finally threw off his allegiance to that religion. In January 1829 he writes to the Abbé :

"As for religion, the more I think of it, the more I see that it is a thing of the soul between the individual man and God. Let it have its pomps, its external worship, its public protection. That is all that it can claim. It addresses itself to souls, the only conquest in which it is interested; and souls are not sincerely gained by the things of the world, which are not of the soul, but of matter."

In July of the same year he tells the Abbé that his ideas, which had been inclined toward the *philosophism* of the eighteenth century, had returned to a better path, and that though he and the Abbé would still disagree, especially on points of orthodoxy, still they would understand each other on the most essential questions of life better than ever. This change Sainte-Beuve attributes not to any theological or philosophical process, but to the influence of art and poetry. In the spring of that year Sainte-Beuve had published his first volume of poems, "Joseph Delorme." In May of the following year Sainte-Beuve reports further progress in piety in a letter which we have already quoted. In 1836 he suffers

"religiously and spiritually from the absence of faith, of a fixed rule, of a pole. I have the sentiment of these things but I have not the things themselves, and there are many reasons why I should not have them. I explain to myself why I do not have them; I analyze all that; and after the analysis is finished I am further than ever from having them. . . . A well-founded faith would be a cure for everything. But the more I think of it, the more (unless a divine change or a ray from heaven intervenes) I think that I am capable only of an eclectic Christianity, if I may so speak, choosing in Catholicism, pietism, Jansenism, Martinism."

At this time Sainte-Beuve was engaged on his famous history of Port-Royal. In 1844 Sainte-Beuve was elected a member of the French Academy. He announces the fact to the Abbé Barbe with satisfaction mingled with ennui. It changes

things only on the outside, he says, and true happiness is not there: even to take only the literary side, it is in the satisfaction of producing works such as one has conceived them. Then, passing to the subject of religion, or rather to conduct, he laments that his spiritual life is going on very much at haphazard, and all his good resolutions very soon come to grief. "I feel the evil, since I write to you in this way, and yet I continue, *deteriora sequor*; because the tide drifts and my bark has no anchor."

Finally in 1865, he tells the good Abbé Barbe, who had sent him a copy of his treatise on the immortality of the soul, that he has given up the combat. He says:

"I understand, I listen, I reply feebly rather by doubts than by firm arguments; but, after all, I have never been able to form on this grave subject a faith, a belief, a conviction which abides and does not waver and totter a moment after I have formed it."

When he died like a Stoic, four years later, Sainte-Beuve was according to his express wish buried without any religious ceremony.

The impression of bitterness, lassitude and ennui, which one received from almost every letter in the first two volumes of Sainte-Beuve's correspondence is confirmed by the new collection of letters. Ennui begins to show itself in his very earliest letters, and becomes deeper and deeper as his years passed by and his life became more and more isolated.

"There comes," he says in one of his letters, "a sad moment in life when we feel that we have attained all that we can reasonably hope to attain; that we have acquired everything to which we may reasonably aspire. I am in that position. I have obtained much more than my destiny at first offered, and I feel at the same time that this much is very little. The future promises me nothing; I expect nothing from ambition, nothing from happiness."

Elsewhere he says:

"In youth a world dwells within us; but as we advance in life it comes about that our own thoughts and sentiments can no longer fill our solitude or at least can no longer charm it . . . at a certain age in life if your house is not peopled with children it becomes the abode of crazes and vices."

What were the crazes and vices which filled Sainte-Beuve's house may be seen in M. Pons's unsavory volume, "Sainte-Beuve et ses inconnues."

In spite of his bitterness and moral

crookedness, Sainte-Beuve must not be judged too severely. His moral crookedness was due to exceptional physical causes, and it was rather external than due to actual ugliness of soul. To our mind, Sainte-Beuve, as we see him both in his letters and in his political and critical writings, is a singular example of the power which a man of strong will has to divide his existence, and to keep each phase of it distinct. To say that Sainte-Beuve's head was always more active than his heart is true in this sense: his intellect was never unconscious of the impulses of his heart, whether they were bad or good. His one passion in life was literature, and his one ambition was to play an important literary rôle. His efforts were successful, but at the price of what persevering and uninterrupted labor! At the age of sixty he writes to a literary friend:

"I confess to you, between ourselves, that I am a little angry, not with the public, of whose treatment of me in general I have nothing to complain, but with society, such as it exists at present; and to think that a man who has been working and printing for forty years (that is the exact figure) should see himself condemned to continue indefinitely without anybody being aware that each week he accomplishes a *tour de force*, and that while he is often the first to be amused at it, he nevertheless runs the risk of breaking a muscle one fine day or another. Physique is everything, even in the matter of intellect, and every week my physique is horribly strained. Every Tuesday morning I go down into a well, and I do not come up again until Friday evening, at I know not what o'clock. . . . I never set foot in the Academy, for want of time. When invited to dinner by a distinguished Englishman, a member of Parliament, I replied to him that it was impossible, *vu que je n'étais pas un monsieur, ni un gentleman, mais un ouvrier à la pièce et à l'heure*."

This letter seems to us to explain the whole character of his life. By constant and enthusiastic literary labor his intellect was developed to a marvellous degree of lucidity and activity; various circumstances, and not least among them his physical ugliness, led, as he says, to his stifling his passion; nature had given him very strong animal passions, and he indulged them knowingly and philosophically as he has related in an apologue concerning *la Jeune Clady*, in the first volume of his "Correspondance." Sainte-Beuve could not, like Sophocles in his old age, congratulate himself on

having got rid of a "raging and furious master" (*λυττώντα καὶ ἀγρίον δεσπότην*); but his mind was no more affected by his passions than was the mind of Sophocles. As for his heart, we have seen that it had capacities of tenderness. May we not say that the higher the intellect, the higher the sentimental emotions?

Nothing could have been more tender and exquisite than his affection for men like Ernest Renan, Taine, Paul de Saint-Victor, Scherer, and for the younger school of novelists and poets, such as Flaubert, the brothers de Goncourt, Charles Baudelaire and Théophile Gautier. His was a friendship of the highest and noblest kind. It is no reproach that he did not lavish it right and left.

When Jules Janin succeeded Sainte-Beuve at the Academy he rendered full justice to Sainte-Beuve the critic in his brilliant reception-speech. He spoke of his marvellous sagacity, his profound intuition, his subtle finesse, his patience in investigation, and of that gift of understanding everything, of penetrating everything, of feeling everything, of entering into the most opposite natures, of living their life, of thinking their thoughts, of descending to the bottom of the very innermost folds of their being, with a golden lamp in his hand, and of passing like the Hindoo gods through a perpetual series of incarnations and avatars. He admired that ever-wakeful curiosity, never satisfied as long as the very slightest detail escaped it. But Sainte-Beuve, if he could have heard his own *éloge*, would perhaps have found that while exalting the critic, Janin had glided too rapidly over the poet.

Sainte-Beuve was a many-sided man, and many who have recently spoken of him have been unjust to his memory for the simple reason that they have examined only one or two sides of his life. In his correspondence for instance, and in the volumes of scandal and gossip, the melancholy and sensual aspects of the critic were most prominent. No one dares to contest his literary glory, it is true; but very few ever speak of his poems, into which he has thrown so much of his better self; and yet, as Théophile Gautier tells us, Sainte-Beuve almost regretted that his critical reputation had eclipsed his reputation as a poet.

"Le poëte mort jeune à qui l'homme survit," existed in him young and living up to the last, and it was with visible pleasure, says Gautier, that he used to recite to his intimate friends a fragment of some mysterious elegy, some sonnet of languor and of love which had found no place in his three collections of poems. A word about "Joseph Delorme," and above all about the "Pensées d'Août," caused him more joy than a long panegyric of

his last *causerie de Lundi*. Indeed, as a poet, Sainte-Beuve had been an inventor. He had struck a new and thoroughly modern note, and in his humble poetry, which by the sincerity of the sentiment and by its minute observation of nature reminds us of the verses of Wordsworth or of Cowper, he had traced out for himself modest and flowery paths where no one in France had ever trodden before him.—*Temple Bar*.

FOLK LULLABIES.

BY EVELYN CARRINGTON.

. . . . A nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

INFANCY is a great mystery. We know that we each have gone over that stage in human life, though even this much is not always quite easy to realize. But what else do we know about it? Something by observation, something by intuition; by experience hardly anything at all. We have as much personal acquaintance with a lake-dwelling or stone age infant as with our proper selves at the time when we were passing through the "avatar" of babyhood. The recollections of our earliest years are at most only as the confused remembrance of a morning dream, which at one end fades into the unconsciousness of sleep, while at the other it mingles with the realities of awaking. And yet, as a fact, we did not sleep through all the dawn of our life, nor were we unconscious; only we were different to what we now are: the term "thinking animal" did not then fit us so well. We were less reasonable and less material. Babies have a way of looking at you that makes you half suspect that they belong to a separate order of beings. You speculate as to whether they have not invisible wings, which drop off afterward as do the birth wings of the young ant. There is one thing, however, in which the baby is very human, very manlike. Of all new-born creatures he is the least happy. You may sometimes see a little child crying softly to himself with a look of world woe on his face that is positively appalling. Perhaps human existence, like a new pair of shoes, is very uncomfortable till one gets accustomed to it. Anyhow the child,

being for some reason or reasons exceedingly disposed to vex its heart, needs much soothing. In this highly civilized country a good many mothers are in the habit of going to the nearest druggist for the means to tranquillize their offspring, with the result that these latter are not unfrequently rescued from the sea of sorrows in the most final and expeditious way. In less advanced states of society another expedient has been resorted to from time immemorial—to wit, the cradle song.

Babies show an early appreciation of rhythm. They rejoice in measured noise, whether it takes the form of words, music, or the jingle of a bunch of keys. In the way of poetry we are afraid they must be admitted to have a perverse preference for what goes by the name of sing-song. It will be a long time before the infantine public are brought round to Walt Whitman's views on versification. For the rest, they are not very severe critics. The small ancient Roman asked for nothing better than the song of his nurse—

Lalla, lalla, lalla,
Aut dormi, aut lacta.

This two-line lullaby constitutes one of the few but sufficing proofs which have come down to us of the existence among the people of old Rome of a sort of folk verse not by any means resembling the Latin classics, but bearing a considerable likeness to the *canti popolari* of the modern Italian peasant. It may be said parenthetically that the study of dialect tends altogether to the conviction that there are country people now living in Italy to whom, rather than to Cicero,

we should go if we want to know what style of speech was in use among the humbler subjects of the Cæsars. The lettered language of the cultivated classes changes; the spoken tongue of the uneducated remains the same; or, if it too undergoes a process of change the rate at which it moves is to the other what the pace of a tortoise is to the speed of an express train. About eight hundred years ago a handful of Lombards went to Sicily, where they still preserve the Lombard idiom. The Ober-Engadiner could hold converse with his remote ancestors who took refuge in the Alps three or four centuries before Christ; the Aragonese colony at Alghero, in Sardinia, yet discourses in Catalan; the Roumanian language still contains terms and expressions which, though dissimilar to both Latin and standard Italian, find their analogues in the dialects of those eastward-facing "Latin plains" whence, in all probability, the people of Roumania sprang. But we must return to our lullabies.

There exists another Latin cradle song, not indeed dating from classical times, but which, like the laconic effusion of the Roman nurse, forms a sort of landmark in the history of poetry. It is composed in the person of the Virgin Mary, and was in bygone days believed to have been actually sung by her. Good authorities pronounce it to be one of the earliest poems extant of the Christian era:

Dormi fili, dormi! mater
Cantat unigenito:
Dormi, puer, dormi! pater
Nato clamat parvulo:
Millies tibi laudes canimus
Mille, mille, millies.

Dormi, cor, et meus thronus;
Dormi matris jubulum;
Aurium cælestis sonus,
Et suave sibilum!
Millies tibi, etc., etc.

Ne quid desit, sternam rosis,
Sternam fœnum violis,
Pavimentum hyacinthis
Et præsepe liliis,
Millies tibi, etc., etc.

Si vis musicam, pastores
Convocabo protinus;
Illis nulli sunt priores;
Nemo canit castius.
Millies tibi laudes canimus
Mille, mille, millies.

Everybody who is in Rome at Christmas-tide makes a point of visiting Santa Maria in Ara Cœli, the church which stands to the right of the Capitol, where once the temple of Jupiter Feretrius is supposed to have stood. What is at that season to be seen in the Ara Cœli is well enough known—to one side a "presepio," or manger, with the ass, the ox, St. Joseph, the Virgin, and the Child on her knee; to the other side a throng of little Roman children rehearsing in their infantine voices the story that is pictured opposite. The scene may be taken as typical of the cult of the Infant Saviour, which, under one form or another, has existed distinct and separable from the main stem of Christian worship ever since a Voice in Judæa bade man seek after the Divine in the stable of Bethlehem. It is almost a commonplace to say that Christianity brought fresh and peculiar glory alike to infancy and to motherhood. A new sense came into the words of the oracle—

Thee in all children, the eternal Child

And the mother, sublimely though she appears against the horizon of antiquity, yet rose to a higher rank—because the highest—at the founding of the new faith. Especially in art she left the second place that she might take the first. The sentiment of maternal love, as illustrated, as transfigured, in the love of the Virgin for her Divine Child, furnished the great Italian painters with their master *motif*, while in his humble fashion the obscure folk poet exemplifies the selfsame thought. We are not sure that the rude rhymes of which the following is a rendering do not convey, as well as can be conveyed in articulate speech, the glory and the grief of the Dresden Madonna:

Sleep, oh sleep, dear Baby mine,
King Divine;
Sleep, my Child, in sleep recline;
Lullaby, mine Infant fair,
Heaven's King
All glittering,
Full of grace as lilies rare.

Why dost weep, my Babe? Alas!
Cold winds that pass
Vex, or is't the little ass?
Lullaby, O Paradise;
Of my heart
Thou Saviour art.
On Thy face I press a kiss.

Wouldst Thou learn so speedily
 Pain to try,
 To heave a sigh?
 Sleep, for Thou shalt see the day
 Of dire scath,
 Of dreadful death,
 To bitter scorn a shame, a prey.
 Beauty mine, sleep peacefully;
 Heaven's Monarch see!
 With my veil I cover Thee.
 Lullaby, my Spouse, my Lord,
 Fairest Child,
 Pure, undefiled,
 Thou by all my soul adored.
 Lo! the shepherd band draws nigh;
 Horns they ply
 Thee their King to glorify.
 Lullaby, my soul's Delight;
 For Israel,
 Faithless and fell,
 Thee with cruel death would smite.
 Sleep, sleep, Thou who dost heaven impart;
 My Lord Thou art:
 Sleep, as I press Thee to my heart.
 Poor the place where Thou dost lie,
 Earth's loveliest!
 —Yet take Thy rest;
 Sleep, my Child, and lullaby.

It would be interesting to know if Mrs. Browning ever heard any one of the many variants of this lullaby before writing her poem "The Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus." The version given above was communicated to us by a resident at Vallauria, in the heart of the Ligurian Alps. In that district it is sung in the churches on Christmas Eve, when out abroad the mountains sleep soundly in their snows and a stray wolf is not an impossible apparition, nothing reminding you that you are within a day's journey of the citron groves of Mentone. An Old English carol, current in the time of Henry IV., has much affinity with the Italian sacred cradle songs:

Lullay! lullay! lytel child, myn owyn dere
 fode;
 How xalte thou sufferin be naylid on the
 rode . . .

In Sicily there are a great number of pious lullabies of a lighter and less serious sort. The Sicilian poet relates how once, when the Madunazza was mending St. Joseph's clothes, the Bambineddu cried in His cradle because no one was attending to Him; so the archangel Raphael came down and rocked Him, and said three sweet little words to Him, "Lullaby, Jesus, Son of Mary!" Another time, when the Child was older

and the mother was going to visit St. Anne, He wept because He wished to go too. The mother let Him accompany her on condition that He would not break St. Anne's bobbins. Yet another time the Virgin went to the fair to buy flax, and the Child said that He too would like to have a fairing. The Virgin buys Him a tambourine, and angels descend to listen to His playing. Such stories are endless; some, no doubt, are invented on the spur of the moment, but the larger portion are scraps of old legendary lore. Not a few of the popular beliefs relating to the Infant Jesus may be traced to the apocryphal Gospels, which were extensively circulated during the earlier Christian centuries.

Professor Angelo de Gubernatis, in his "Usi Natalizj," quotes a charming Spanish lullaby addressed to any ordinary child, but having reference to the Holy Babe:

The Baby Child of Mary,
 Now cradle He has none;
 His father is a carpenter,
 And he shall make Him one.

The lady good St. Anna,
 The lord St. Joachim,
 They rock the Baby's cradle,
 That sleep may come to Him.

Then sleep thou too, my baby,
 My little heart so dear;
 The Virgin is beside thee,
 The Son of God is near.

When they are old enough to understand the meaning of words children are sure to be interested up to a certain point by these saintly fables, but, taken as a whole, the songs of the South give us the impression that the coming of Christmas kindles the imagination of the Southern mother rather than that of the Southern child. On the north side of the Alps it is otherwise; there is scarcely need to say that in the Vaterland Christmas is before all the children's feast. We, who have borrowed many of the German yule-tide customs, have left out the "Christkind;" and it is well that we have done so. Transplanted to foreign soil, that poetic piece of extra-belief would have become a mockery. As soon try to naturalize Kolyada, the Slavonic white-robed New-year girl. The Christkind in His mythical attributes is nearer to Kolyada than to the Italian Bambinello. He belongs to the

people, not to the Church. He is not swathed in jewelled swaddling clothes; His limbs are free, and He has wings that carry Him wheresoever good children abide. There is about Him all the dreamy charm of lands where twilight is long and shade and shine intermingle softly, and where the earth's wintry winding-sheet is more beautiful than her April bride gown. The most popular of German lullabies is a truly Teutonic mixture of piety, wonder-lore, and homeliness. Wagner has introduced the music to which it is sung into his "Siegfried-Idyll." We have to thank a Heidelberg friend for the text:

Sleep, baby, sleep:
Your father tends the sheep;
Your mother shakes the branches small,
Whence happy dreams in showers fall:
Sleep, baby, sleep.
Sleep, baby, sleep:
The sky is full of sheep;
The stars the lambs of heaven are,
For whom the shepherd moon doth care:
Sleep, baby, sleep.
Sleep, baby, sleep:
The Christ Child owns a sheep;
He is Himself the Lamb of God;
The world to save, to death He trod:
Sleep, baby, sleep.

In Denmark children are sung to sleep with a cradle hymn which is believed (so we are informed by a youthful correspondent) to be "very old." It has seven stanzas, of which the first runs, "Sleep sweetly, little child; lie quiet and still; as sweetly sleep as the bird in the wood, as the flowers in the meadow. God the Father has said, 'Angels stand on watch where mine, the little ones, are in bed.'" A correspondent at Warsaw (still more youthful) sends us the even-song of Polish children:

The stars shine forth from the blue sky;
How great and wondrous is God's might!
Shine, stars, through all eternity,
His witness in the night.

O Lord, Thy tired children keep;
Keep us who know and feel Thy might;
Turn thine eye on us as we sleep,
And give us all good-night.

Shine, stars, God's sentinels on high,
Proclaimers of His power and might;
May all things evil from us fly:
O stars, good-night, good-night!

Is this "Dobra Noc" of strictly popular origin? From internal evidences we should say that it is not. It seems, how-

ever, to be extremely popular in the ordinary sense of the word. Before us lie two or three settings of it by Polish musicians.

The Italians call lullabies *ninne-nanne*, a term used by Dante when he makes Forese predict the ills which are to overtake the dames of Florence:

E se l'anteveder qui non m' inganna,
Prima sien triste che le guance impeli
Colui che mo si consola con *nanna*.

Some etymologists have sought to connect "nanna" with *nenia* or *νηνίαιος*, but its most apparent relationship is with *vavvapiotara*, the modern Greek name for cradle songs, which is derived from a root signifying the singing of a child to sleep. The *ninne-nanne* of the various Italian provinces are to be found scattered here and there through volumes of folk poesy, and no attempt has yet been made to collate and compare them. Signor Dal Medico did indeed publish, some ten years ago, a separate collection of Venetian nursery rhymes, but his initiative has not been followed up. The difficulty we have had in obtaining the little work just mentioned is characteristic of the way in which Italian printed matter vanishes out of all being; instead of passing into the obscure but secure limbo into which much of our own literature enters, it attains nothing short of Nirvāna—a happy state of non-existence. The inquiries of several Italian booksellers led to no other conclusion than that the book in question was not to be had for love or money; and most likely we should still have been waiting for it were it not for the courtesy of the Baron Giovanni di Sardagna, who, on hearing that it was wanted by an English student of folk lore, borrowed from the author the only copy in his possession and made therefrom a verbatim transcript. The following is one of Signor Dal Medico's lullabies:

Hush! lulla, lullaby! So mother sings;
For hearken, 'tis the midnight bell that rings.
But, darling, not thy mother's bell is this;
St. Lucy's priests it calls to prayer, I wis.
St. Lucy gave thee eyes—a matchless pair—
And gave the Magdalen her golden hair;
Thy cheeks their hue from heaven's angels have;
Her little loving mouth St. Martha gave.
Love's mouth, sweet mouth, that Florence hath
for home,
Now tell me where love springs, and how doth
come? . . .

With music and with song doth love arise
And then its end it hath in tears and sighs.

The question and answer as to the beginning and end of love run through all the songs of Italy and in nearly every case the reply proceeds from Florence. The personality of the answerer changes: sometimes it is a little wild bird; on one occasion it is a preacher. And the idea has been suggested that the last is the original form, and that the Preacher of Florence who preaches against love is none other than Jeronimo Savonarola.

Another of Signor Dal Medico's *ninnennanne* presents several points of interest:

O Sleep, O Sleep, O thou beguiler, Sleep,
Beguile this child, and in beguilement keep,
Keep him three hours, and keep him moments
three;

Until I call beguile this child for me.
And when I call I'll call—My root, my heart,
The people say my only wealth thou art.
Thou art my only wealth; I tell thee so.
Now, bit by bit, this boy to sleep will go;
He falls and falls to sleeping bit by bit,
Like the green wood what time the fire is lit,
Like to green wood that never flame can dart,
Heart of thy mother, of thy father heart!
Like to green wood, that never flame can shoot.
Sleep thou, my cradled hope, sleep thou, my
root,

My cradled hope my spirit's strength and stay;
Mother who bore thee, wears her life away;
Her life she wears away, and all day long
She goes a-singing to her child this song.

Now, in the first place, the comparison of the child's gradual falling asleep with the slow ignition of fresh-cut wood is the common property of all the populations whose ethnical centre of gravity lies in Venice. We have seen an Istrian version of it, and we have heard it sung by a countrywoman at San Martino di Castrozza in the Trentino; so that, at all events, *Italia redenta* and *irredenta* has a community of song. The second thing that calls for remark is the direct invocation of sleep. A distinct little group of cradle ditties displays this characteristic. "Come, sleep," cries the Grecian mother, "come sleep, take him away; come sleep, and make him slumber. Carry him to the vineyard of the Aga, to the gardens of the Aga. The Aga will give him grapes; his wife, roses; his servant, pancakes." A second Greek lullaby must have sprung from a luxurious imagination. It comes from Schio:

Sleep, carry off my son, o'er whom three sentinels do watch,

Three sentinels, three warders brave, three mates you cannot match.

These guards: the sun upon the hill, the eagle on the plain,

And Boreas, whose chilly blasts do hurry o'er the main.

The sun went down into the west, the eagle sank to sleep,

Chill Boreas to his mother sped across the briny deep.

'My son, where were you yesterday? Where on the former night

Or with the moon or with the stars did you contend in fight?

Or with Orion did you strive—though him I deem a friend?

'Nor with the stars, nor with the moon, did I in strife contend,

Nor with Orion did I fight, whom for your friend I hold,

But guarded in a silver cot a child as bright as gold.'

The Greeks have a curious way of looking at sleep; they seem absorbed in the thought of what dreams may come—if indeed the word dream rightly describes their conception of that which happens to the soul while the body takes its rest—if they do not rather cling to some vague notion of a real severance between matter and spirit during sleep.

The mothers of La Bresse (near Lyons) invoke sleep under the name of "le souin-souin." We wish we could give here the sweet, inedited melody which accompanies these lines:

Le poupon voudrait bien domir;
Le souin-souin ne veut pas venir,
Souin-souin, vené, vené, vené;
Souin-souin, vené, vené, donc!

The Chippewaya Indians were in the habit of personifying sleep as an immense insect called Weeng, which some one once saw at the top of a tree engaged in making a buzzing noise with its wings. Weeng produced sleep by sending fairies, who beat the foreheads of tired mortals with very small clubs.

Sleep acts the part of questioner in the lullaby of the Finland peasant woman, who sings to her child in its bark cradle, "Sleep little field bird; sleep sweetly, pretty redbreast. God will wake thee when it is time. Sleep is at the door, and says to me, 'Is not there a sweet child here who fain would sleep? a young child wrapped in swaddling clothes, a fair child resting beneath his woollen coverlet?'" A questioning

sleep makes his appearance likewise in a Sicilian *ninna* :

My little son, I wish you well, your mother's
comfort when in grief.
My pretty boy, what can I do? Will you not
give one hour's relief?
Sleep has just past, and me he asked if this my
son in slumber lay.
Close, close your little eyes, my child; send
your sweet breath far leagues away.
You are the fount of rose-water; you are with
every beauty fraught.
Sleep, darling son, my pretty one, my golden
button richly wrought.

A vein of tender reproach is sprung in that inquiry, "Ca n' ura ri riposu 'un vuò rari?" The mother appeals to the better feeling, to the Christian charity as it were, of the small but implacable tyrant. Another time she waxes yet more eloquent. "Son, my comfort, I am not happy. There are women who laugh and enjoy themselves while I chafe my very life out. Listen to me, child; beautiful is the lullaby and all the folk are asleep—but thou, no! My wise little son, I look about for thy equal; nowhere do I find him. Thou art mamma's consolation. There, do sleep just a little while." So pleads the Sicilian; her Venetian sister tries to soften the obduracy of her infant by still more plaintive remonstrances. "Hushaby; but if thou dost not sleep, hear me. Thou hast robbed me of my heart and of all my sentiments. I really do not know for what cause thou lamentest, and never will have done lamenting." On this occasion the appeal seems to be made to some purpose, for the song concludes, "The eyes of my joy are closing; they open a little and then they shut. Now is my joy at peace with me and no longer at war." So happy an issue does not always arrive. It may happen that the perverse babe flatly refuses to listen to the mother's voice, sing she never so sweetly. Perhaps he might have something to say for himself could he but speak, at any rate in the matter of mid-day slumbers. It must no doubt be rather trying to be called upon to go straight to sleep just when the sunbeams are dancing round and round and wildly inviting you to make your first studies in optics. Most often the long-suffering mother, if she does not see things in this light, acts as though she did. Her patience has no limit; her caresses are

never done; with untiring love she watches the little wakeful, wilful culprit—

Chi piangendo e ridendo pargoleggia . . .

But it is not always so; there are times when she loses all patience, and temper into the bargain. Such a contingency is only too faithfully reflected in a Sicilian *ninna* which ends with the utterance of a horrible wish that Doctor Death would come and quiet the recalcitrant baby once for all. We ought to add that this same murderous lullaby is nevertheless brim-full of protestations of affection and compliments; the child is told that his eyes are the finest imaginable, his cheeks two roses, his countenance like the moon's. The amount of incense which the Sicilian mother burns before her offspring would suffice to fill any number of cathedrals. Every moment she breaks forth into words such as, "Hush! child of my breath, bunch of jasmine, handful of oranges and lemons; go to sleep, my son, my beauty; I have got to take thy portrait." It has been remarked that a person who resembled an orange would scarcely be very attractive, whence it is inferred that the comparison came into fashion at the date when the orange tree was first introduced into Sicily and when its fruit was esteemed a rare novelty. A little girl is described as a spray of lilies and a bouquet of roses. A little boy is assured that his mother prefers him to gold or fine silver. If she lost him where would she find a beloved son like to him? A child dropped out of heaven, a laurel garland, one under whose feet spring up flowers? Here is a string of blandishments prettily wound up in a prayer:

Hush, my little round-faced daughter; thou art
like the stormy sea.
Daughter mine of finest amber, godmother
sends sleep to thee.
Fair thy name, and he who gave it was a gallant
gentleman.
Mirror of my soul, I marvel when thy loveliness
I scan.
Flame of love, be good. I love thee better far
than life I love.
Now my child sleeps. Mother Mary, look upon
her from above.

The form taken by parental flattery shows the tastes of nations and of individuals. The other day a young and successful English artist was heard to

exclaim with profound conviction, while contemplating his son and heir, twenty-four hours old, "There is a great deal of *tone* about that baby!"

The Hungarian nurse tells her charge that his cot must be of rosewood and his swaddling clothes of rainbow threads spun by angels. The evening breeze is to rock him, the kiss of the falling star to awake him; she would have the breath of the lily touch him gently, and the butterflies fan him with their brilliant wings. Like the Sicilian, the Magyar has an innate love of splendor. There is an almost absurd difference between this ambitious style of lullaby and the quaint little German song, of which we owe a translation to "Hans Breitmann"—

Sleep, baby, sleep.
I can see two little sheep;
One is black and one is white;
And if you do not sleep to-night,
First the black, and then the white,
Will give your little toes a bite.

Corsica has a *ninna-nanna* into which the whole genius of its people seems to have passed. The village *fêtes*, with dancing and music, the flocks and herds and sheep-dogs, even the mountains, stars, and sea, and the perfumed air off the *macchi*, come back to the traveller in that island as he reads—

Hushaby, my darling boy;
Hushaby, my hope and joy.
You're my little ship so brave
Sailing boldly o'er the wave;
One that tempests doth not fear,
Nor the winds that blow from high.
Sleep awhile, my baby dear;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

After you were born full soon
You were christened all aright;
Godmother she was the moon,
Godfather the sun so bright;
All the stars in heaven told
Wore their necklaces of gold.
Fast awhile in slumber lie;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

Pure and balmy was the air,
Lustrous all the heavens were,
And the seven planets shed
All their virtues on your head;
And the shepherds made a feast,
Lasting for a week at least.
Fast awhile in slumber lie;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

Nought was heard but minstrelsy,
Nought but dancing met the eye,
In Cassoni's vale and wood
And in all the neighborhood;

Hawk and Blacklip, stanch and true,
Feasted in their fashion too.
Fast awhile in slumber lie;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

You are savory, sweetly blowing;
You are thyme of incense smelling.
Upon Mount Basella growing,
Upon Mount Cassoni dwelling;
You the hyacinth of the rocks,
Which is pasture for the flocks.
Fast awhile in slumber lie;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

At the sight of a new-born babe the Corsican involuntarily sets to work making auguries. The mountain shepherds place great faith in divination based on the examination of the shoulder blades of animals: according to the local tradition the famous prophecy of the greatness of Napoleon was drawn up after this method. The nomad tribes of central Asia search the future in precisely the same way. Corsican lullabies are often prophetic. An old grandmother predicts, as she rocks her grandson's cradle, that when he grows up the salt sea-water will turn to balm, and then goes on to say that if he is driven into a corner he will make a splendid bandit.

It is the custom of all mothers to concern themselves deeply in the matrimonial prospects of their infants. The families who are to have the honor of an alliance with the baby-wonders are naturally considered to be most happy. "My boy stands on the bridge," sings an Armenian mother (in a song given to us by Dr. Issaverdenz, of San Lazzaro), "he stands on the bridge, and he wears earrings of gold. Carry the tidings to his mother-in-law; let her be proud to hear of so fine a thing."

Japan, as is well known, is the Paradise of childhood, and a Japanese cradle song shall be the last of our illustrations. By the kindness of the author of "Child Life in Japan," we are enabled to print it in the original:

Nén-né ko yô—nén-né ko yô
Nén-né no mori wa—doko ye yuta
Ano yama koyété—sato ye yuta
Sato no miyagé ni—nani morota
Tén-tén taiko ni—sho no fuyé
Oki-agari koboshima inu hari-ko.

Signifying in English—

Lullaby, baby; lullaby, baby.
Baby's nurse where has she gone?
Over those mountains she's gone to her village.
And from her village what will she bring?

A tumtum drum and a bamboo flute,
A 'daruma' (which will never turn over) and
a paper dog.

Only in one direction have our efforts to find lullabies proved fruitless. America, it seems, has no nursery rhymes except those which are still current in the Old World. We were lately speaking on this subject to a distinguished American who has made his home among us. "Our lullabies," he said, "are the same as yours, but we have also a few Dutch ones." And he told us

how, when he was at a small frontier town on the Rhine, he heard a woman singing her child a song. It was the old story. If the child would not sleep it would be punished; its shoes would be taken away. If it would go to sleep at once, Santa Claus would bring it a beautiful gift. Words and air were familiar to him, and after a moment's reflection he remembered hearing this identical lullaby sung in the Far West of America.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

PENNY FICTION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century ago since a popular novelist revealed to the world in a well-known periodical the existence of the "Unknown Public," and a very curious revelation it was. He showed us that the few thousands of persons who had hitherto imagined themselves to be the public—so far, at least, as their being the arbiters of popularity in respect to writers of fiction was concerned—were in fact nothing of the kind; that the subscribers to the circulating libraries, the members of book clubs, the purchasers of magazines and railway novels, might indeed have their favorites, but that these last were "nowhere," as respected the number of their backers, in comparison with novelists whose names and works appear in penny journals and nowhere else.

This class of literature was of considerable dimensions even in the days when Mr. Wilkie Collins first called attention to it; but the luxuriance of its growth has since become tropical. His observations are drawn from some half a dozen specimens of it only, whereas I now hold in my hand—or rather in both hands—nearly half a hundred of them. The population of readers must be dense indeed in more than one sense that can support such a crop.

Doubtless the individual circulation of none of these serials is equal to that of the most successful of them at the date of their first discovery; but those who read them must, from various causes, of which the most obvious is the least important, have trebled in number.

Population, that is to say, has increased in very small proportion as compared with the increase of those who very literally run and read—the peripatetic students, who study on their way to work or even as they work, including, I am sorry to say, the telegraph boy on his errand.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding its gigantic dimensions, the Unknown Public remains practically as unknown as ever. The literary wares that find such favor with it do not meet the eye of the ordinary observer. They are to be found neither at the bookseller's, nor on the railway stall. But in back streets, in small dark shops, in the company of cheap tobacco, hardbake (and, at the proper season, valentines), their leaves lie thick as those in Vallombrosa. Early in the week is their springtime, when they are put forth from Heaven knows what printing-houses in courts and alleys, to lie for a few days only on the counter in huge piles. On Saturdays, albeit that is their nominal publishing day, they have for the most part disappeared. For this sort of literature has one decidedly advanced feature, and possesses one virtue of endurance—it comes out ever so long before the date it bears upon its title page, and "when the world shall have passed away" will, by a few days at least, if faith is to be placed in figures, survive it.

Why it should have any date at all no man can tell. There is nothing in the contents that is peculiar to one year—or, to say truth, of one era—rather than

another. As a rule, indeed, time and space are alike annihilated in them, in order to make two lovers happy. The general terms in which they are written is one of their peculiar features. One would think that, instead of being as unlike real life as stories professing to deal with it can be, they were photographs of it, and that the writers, as in the following instance, had always the fear of the law of libel before their eyes :

We must now request our readers to accompany us into an obscure *cul de sac* opening into a narrow street branching off Holborn. For many reasons we do not choose to be more precise as to locality.

Of course in this *cul de sac* is a Private Inquiry Office, with a detective in it. But in defining even him the novelist gives himself no trouble to arouse excitement in his readers : they have paid their penny for the history of this interesting person, and, that being done, they may read about him or not, as they please. One would really think that the author of the story was also the proprietor of the periodical.

Those who desire (he says) to make the acquaintance of this somewhat remarkable person have only to step with us into the little dusky room where he is seated and we shall have much pleasure in introducing him to their notice.

A sentence which has certainly the air of saying, "You may be introduced to him or you may let it alone."

The coolness with which everything is said and done in penny fiction is indeed most remarkable, and should greatly recommend it to that respectable class who have a horror of "sensation." In a story, for example, that purports to describe University life (and is as much like it as the camel produced from the German professor's self-consciousness must have been to a real camel) there is an underplot of an amazing kind. The wicked undergraduate, notwithstanding that he has the advantage of being a baronet, is foiled in his attempt to win the affections of a young woman in humble life, and the virtuous hero of the story recommends her to the consideration of his negro servant :

"Talk to her, Monday," whispered Jack, "and see if she loves you."

For a short time Monday and Ada were in close conversation.

Then Monday uttered a cry like a war-whoop. "It am come all right, sare. Missy Ada says she not really care for Sir Sydney, and she will be my little wife," he said. "I congratulate you, Monday," answered Jack.

In half an hour more they arrived at the house of John Radford, plumber and glazier, who was Ada's father.

Mr. and Mrs. Radford and their two sons received their daughter and her companions with that unstudied civility which contrasts so favorably with the stuck-up ceremony of many in a higher position. They were not prejudiced against Monday on account of his dark skin.

It was enough for them that he was the man of Ada's choice.

Mrs. Radford even went so far as to say, "Well, for a colored gentleman, he is very handsome and quite nice mannered, though I think Ada's been a little sly in telling us nothing about her engagement to the last."

They did not know all.

Nor was it advisable that they should.

Still they knew something—for example, that their new son-in-law was a black man, which one would have thought might have struck them as phenomenal. They take it, however, quite quietly and as a matter of course. Now, surely, even among plumbers and glaziers, it must be thought as strange for one's daughter to marry a black man as a lord. Yet, out of this dramatic situation the author makes nothing at all, but treats it as coolly as his *dramatis personæ* do themselves. Now *my* notion would have been to make the bridegroom a black lord, and then to portray, with admirable skill, the conflicting emotions of his mother-in-law, disgusted on the one hand by his color, attracted on the other by his rank. But "sensation" is evidently out of the line of the penny novelist : he gives his facts, which are certainly remarkable, then leaves both his characters and his readers to draw their own conclusions.

The total absence of local scenery from these half hundred romances is also curious, and becomes so very marked when the novelists are so imprudent as to take their *dramatis personæ* out of England, that one can't help wondering whether these gentlemen have ever been in foreign parts themselves, or even read about them. Here is the conclusion of a romance which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of brevity, but is unquestionably a little abrupt and vague :

A year has passed away, and we are far from England and the English climate.

Whither "we" have gone the author does not say, nor even indicate the hemisphere. It will be imagined perhaps that we shall find out where we are by the indication of the flora and fauna.

A lady and gentleman before the dawn of day have been climbing up an arid road in the direction of a dark ridge.

Observe, again, the ingenious vagueness of the description: an "arid road" which may mean Siberia, and a "dark ridge" which may mean the Himalayas.

The dawn suddenly comes upon them in all its glory. Birds twittered in their willow gorges, and it was a very glorious day. Arthur and Emily had passed the night at the ranche, and he had now taken her up to look at the mine which at all events had introduced them. He had previously taken her to see his mother's grave, the mother whom he had so loved. The mine after some delay proved more prosperous than ever. It was not sold, but is the "appanage" of the younger sons of the house of Dacres.

With the exception of the "ranche," it will be remarked that there is not one word in the foregoing description to fix locality. The mine and the ranche together seem indeed to suggest South America. But—I ask for information—do birds twitter there in willow gorges? Younger sons of noble families proverbially come off second best in this country, but if one of them found his only "appanage" was a mine, he would surely with some justice make a remonstrance.

The readers of this class of fiction will not have Dumas at any price—or, at all events, not at a penny. Mr. Collins tells us how "Monte Christo" was once spread before them, and how they turned from that gorgeous feast with indifference, and fell back upon their tripe and onions—their nameless authors. But some of those who write for them have adopted one peculiarity of Dumas. The short jerky sentences which disfigure the "Three Musketeers," and indeed all that great novelist's works, are very frequent with them, which induces me to believe that they are paid by the line.

On the other hand, some affect fashionable description and conversation which are drawn out in "passages that lead to nothing" of an amazing length.

"Where have I been," replied Clyde with a

carelessness which was half forced. "Oh, I have been over to Higham to see the dame."

"Ah, yes," said Sir Edward, "and how is the poor old creature?"

"Quite well," said Clyde, as he sat down and took up the menu of the elaborate dinner.

"Quite well, she sent her best respects," he added, but he said nothing of the lodger, pretty Miss Mary Westlake.

And when, a moment afterward, the door opened and Grace came flowing in with her lithe noiseless step, dressed in one of Worth's masterpieces, a wonder of amber, satin, and antique lace, he raised his eyes and looked at her with an earnest scrutiny—so earnest that she paused with her hand on his chair, and met his eyes with a questioning glance.

"Do you like my new dress?" she said with a calm smile.

"Your dress?" he said. "Yes, yes, it is very pretty, very." But to himself he added, "Yes, they are alike, strangely alike."

Which last remark may be applied with justice to the conversations of all our novelists. There appears no necessity for their commencement, no reason for their continuance, no object in their conclusion; the reader finds himself in a forest of verbiage from which he is extricated only at the end of the chapter, which is always, however, "to be continued."

It is true that these story-tellers for the million generally keep "a gallop for the avenue" (an incident of a more or less exciting kind to finish up with), but it is so brief and unsatisfactory that it hardly rises to a canter; the author never seems to get into his stride. The following is a fair example:

But before we let the curtain fall, we must glance for one moment at another picture, a sad and painful one. In one of those retreats, worse than a living tomb, where reside those whose reason is dead, though their bodies still live, is a small spare cell. The sole occupant is a woman, young and very beautiful. Sometimes she is quiet and gentle as a child; sometimes her fits of phrensy are frightful to witness; but the only word she utters is *Revenge*, and on her hand she always wears a plain gold band with a cross of black pearls.

This conclusion, which I chanced upon before I read the tale which preceded it, naturally interested me immensely. Here, thought I, is at last an exciting story; I shall now find one of those literary prizes in hopes perhaps of hitting upon which the penny public endures so many blanks. I was quite prepared to have my blood curdled; my lips were whetted for a full draught of gore; yet, I give you my word, there

was nothing in the whole story worse than a bankruptcy.

This is what makes the success of penny fiction so remarkable; there is nothing whatever in the way of dramatic interest to account for it; nor of impropriety either. Like the lady friend of Dr. Johnson, who congratulated him that there were no improper words in his dictionary, and received from that unconciliatory sage the reply, "You have been looking for them, have you?" I have carefully searched my fifty samples of penny fiction for something wrong, and have not found it. It is as pure as milk, or at all events as milk and water. Unlike the Minerva Press, too, it does not deal with eminent persons: wicked peers are rare; fraud is usually confined within what may be called its natural limit—the lawyer's office; the attention paid to the heroines not only by their heroes, but by their unsuccessful and objectionable rivals, is generally of the most honorable kind; and platitude and dullness hold undisputed sway.

In one or two of these periodicals there is indeed an example of the mediæval melodrama; but "Ralpho the Mysterious" is by no means thrilling. Indeed, when I remember that "Ivanhoe" was once published in a penny journal and proved a total failure, and then contemplate the popularity of "Ralpho," I am more at sea as to what it is that attracts the million than ever.

"Noble youth," cried the King as he embraced Ralpho, "to you we must entrust the training of our cavalry. I hold here the list which has been made out of the troops which will come at the signal. To certain of our nobles we have intrusted certain of our *corps d'armée*, but unto you, Ralpho, we must entrust our horse, for in that service you can display that wonderful dexterity with the sword which has made your name so famous."

"Sire," cried our hero, as he dropped on one knee and took the king's hand, pressing it to his lips, "thou hast indeed honored me by such a reward, but I cannot accept it."

"How," cried the King, "hast thou so soon tired of my service?"

"Not so, sire. To serve you I would shed the last drop of my blood. But if I were to accept this command, I should cease to do the service for the cause which now it has pleased you to say I have done. No, sire, let me remain the guardian of my king—his secret agent. I, with my sword alone, will defend my country and my king."

"Be not rash, Ralpho; already hast thou

done more than any man ever did before. Run no more danger."

"Sire, if I have served you, grant my request. Let it be as I have said."

"It shall be so, mysterious youth. Thou shalt be my secret agent. Take this ring, and wear it for my sake; and hark ye, gentlemen, when Ralpho shows that ring, obey him as if he were ourselves."

"We will," cried the nobles.

Then the King took the Star of St. Stanislaus, and fixed it on our hero's breast.

Now, to my mind, though his preferring to be "a secret agent" to becoming generalissimo of the Polish cavalry is as modest as it is original, "Ralpho" is too goody goody to be called "the mysterious." He reminds me, too, in his way of mixing chivalry with self-interest, of those enterprising officers in fighting regiments who send in applications for their own V.C.s while their comrades remain in modest expectation of them.

I am inclined to think, however, from the following advertisement, that some author has been recently piling up the virtues of his hero too strongly for the very delicate stomachs of the penny public, who, it is evident, resent superlatives of all kinds, and are commonplace and conventional to the marrow of their bones: "*T. B. Timmins is informed that he cannot be promised another story like 'Mandragora,' since, in deciding the contents of our journal, the tastes of readers have to be considered whose interest cannot be aroused by the impossible deeds of impossible creatures.*" Alas! I wish from my heart I knew what "deeds" or "creatures" do arouse the interest of this (to me) inexplicable public; for though I have before me the stories they obviously take delight in, why they do so I cannot tell.

At the "Answers to Correspondents," indeed, which form a leading feature in most of these penny journals, one may exclaim with the colonel in "Woodstock," when after many ghosts he grapples with Wildrake, "Thou at least are palpable." Here we have the real readers, asking questions upon matters that concern them, and from these we shall surely get at the back of their minds. But it is unfortunately not so certain that these "Answers to Correspondents" are not themselves fictions, like all the rest—only invented by the editor instead of the author, and coming in handy to fill up a vacant page. It

is to my mind incredible that a public so every way different from that of the Mechanics' Institute, and to whom mere information is likely to be anything but attractive, should be genuinely solicitous to learn that "*Needles were first made in England in Cheapside, in the reign of Queen Mary, by a negro from Spain ;*" or that "*The family name of the Duke of Norfolk is Howard, although the younger members of it call themselves Talbot.*"

Even the remonstrance of "Our Correspondence Editor" with a gentleman who wishes to learn "How to manufacture dynamite" seems to me artificial ; as though the idea of saying a few words in season against explosive compounds had occurred to him, without any particular opportunity having really offered itself for the expression of his views.

There are, however, one or two advertisements decidedly genuine, and which prove that the readers of penny fiction are not so immersed in romance but that they have their eyes open to the main chance and their material responsibilities. "ANXIOUS TO KNOW," for example, is informed that "*The widow, unless otherwise decreed, keeps possession of furniture on her marriage, and the daughter cannot claim it ;*" while SKIBBS is assured that "*After such a lapse of time there will be no danger of a warrant being issued for leaving his wife and family chargeable to the parish.*"

As when Mr. Wilkie Collins made his first voyage of discovery into these unknown latitudes, the penny journals are largely used for forming matrimonial engagements, and for adjudicating upon all questions of propriety in connection with the affections. "*It is just bordering on folly,*" "NANCY BLAKE" is informed, "*to marry a man six years your junior.*" In answer to an inquiry from "LOVING OLIVIA" whether "*an engaged gentleman is at liberty to go to a theatre without taking his young lady with him,*" she is told "*Yes ; but we imagine he would not often do so.*"

Some tender questions are mixed up with others of a more practical sort. "LADY HILDA" is informed that "*it is very seldom children are born healthy whose father has married before he is three-and-twenty ; that long engagements are not only unnecessary but injurious ;*

and that washing the head will remove the scurf." "LEONE" is assured that "*it is not necessary to be married in two churches, one being quite sufficient ;*" that "*there is no truth in the saying that it is unlucky to marry a person of the same complexion ;*" and that "*a gentle aperient will remove nettle-rash.*"

"VIRGINIE" (who, by the way, should surely be VIRGINIUS) is thus tenderly sympathized with :

"*It does seem rather hard that you should be deprived of all opportunity of having a tête-à-tête with your betrothed, owing to her being obliged to entertain other company, although there are others of the family who can do so ; still, as her mother insists upon it, and will not let you enjoy the society of her daughter uninterrupted, you might resort to a little harmless strategy, and whenever your stated evenings for calling are broken in on that way, ask the young lady to take a walk with you, or go to a place of amusement. She can then excuse herself to her friends without a breach of etiquette, and you can enjoy your tête-à-tête undisturbed.*"

The photographs of lady correspondents which are received by the editors of most of these journals are apparently very numerous, and, if we may believe their description of them, all ravishingly beautiful. It is no wonder they receive many applications of the following nature :

"CLYDE, a rising young doctor, twenty-two, fair, with a nice house and servants, being tired of bachelor life, wishes to receive the carte-de-visite of a dark, fascinating young lady, of from seventeen to twenty years of age ; no money essential, but good birth indispensable. She must be fond of music and children, and very loving and affectionate."

Another doctor—

"Twenty-nine, of a loving and amiable disposition, and who has at present an income of 120*l.* a year, is desirous to make an immediate engagement with a lady about his own age, who must be possessed of a little money, so that by their united efforts he may soon become a member of a lucrative and honorable profession."

How the "united efforts" of two young people, however enthusiastic, can make a man an M.D. or an M.R.C.S. (except that love conquers all things) is more than one can understand. The

last advertisement I shall quote affects me nearly, for it is from an eminent member of my own profession :

"ALEXIS, a popular author, in the prime of life, of an affectionate disposition, and fond of home, and the extent and pressing nature of whose work have prevented him from mixing much in society, would be glad to correspond with a young lady not above thirty. She must be of a pleasing appearance, amiable, intelligent, and domestic."

If it is with the readers of penny fiction that Alexis has established his popularity, I would like to know how he did it, and who he is. To discover this last is, however, an impossibility. These novelists all write anonymously, nor do their works ever appear before the public in another guise. There is sometimes a melancholy pretence to the contrary put forth in the "Answers to Correspondents." "PHENIX," for example, is informed that "*The story about which he inquires will not be published in book form at the time he mentions.*" But the fact is it will never be so published at all. It has been written, like all its congeners, for the unknown millions and for no one else.

Some years ago, in a certain great literary organ, it was stated of one of these penny journals (which has not forgotten to advertise the eulogy) that "its novels are equal to the best works of fiction to be got at the circulating libraries." The critic who so expressed himself must have done so in a moment of hilarity which I trust was not produced by liquor; for "the best works of fiction to be got at the circulating libraries" obviously include those of George Eliot, Trollope, Reade, Black, and Blackmore, while the novels I am discussing are inferior to the worst. They are as crude and ineffective in their pictures of domestic life as they are deficient in dramatic incident; they are vapid, they are dull. Indeed, the total absence of humor, and even of the least attempt at it, is most remarkable. There is now and then a description of the playing of some practical joke, such as tying two Chinamen's tails together, the effect of the relation of which is melancholy in the extreme, but there is no approach to fun in the whole penny library. And yet it attracts, it is calculated, four

millions of readers—a fact which makes my mouth water like that of Tantalus.

When Mr. Wilkie Collins wrote of the Unknown Public it is clear he was still hopeful of them. He thought it "a question of time" only. "The largest audience," he says, "for periodical literature in this age of periodicals must obey the universal law of progress, and sooner or later learn to discriminate. When that period comes the readers who rank by millions will be the readers who give the widest reputations, who return the richest rewards, and who will therefore command the services of the best writers of their time." This prophecy has, curiously enough, been fulfilled in a different direction from that anticipated by him who uttered it. The penny papers—that is, the provincial penny newspapers—do now, under the syndicate system, command the services of our most eminent novel writers; but penny fiction proper—that is to say, the fiction published in the penny literary journals—is just where it was a quarter of a century ago.

With the opportunity of comparison afforded to its readers, one would say this would be impossible, but as a matter of fact the opportunity is *not* offered. The readers of penny fiction do not read newspapers; political events do not interest them, nor even social events, unless they are of the class described in the *Police News*, which, I remark—and the fact is not without significance—does not need to add fiction to its varied attractions.

But who, it will be asked, *are* the public who don't read newspapers, and whose mental calibre is such that they require to be told by a correspondence editor that "any number over the two thousand will certainly be in the three thousand"?

I believe, though the vendors of the commodity in question profess to be unable to give any information on the matter, that the majority are female domestic servants.

As to what attracts them in their favorite literature, that is a much more knotty question. My own theory is that, just as Mr. Tupper achieved his immense popularity by never going over the heads of his readers, and showing that poetry was, after all, not such a

difficult thing to be understood, so, I think, the writers of penny fiction, in clothing very conventional thoughts in rather high-faluting English, have found the secret of success. Each reader says

to himself (or herself), "That is *my* thought, which I would have myself expressed in those identical words, if I had only known how."—*The Nineteenth Century*.

THE ANTS AS FARMERS.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," says Solomon. But we are not quite sure that Solomon, if he had to advise the Irish farmer at least, would be inclined to insist so much on the ant's example. It is true that as a farmer, as we shall show, the ant is not only industrious, but very capable. The agricultural ant of Texas achieves wonders. But it achieves wonders with a little too much of the method of the Irish Land League. Not that it has discovered the art of Boycotting its comrades, but that it does at times adopt a sort of physical compulsion which dispenses with all need for that operation. In short, the agricultural ant, being a communist by profession, naturally invents methods of compulsion which are appropriate to the life of the commune, and not appropriate to societies in which there is any attempt to cultivate what has been called "the individuality of the individual." But before we touch on this part of our subject, let us show what admirable achievements in farming the agricultural ant has accomplished. In the amusing book of Mr. McCook, of Philadelphia, "The Natural History of the Agricultural Ant of Texas," recently published in the United States, we have a most fascinating account of one great tribe belonging to that species of insects which has achieved a pastoral as well as an agricultural career. That the ant is a cow-keeper, and milks its aphides as carefully as a dairyman milks his cows, has long been admitted. But that there exists an ant so far at least a farmer as to gather in its grain harvest against the winter, and often even to husk its grain before storing it in the granaries, has been strenuously denied, in spite of Solomon's assertion of the fact, till the late Mr. Moggridge and others re-established this point within the last few years. Mr. McCook, by his careful study of the habits of the agricultural

ant of Texas, has put the farming talents of the insect up to a certain point beyond doubt. It is true, he does not believe, though he does not deny, that the Texas ant itself sows the seeds of the crop which it expects to reap. He thinks the facts, so far as they are known to him, rather point to the supposition that the agricultural ant simply *permits* the growth within its enclosure of the particular plant whose seeds it wishes to harvest, while carefully clearing all other grasses away. But thus much appears to be certain—that during the ant's partial winter hibernation, grasses of all sorts grow over the disks which the agricultural ants are in the habit of clearing round the principal gate of their nest; that in the early spring, these ants clear away all this winter vegetation completely; but that by May the clearings of all those kinds of agricultural ants which have a flat disk round their chief entrance are more or less overgrown with one plant, and one only—the *Aristida Oligantha*, whose seeds they love to harvest and to feed on. Mr. McCook himself believes that this growth is permitted by the ant within its enclosure, on account of the greater convenience of harvesting the seed, while every other growth is carefully arrested and exterminated. "It seems hardly credible," he says, "that the energy and skill which enabled these creatures to wholly clear away a winter growth which had overrun the disks, should be foiled in the effort to keep them clear." Mr. McCook describes carefully the operations by which this ant clears away the grasses it wants to get rid of. An ant goes to the root and bites, pulls, and twists at it, with a view to sever the stem at this point. Often after making a great incision, it will run up the leaf, and hang by the end of it, in order to increase the fracture by thus pulling it to the ground. Sometimes, while one ant

continues to gnaw away at the root, another will run up the leaf, and hang with its whole small weight from the extremity. As a result of all this work, the clearing is usually left with the stunted grass-stumps, precisely resembling on a minute scale the clearing which a backwoodsman effects in an American forest. Thus Mr. McCook says of the tufts of grass in the ants' clearing: "The stumps were dry, quite dead and black, and stood slightly above the surface, as the soil had been removed from between the gnarled rootlets. These tiny objects were spread over the inner section of the clearing. The whole so vividly recalled the pioneer scenes in Western forests with which I was familiar in boyhood that I could not rid myself of the impression that the ants had wrought much on the same principle as the pioneers, who, having chopped down the trees and cleared away the timber and bush, leave the stumps afield, that the roots may loosen by natural decay, so that the stumps may be more easily removed and burned." The agricultural ants of Texas garner in their seed-harvest only after the grain has dropped from the stalk, but the *Atta crudelis* of Florida and Georgia does more—it mounts the stalk, and severs the ripe grain while still growing on the stalk. In fact, it *reaps* as well as garners in the grain; and this Mr. McCook proved for himself by sticking stalks of millet upright into the box where a nest of ants of this kind were confined; these stalks the ants mounted, and cut the grain away. In Texas, Mr. McCook found that the agricultural ant, when it was by any chance overshadowed by a peach-tree, deliberately stripped the tree of all its leaves, as this ant cannot bear to live in the shade; and if it cannot destroy an overshadowing tree, or strip it of its leaves, it will migrate, and build itself a nest more exposed to the sun, rather than remain in the shadow. That the ant garners in great stores of grain, and not only garners it in, but, in case of injury from rain, brings out the moistened grain to dry again in the sun, Mr. McCook had the fullest proof; so that we may say, on the authority of this very cautious and scrupulous writer, that the agricultural ant of Texas rivals the farm-

ing operations of man, at least on these heads—it makes a clearing round its home; it encourages the growths it approves, and exterminates all others; it garners the grain when it is ripe, and stores it away in granaries; it husks much of this grain; it brings it out to dry when injured by moisture, and then stores it away again; and some of the allied tribes of ants not only do all this, but also reap the grain while still growing on the stalk. And all this the ant does, in addition to the very elaborate mining operations by which it constructs the various chambers of its subterranean dwelling. No human farmer is at the same time a most effective miner. But the agricultural ant of Texas is both, and spends even more of its energy and skill on mining than it spends on farming.

But now, how are these great results attained? Clearly, to a great extent, by the complete merging of the individual self in the tribal self—which, as we are told by the modern moralists, is the great goal even of human morality. Mr. McCook has accumulated curious evidence that the agricultural ant hardly develops his proper nature at all except under the stimulus of a considerable society; and thus is so often required to merge his individuality in the communal impulse of the tribe, that however little he shares that impulse, he hardly ever finds it worth while to struggle against it. "Three ants in a small jar remained for a number of days upon the surface of the soil, without the slightest attempt at digging; they fed freely, lapped moisture, were evidently healthy, but would not dig; they were reinforced by four individuals from the same nest, but more recent arrivals from Texas. The newcomers breathed fresh vitality into the inactive three, and in a little while the gallery-making was going merrily on." So far, there is nothing but respect due to ants who would not undertake a work requiring much co-operation with inadequate means. But when we come to look at the means adopted to enforce the communal will on the ants' individual wills, we can hardly give them equal praise. Mr. McCook speaks extremely well of the individual unselfishness of ants, having watched them constantly, both in confinement and in

their free life. He says that the selfish fighting for food observable among cattle is hardly to be observed at all among ants. "I have never but once—and my observations have not been few—seen among them any such show of selfishness and bullying. The single exception was a large-headed Floridian *crudelis*, who compelled a small worker to retire from a juicy bit of croton-seed in order to enjoy it herself. It is to be noted that this exception occurred with one of the soldier caste, not with a worker proper." But the coercion which was never applied in the interest of the individual self, was applied with great severity in the interest of the tribal self, and this though, so far as Mr. McCook believes, there is no official government of the community to issue orders which the nation are expected to obey. Momentous communal resolves, even when they are of so important a character as to determine a migration—all originate with enthusiastic individuals whose example is catching, so that the resolve is, as it were, carried by acclamation. When, however, any movement of this kind takes place, there is often a dissentient minority who do not agree in the general wish for a change of place or policy, and the question is how to deal with these cases. The mode of doing so is curious. It appears that, as a rule, the result is always this—that the malcontents are carried—without any great resistance—by the enthusiasts to the new nest or new scene of operations, are constrained as it were by force, but by a force to which they are not wholly indisposed to yield; and then, when they have been thus constrained, they recognize the new condition as a *de facto* though unconstitutional order of things, to which they bow, having liberated their conscience by the endurance of this partial coercion. Here is Mr. McCook's account of such an affair:

"April 16th, in digging around the old tree in order to trace the number and position of the galleries, I greatly agitated the nest. The principal gate seemed to be just within the hollow trunk. Galleries extended into the hill underneath and behind the tree, the decayed roots being also apparently used as galleries. After the invasion of the nest the ants began, in the most excited manner, to carry bits of dry wood, straw, earth, etc., some of them many times larger than themselves, into the main

gate and other doors in the hill and under neighboring stones. I could not clearly make out the special object of this movement, although I supposed, of course, that it bore upon the repair and protection of the formicary. Two hours afterward I revisited the spot. The same busy dragging of refuse continued. One ant was observed carrying a comrade into the hollow trunk. Searching in the direction from which she seemed to have come, I presently found another, and still another carrier. A slightly-worn path led up the hill, terminating about eleven feet from the old tree, in a gate into the ground. Along this path, and issuing chiefly from this gate, but also from underneath stones near by, moved a column of carrier-ants, every one of whom was burdened with a comrade. In a few moments I counted twenty-one of these passing along the path. The deported ants were seized by the mandibles of the carriers on or below the mesothorax, the back being downward; their heads were bent forward, the abdomen turned up, the legs drawn up and huddled together. The body was motionless; not the slightest sign of resistance or of struggling to get free was observed. I teased several of the carriers until the deported were released. One of the prisoners then made an effort to resist recapture. Another was evidently confused for a moment, then turned back and ascended the hill. A third was carried quite to the opening in the trunk, when, in pushing under a straw that overhung the path, the carrier stuck fast in the narrow gangway. Before this, such obstacles were readily flanked. Now, however, the carrier abandoned her comrade, thinking, perhaps, that having reached the strong swirl and current of activity that surrounded the main gate, she would need no further coercion. Such, at least, proved to be the case, for the deported ant, after a momentary confusion, passed under the arch and was lost to sight within the cavity. Her captor and carrier, meanwhile, seemed utterly indifferent as to her whilom prisoner and her conduct, but having paused a little space to repair her toilet, straggled listlessly into the hollow. A fourth ant, when first noticed, was in the act of dragging a comrade by a leg into the cavity, where presently she was left."

Such is the mode in which the tribal self prevails over the individual self among the ants. The reluctant ants invite coercion, as it were, which the enthusiasts apply, and then the need for coercion ceases. Is it not the nearest approximation we can conceive among the world of insects to the action of the Irish Land League now? And is not the lesson worth learning? Are not the Irish farmers emulating the self-obliteration of the ants, in their utter helplessness to assert their individual conscience against the arbitrarily determined interest and policy of their tribe?—*The Spectator*.

PHOSPHORESCENCE.

LIGHT, whether obtained direct from the sun by day or from artificial sources by night, is generally accompanied by more or less heat. But there is one kind of light about which much has been written, and with regard to the nature of which little is known, which shines without giving the slightest indication of warmth. This strange light, which will not affect the most delicate thermometer, is known as phosphorescence. The name has been given to it not because the substances which exhibit the phenomenon are in any way allied with phosphorus, but because the light emitted by them is apparently of the same nature as that given by the slow oxidation of phosphorus. The subject of phosphoric light has lately received attention from the circumstance that a luminous paint has recently been introduced, and is coming into practical use for various purposes, which depends for its action upon the phosphorescence of the chemicals composing it.

In tracing the history of this remarkable property of certain substances, we must look back to the year 1602. At this time, when the feverish search for what was termed the philosopher's stone, and the dream of transmuting the baser metals into gold, were at their height, there lived in Bologna a certain cobbler, by name Vincenzo Casciolo, who found time to lay aside his last and his awl for a little occasional dabbling in alchemy. One day, while walking in the vicinity of the city, he picked up a stone, and was immediately struck with its unusual weight. Could this be the philosopher's stone? was his first thought. The prize was taken home, and speedily placed with some charcoal in a crucible, while Vincenzo eagerly watched for the gold to flow forth. In this he was of course disappointed; but his labors resulted in a discovery which surprised and puzzled him. The stone had become luminous; that is to say, after exposure to sunlight it retained and emitted in the dark the light it had received. The mineral picked up by this poor cobbler was barium sulphate, which by his operation in the crucible was changed to barium sulphide, one of

the most phosphorescent bodies known. It is often called Bologna Stone, from the circumstances just detailed, and up to recent times was sold in the streets of that town as a curiosity of the district.

Some years later a German chemist named Margraaf found a more ready method of preparing barium sulphide; and also found that many other substances exhibited the same curious properties. In 1663 the great English chemist Boyle detected phosphorescence in certain specimens of the diamond; and a few years later phosphorus itself was produced by Brandt. It is worthy of note that this discovery was also due to the unceasing search after the philosopher's stone.

The subject slept for nearly one hundred years, when Canton, by calcining oyster-shells with sulphur, obtained sulphide of calcium, known to this day as Canton's Phosphorus. A glass tube containing some of this compound prepared by Canton himself, and engraved with the date 1764, is still extant. It is a remarkable circumstance that this specimen, more than one hundred years old, is still as actively phosphorescent as compounds newly made. In 1792 Wedgwood experimented with various substances, and published the results in the "Philosophical Transactions." He there gives a long list of different bodies which become luminous after insolation, or after exposure to sunlight.

M. Niépce, who was associated with Daguerre in the early days of photography, also contributed the results of some extraordinary observations to the subject of what may be called invisible phosphorescence. He found that if a key were laid upon a sheet of white paper and exposed to sunlight, and then taken into a dark chamber and the key removed, a spectral and gradually fading image of the key was observable upon the paper for some seconds afterward. He found, moreover, that a sheet of paper so treated and laid aside for months would again show the image of the key when warmed upon a hot plate. Such an experiment as this can be more easily verified than explained. Another strange discovery due to Niépce was this—that an engraving exposed to

sunlight, and afterward placed in the dark in contact with photographic paper, will imprint its image upon the sensitive surface, although that surface has never itself seen the light. This strange and unaccountable phenomenon seems akin to one that modern photographers have constantly to guard against. It is found in more than one of the rapid dry-plate processes, that the exposure in the camera has to be lessened, if the plates have to be kept long before the completing operations of development and fixation: or the resulting pictures are rendered too dense by the continuing action of light upon the plates, although they are shut up in light-tight receptacles. These curious results will no doubt be investigated by competent minds. They may possibly explain some of those tricks in connection with photographic portraiture which have been attributed by charlatans to so-called spiritualistic agency.

The entire subject of phosphorescence has within recent years been closely investigated by M. Becquerel, who has done more than any one man to tabulate and arrange the known facts concerning it. He has not only immensely enlarged the list of substances which can be called phosphorescent, but he has invented an instrument called the phosphoroscope, by which many more may yet be added to the category. The phosphoroscope consists of a blackened metallic box with two openings, one for the illumination of the substance under examination, and the other for observation. By the action of a quickly rotating screen, these two orifices are never open at the same time. The observer can note only the appearance of the substance he is examining immediately after it has been submitted to light. By this means it is found that innumerable things, hitherto unsuspected of retaining light, such as paper, teeth, Iceland spar, etc., are unquestionably phosphorescent for a short time after insolation, while quartz, sulphur, and notably phosphorus, remain perfectly dark. There is no doubt that the luminous paint which is now attracting public attention is due to the researches of Edmond Becquerel.

There are many authentic records of luminous drops of rain seen in certain storms. This, and the well-known fire

of St. Elmo—seen on ships' masts and spars—are no doubt due to atmospheric electricity. To the same cause can be traced the luminosity apparent occasionally in waterspouts. Certain flowers, too, and particularly those of an orange color, such as the tiger-lily, nasturtium, and others, have been noticed to emit flashes of fire under peculiar conditions of the atmosphere. In Brazil a plant is known the juice of which applied to paper will become phosphorescent in darkness. Many fungi exhibit the same property, and more particularly a species found in certain mines in Sweden, and also in Germany, where they are known as vegetable glow-worms.

In the animal kingdom we have many examples of phosphorescence, confined almost exclusively to lower organisms. The beautiful luminous appearance of the sea is in a great measure due to a tiny organism termed *Notiluca miliaris*. There are also decided examples to be met with among the annelids, mollusks, crustaceans, fish, etc., and many insects. The glow-worm itself has afforded a theme for poets ever since men knew how to transmit their thoughts to paper; but as far as its light-giving powers are concerned, it still remains a mystery. It seems that it can emit light or not at will, and that this power is exercised at certain times. It is also proved that the light given is without heat.

Certain substances, both animal and vegetable, become luminous just before putrefaction; veal and lamb have been known to exhibit the property; and decaying potatoes will often become strongly luminous. To decaying vegetable matter may also be traced the well-known gas termed Will-o'-the-wisp.

About two years ago some clocks were imported from France which possessed dials which, after exposure to sunlight, remained luminous in the dark, so that the time could be observed during the night without a lamp. This was the first introduction of the compound now known as Balmain's luminous paint. Mr. Balmain, who has recently died, was a chemist, and a friend of Becquerel's. It occurred to him to mix the various phosphorescent compounds perfected by the latter with different media, such as oils and varnishes, so that they could be applied to different substances,

like ordinary paint. The process has been patented, and the article itself is now a well-known marketable commodity. The exact composition of the paint is not known; but we may feel certain that it consists mainly of either the sulphides of calcium or barium, and that its great luminosity is due to some peculiarity in its preparation. Its original form is a powder, which can be mixed, according to the purpose for which it is intended, with water, varnish, or oil; or for solids, with papier-mâché, artificial ivory, and other compounds which are commonly used for fancy articles and decorative purposes.

Its proposed applications are of the most varied descriptions; and we have seen many of these as specimens of what can be done, which promise valuable results. The names of streets painted in luminous characters would indeed be a boon to the belated traveller in one of our dimly-lighted towns, who in vain tries to find his way to a friend's abode. Such notices as "Lodgings to let," "Apartments," etc., would also be the better for being visible after dusk. Inscriptions such as these are prepared and shown by the patentees. Match-boxes with luminous sides will also be found desirable by those who by fractious infancy or by other causes are often led to exclaim, "Where on earth are the matches?"

These are but trivial applications of the invention. Among its more important projected uses are the following: It has already been tried with success for the interior of railway carriages, to obviate the use of lamps during daylight, but which are at present indispensable on lines which run through tunnels. In gunpowder magazines, or in spirit vaults, where the use of ordinary lamps is risky, the luminous paint will be found most useful. It may be urged that as the new illuminant requires initial exposure to light, its use in such situations would be often rendered abortive. But this diffi-

culty is obviated by movable screens covered with the phosphorescent material, which can be either exposed to the rays of the sun or to the actinic light of burning magnesium wire. Such screens are aptly called Aladdin's lamps. Its use on shipboard in this manner has already been tested by the Admiralty authorities; with what success we do not know. A still more useful application of the invention is to buoys, and more especially to those life-buoys, or rings of cork, always carried by ships, on the sight of which on a dark night a man's life often depends. A buoy rendered luminous by the paint would afford quite a brilliant object on the dark water, and a swimmer would have no difficulty in finding his way to it. In the same way it would act as a guide to his friends in his ultimate rescue. On fixed buoys for the guidance of ships and boats at the entrance of a river or harbor, its use would also be invaluable. One more use for it in maritime concerns is as a covering for the ordinary diver's dress. In this particular work it has been tried in deep water, the diver asserting that by its aid he could easily see objects which without its aid would have been quite invisible. As a rule, the diver in deep water has to trust to feeling more than to his eyesight; and benumbed fingers in cold water must occasionally lead him astray in his conjectures as to the condition of things it is his duty to examine. The luminous paint will therefore prove of signal service to him. In the case in question the diver descended into twenty-seven feet of dull water, and could distinguish the mussels and bolt-heads on a ship's bottom with great ease.

So far as experience at present goes, the new paint seems as durable as it is effective—a question of great importance where, in the case of diving operations and of buoys, it is likely to be exposed to all weathers and to constant exposure to water.—*Chambers' Journal*.

"DREW THE WRONG LEVER!"

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THIS was what the pointsman said,
With both hands at his throbbing head :

" I drew the wrong lever standing here
And the danger signals stood at clear ;

But before I could draw it back again
On came the fast express, and then—

Then came a roar and a crash that shook
This cabin-floor, but I could not look

At the wreck, for I knew the dead would peer
With strange dull eyes at their murderer here."

" Drew the wrong lever ?" " Yes, I say !
Go, tell my wife, and—take me away !"

That was what the pointsman said,
With both hands at his throbbing head.

O ye of this nineteenth-century time,
Who hold low dividends as a crime,

Listen. So long as a twelve-hours' strain
Rests like a load of lead on the brain,

With its ringing of bells and rolling of wheels,
Drawing of levers until one feels

The hands grow numb with a nerveless touch,
And the handles shake and slip in the clutch,

So long will ye have pointsmen to say—
" Drew the wrong lever ! take me away !" —*Good Words.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

AN ANECDOTAL HISTORY OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT FROM THE EARLIEST PERIODS TO THE PRESENT TIME, with Notices of Eminent Parliamentary Men and Examples of their Oratory. Compiled from Authentic Sources by George Henry Jennings. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Jennings' book is a somewhat heterogeneous but highly appetizing mixture of political history and personal biography. It contains a vast deal of interesting and useful information about the origin and growth of the Parliamentary system, and the history of the

British Parliament ; it explains and illustrates the leading features of what are known as Parliamentary usages ; it furnishes many specific and accurate details about elections, bribery, privilege, the publication of debates, the exclusion of strangers, and the like ; and it abounds in personal anecdotes of eminent Parliamentary men, to which are added numerous specimens of their oratory. The materials which it presents are not new—are quite familiar, in fact, to students of history and politics ; what Mr. Jennings has done is to bring together into compendious and convenient form what has hitherto

been scattered through bulky and obscure volumes inaccessible and almost unknown to the general reader.

The first section of the volume sketches the "Rise and Progress of Parliamentary Institutions" from the time of King John to the general election of 1880. The second (and longest) section consists of "Personal Anecdotes" of nearly a hundred of the most distinguished British statesmen, beginning with Sir Thomas More and ending with the Marquis of Hartington. The third section comprises a number of "Miscellaneous Anecdotes," about various matters connected with the constitution and customs of the two Houses; and in an Appendix there are lists of all the Parliaments of England and of the United Kingdom, of the Speakers of the House of Commons, and of the Prime Ministers, Lord Chancellors, and Secretaries of State from 1715 to 1880. Finally, an admirable Index opens an easy avenue of approach to the copious and varied store of good things that the book contains.

Considering the general dullness of political annals and political biography, the "Anecdotal History" is quite surprisingly entertaining and readable. As a worthy member of the House of Commons once remarked, it "loves good sense and joking;" and the element of humor pervades the book to an extent that could hardly have been anticipated. No doubt Mr. Jennings has been much more keenly on the alert for such anecdotes as would enliven his pages than for mere statements of historical fact; but, whatever may be the cause, it cannot be denied that the result justifies his statement that "nowhere have more good things been said than in Parliament."

So amusing is the book, indeed, that it would be easy for the reader to overlook the fact that a great deal of laborious research must have been expended upon its preparation. Any one who has ever undertaken to trace to its source the traditional "saying" of some public man, or to get at the precise details of some long past minor event, will find it easy to believe Mr. Jennings when he declares (borrowing the language of the elder Disraeli) that "there are articles in the present work, occupying but a few pages, which could never have been produced had not more time been allotted to the researches they contain than some would allow to a small volume." Not only has he had recourse to the voluminous pages of "Hansard" and the similar records, such as they are, of former days; but he has read many scores of volumes in general biography, and has explored with patient industry those deeper depths of ancient newspaper files, where so much lies entombed besides the wit and eloquence of statesmen.

SCOTCH SERMONS. 1880. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Since the appearance of the famous "Essays and Reviews," there has been no more striking contribution to theological literature than is contained in this volume of sermons. For upward of a hundred years Scotch Presbyterianism has been regarded as the very bulwark and citadel of orthodoxy; and it is somewhat more than surprising—it is positively startling—to find that some of the leading members of that communion are prepared to go farther than even the broadest of Broad Churchmen toward re-adjusting the creeds to the new condition of things brought about by scientific discoveries and philosophical speculation. Rationalism itself has hardly demanded larger concessions from the defenders of the faith than are here cheerfully and unqualifiedly granted by such men as Principal Caird, Professor Knight, the Rev. John Cunningham, D.D., the Rev. D. J. Ferguson, the Rev. William Mackintosh, D.D., the Rev. William Leckie M'Farlan, the Rev. Allan Menzies, the Rev. James Nicoll, the Rev. Thomas Rain, the Rev. Adam Semple, the Rev. Patrick Stevenson, and the Rev. Robert Herbert Story, D.D.; and we should be inclined to say that there is hardly a sermon in the volume in which a rigidly orthodox scrutiny would not find at least a dozen propositions that savor of heresy. The validity of dogma, the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, the authenticity of the miracles, the doctrines of vicarious atonement and of eternal punishment, and the finality of such creeds as have hitherto been accepted, are all repudiated with more or less explicitness; and the purport of nearly all the discourses is to "vindicate the claims of the individual reason to supreme authority over all the beliefs of the individual."

What makes the volume more significant than if it were merely the expression of individual views is the fact that, as the editor states, it originated in the wish to gather together "a few specimens of the style of teaching that *increasingly prevails*" among the clergy of the Church of Scotland. "It does not claim," he says, "to represent either the full extent of that teaching, or the range of subjects on which in their public ministrations its authors are in the habit of discoursing. It may, however, serve to indicate a growing tendency, and to show the direction in which thought is moving. It is the work of those whose hope for the future lies, not in alterations of ecclesiastical organization, but in a profounder apprehension of the essential truths of Christianity; and especially in the growth, within the Church, of such a method of presenting them as shall show that they are equally adapted to the needs of humanity, and

in harmony with the results of critical and scientific research."

A few of the Sermons were written expressly for this collection; but the majority, so we are assured by the editor, are printed exactly as they were preached, or have been expanded somewhat after having been delivered from the pulpit, so that as a whole they may be regarded as tolerably fair samples of popular religious teaching. They discuss nearly all the vital questions concerning man's life here and his destiny hereafter; and there can be no doubt that, if their teachings come to be generally accepted, a long step will have been taken toward "that reconciliation of faith with science, the conscious or suspected lack of which is the specific danger of our age, the source of its universal unrest, and of its all but universal scepticism."

SANSKRIT AND ITS KINDRED LITERATURES.
Studies in Comparative Mythology. By
Laura Elizabeth Poor. Boston: *Roberts*
Bros.

In substance, though not now in form, the contents of this volume are a series of lectures, delivered recently in Boston by the author, and said to have been received with much enthusiasm by the audiences that heard them. This fact explains some of their qualities, which it would be difficult to account for if we regarded the book as primarily a written treatise. To be rendered interesting to an audience of average intelligence, such themes as the author here deals with—the origin of literature, Brahmanism and the *Maha Bharata*, Buddhism and the *Ramayana*, Sanskrit philosophy, fable, and drama, the Persian literature, comparative mythology of the Greek poetry and drama, Greek philosophy and literature, comparative mythology of the Latin and Celtic literatures, comparative mythology of the Teutonic literature, comparative mythology of the mediæval ballads, and of Slavonic literature—such themes as these must be treated in very cursory and "popular," not to say superficial, style; and the very fact that they were successful as lectures almost precludes the idea that they can possess any serious value as literature.

And, indeed, it may be said frankly that the author has attempted nothing in the way of original thought or independent criticism. What she has done—and done fairly well—is to construct a rapid and "telling" summary of the results of the more recent researches and discoveries in comparative philology and comparative mythology—especially in the study of Sanskrit and kindred languages; and to direct attention to the light which these studies and researches throw upon the origin and growth of literature. To those who are entirely unacquainted with the "new discoveries," Miss

Poor's outline or summary will doubtless prove highly interesting and suggestive, more particularly in so far as it tends to show the unity and continuity of literature; but those whose studies have been deeper will be apt to feel that Miss Poor has ventured into a region where she is hardly competent to appear as a teacher.

CONSPECTUS OF THE HISTORY OF POLITICAL PARTIES AND THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.
By Professor Walter R. Houghton. Indianapolis: *Granger, Davis & Co.*

Without exaggeration this book may be said to be invaluable to students of American politics, while to almost any one who is interested either in the history of past times or in the current questions of the day, it will prove very convenient to have at hand for frequent reference. It brings together in the most compact possible shape the results of years of research and the substance of a whole library of costly and little-known books; and there is hardly a single fact of real importance in the history of American political parties, or of the Government, upon which the reader who has become familiar with its arrangement cannot at once place his finger.

The most distinctive feature of the work, perhaps, is a series of colored charts in which the history of the country is told pictorially, as it were. In one of these charts, giving "a birds'-eye view of parties," each political party that has appeared in our history from colonial times to the present is represented by a colored band which exhibits its origin, fortunes, and end, its relation to other party organizations, and its periods of ascendancy and depression; while marginal notes indicate the issues which it advocated, and the circumstances under which it won or lost. A "Map of Politics" exhibits the political complexion of every Congressional district—the Republican districts being colored red and the Democratic yellow; and a similar one shows the relative strength of parties in the several State legislatures. A colored diagram of the "United States Debt, Revenue, and Expenditures," delineates "the course of the public debt by years from 1789 to 1880, together with the proportion of the total receipts from each principal source of revenue, and the total proportion of the expenditures for each principal department of the public service." And still another colored map indicates the several cessions or acquisitions of territory by which the United States has at different times been enlarged.

The letter-press comprises numerous summary paragraphs, in which the leading events in the history of each administration are described, together with all the platforms adopted by the various parties since the formation of

the Government, and the full text of the famous Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798. And in addition to all this there are a full chronological list of the Governors of each State (with a plate showing their politics), and a tabulated classification of the successive officials of each department of the Federal Government, and the principal events that occurred during each administration.

The work is issued in chart form as well as in book form, and is sold only by subscription.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE: ITS STATUS AND OUTLOOK. An Address. By J. B. Wardlaw, Jr., A.M. Macon, Ga.: *J. W. Burke & Co.*

In our notice of "Uncle Remus" last month we suggested that the appearance of such books as Mr. Harris's and Mr. Cable's is a hopeful augury for the future of Southern literature; and the same thing may be said of this Address of Mr. Wardlaw's, which was delivered before the Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery County, Va., and which has been published by order of the Association. There are many things in the Address which we should be inclined to challenge on both critical and historical grounds, and there is much that is foreign to its theme; but, on the other hand, there are passages of real eloquence, flashes of genuine insight into the conditions of literary growth, and suggestions which both the producers and the critics of Southern literature would do well to meditate upon. Perhaps its most important feature, however, is the frankness of Mr. Wardlaw's admission that in literature the South has not hitherto justified the vigor and ability which her sons have displayed in other fields. The significance of this is all the greater because the very first condition of literary progress is the recognition by Southerners themselves that the comparative literary sterility of the South is due to something else besides the obtuseness of Northern readers and the prejudices of Northern critics.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE King of Sweden has published a volume under the title of "Poems and Leaves from my Diary."

A LADY has again obtained a first-class at Cambridge in the papers set for the Moral Science Tripos.

THE King of Greece has presented M. Grévy, President of the French Republic, with a magnificent collection of Homer's works on parchment, dating back to the fourteenth century.

THE University of Berlin during this winter has more than four thousand students, the largest number ever yet reached by any German university.

A HANDSOME illustrated edition of a French translation of Walter Scott is now being issued in numbers, parts, and volumes by Firmin, Didot & Co.

ACCORDING to the *Publishers' Circular*, the publications of 1880 in England were less numerous by 126 than those of the preceding year. In 1880, 4293 new books and 1415 new editions appeared, or a total of 5708, as against 5834 in 1879.

DOM LUIS, King of Portugal, who is known as the translator of several plays of Shakespeare into Portuguese, has just sent to press a translation of *Richard the Third*. The proceeds of this new literary work are to be devoted to various benevolent institutions.

THE MS. containing the fragments of an ancient Latin version of the Pentateuch, sold by Libri to Lord Ashburnham, and restored by the present Lord Ashburnham to the Lyons Library, has reached Lyons and has been placed in the hands of the librarian.

THE numerous possessors of Zeuss's "Grammatica Celtica" will be glad to hear that a very complete index and a lexicon to the work have been compiled by Dr. Güterbock, and are now in the press. The volume will probably be ready in the spring.

A DESIRE is often expressed for a trustworthy sketch of Israelitish history, with due recognition of the ascertained results of cuneiform discovery. This desire is, we believe, satisfied by the "Abriss" lately published in the form of tables by the rising young Assyriologist, Dr. Hommel.

THE fund for the encouragement of literature in the Bombay Presidency has lately been applied to a new edition of the Mahābhārata, the "Indian Antiquary," Mr. Jamsetji Miniocharji's "Pehlvi-Gujarati Dictionary," Mr. Kunté's Shaddarsana - Chintaniká, and Burnell's "South-Indian Archæology."

DR. CHARLES MACKAY, the poet, is engaged on a work to be published by subscription, only 250 copies being printed, entitled "Obscure Words and Phrases in Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Dramatists," explained for the first time from the Celtic sources of the English language and the popular idiom of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

ONE of the officials in the Probate Office, London, has amused himself by taking notes, from time to time, of the different ways in which the word "cushions" was spelled in the old wills that have come under his notice. His list of various spellings has now reached the number of 235, and is probably not yet

complete. *Q* seems as favorite an initial as *c*, and in the Northern and Eastern dialects the *qu* naturally becomes *z*.

THE second volume of a new edition of the Russian poet Alexander Pushkin's works, revised by M. Ephremof, has been published. The editor has endeavored to collect and classify all the poet's productions; and has, for this purpose, carefully collated the previous editions and Pushkin's autograph MSS., to which he has had access. The poems are printed in chronological order, the volume just issued comprising only what the poet wrote between the years 1825 and 1830. Besides smaller pieces, it includes "Boris Godunof," "Count Nulin," "Scenes from Faust," "Poltawa," etc. Nearly every one of these, as well as of the minor poems, is accompanied by bibliographical notes.

ADJOINING the outside of the church of Stratford-on-Avon, on the north of the chancel, and within a few feet of Shakespeare's grave, were the covered remains of the crypt of the old charnel-house. When the latter building was removed, in the year 1801, the lower portion of the crypt and the accumulated bones of generations were left untouched. The new vicar, however, has not only had the crypt opened, but has transferred a load of the bones to a pit in the churchyard. When we bear in mind the number of interments in the chancel after Shakespeare's death, and consider this fact in conjunction with the local practice of removing bones from old graves into the charnel-house, the possibility of the relics of the poet being thus maltreated is not a pleasant subject of contemplation.—*Athenaeum*.

TOWARD the close of last year an interesting work was published at Kazan by M. D. Korsakov "On the Reign of the Empress Anne" ("Votzarenie Imperatritzi Anni Ivannovni"). Besides its intrinsic merits, this book demands attention on account of the author having had access to State papers which had been till recently very jealously guarded. It is well known to students of Russian history that the Empress Anne was compelled by a faction of nobles to sign a document whereby the Imperial power was greatly limited. As soon, however, as she felt her throne secure she was enabled, with the help of a rival faction, to tear the paper in pieces before the assembled Court. Till the appearance of M. Korsakov's book it was not known that any copy existed. It has, however, been discovered and published by him. It was found inclosed in a cover on which the Empress Catherine had written, "Not to be shown to any one without express order." On the wrapper of some other papers concerning the election of Anne, that sovereign

has written with her own hand, "Documents concerning the deceit practised upon me when I came to the throne." An important *lacuna* in Russian history seems hereby to be filled up.

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE NAPLES ZOOLOGICAL STATION.—It is well known to naturalists that the growth of the science of biology owes very much to investigations by diligent students of what are commonly spoken of as the inferior animals. Among these are found elementary organisms which enable the investigator to see a long way back toward the origin of life. It is in the sea that they most abound; hence a cruise on the sea, or a sojourn on the shore, is indispensable to an earnest student of natural history. Formerly, he had great difficulties in procuring specimens, and but few facilities for proper examination thereof. But now there are Zoological Stations on the coasts of maritime countries where marine animals are as abundant as the appliances for study are ample. Foremost among them is the Stazione Zoologica at Naples, a truly palatial building, containing laboratories, classified collections, an aquarium, with tanks capacious enough to hold four hundred and forty cubic metres of water. By a canal communicating directly with the sea, the water is brought into huge underground cisterns, where in about ten days it deposits impurities, and is then raised by a "California" pump to the tanks. The sea is a generous nurse, and the Bay of Naples is a highly fecund breeding-place; hence the number and variety of animals of all dimensions dwelling in the tanks are remarkable, and to naturalists eminently gratifying and instructive. The laboratories and working-rooms are furnished with proper tables, implements, and apparatus for purposes of investigation; trained assistants for indoor work are in attendance, and boats, nets, dredges, and boatmen are provided for outdoor work, and a good reference library of scientific books completes the resources of the establishment. Dr. Dohrn is director, and an account of the work done is published from time to time, with illustrations. Any naturalist desirous of working in the Stazione may hire a table with use of the appliances above mentioned for seventy-five pounds a year. Of the twenty tables now let, three are taken by the Prussian, and four by the Italian government; Russia has two; eight other countries in Europe each one; the British Association and the University of Cambridge have also tables. Thus students or professors can be sent by their patrons to study natural history at Naples, in confident hope that their time will be well employed.

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS IN 1880.—Voltaire once said, referring to scientific discoveries: "Les jeunes gens verront de belles choses." That they have seen excellent things and in profusion, will be readily acknowledged by all who remember what science has achieved since those words were spoken. To the observant mind, each year seems more memorable than the last, for there are wider applications of accumulated experience. And if we count the tale of the present year, we find it not unworthy of those that have gone before. Something memorable must belong to the year which saw the further developments of electricity in the production of light and motive-power, and as a substitute for sunshine in the ripening of fruit—the swifter methods in telegraphy—the application of the spectroscope to astronomical research and to meteorological uses—the indications that the telephone may be employed at extreme distances—the discovery of the photophone—the renewed endeavors to send telegraphic signals through earth and water without wires—vigorous explorations in Tibet the "inaccessible," in the torrid regions of Africa, and the frozen core of the polar circle—the enlarging of our knowledge of meteorology—the manifold mechanical contrivances—the conversion of raw iron into good steel, and many more which will be recorded in the annals of 1880.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL REMAINS IN ALGERIA.—That Algeria abounds in archaeological remains will perhaps surprise many readers. Major Heales, F.S.A., in a communication to the Society of Antiquaries, states that as regards ancient buildings no country in the world can compare with Algeria. "Megalithic structures," he says, "are almost innumerable, some evidently monumental, of a distinct type; while of the ordinary Kit's Coty House type, a hundred might be found within the space of a few acres." There are also many remains of Roman and Byzantine architecture; and very remarkable is the old burial-place at Tipasá, a small place on the coast about sixty-miles west of Algiers. There may be seen "literally thousands" of stone coffins. The ground being too hard and rocky to admit of grave-digging, the coffins packed close together, and covered with stone lids, were placed on the surface. What was their origin? As Major Heales remarks: "There is nothing whatever to give the faintest indication of the people by whom, or the period at which, they were made, except that their collocation about the church, and their almost invariable position with foot to the east, may be deemed a certain indication of their Christian origin." Evidently, a travelling antiquary, able to rough it, would have a rich field for exploration in Algeria.

HYDROPHOBIA.—When a person has been bitten by a suspected dog, the animal should on no account be killed, for it may turn out that after all it was not really mad. The beast should be carefully secured so that it can do no further mischief, and then watched. A few days' observation might show that the suspicion as to the nature of the disease was unfounded. Rabies is invariably fatal in the dog under ten days, so that if the animal survive that time the bitten person may feel assured that he is in not the slightest danger, and has no cause for apprehension. By taking this simple precaution, not only may the patient's mind be relieved of a most harassing fear, which might otherwise have tormented him for months and years, but the dog will be afforded an opportunity of clearing his character of a most unjust suspicion. It should always be remembered that the majority of dogs who bite and snap are only vicious and not rabid. When a mad dog bites through the clothes, particularly if they consist in part of woollen material, the poison is very often wiped off from the teeth, and the system is not in reality inoculated. The large majority of those who are bitten by mad dogs escape hydrophobia—in fact, the Registrar-General's reports show that the annual mortality from this disease seldom exceeds twenty-five, and is often as low as eleven. As the greater number of cases occur between the thirtieth and fortieth days, when the latter period is safely passed every hope may be entertained that no harm will arise from the accident. After the expiration of the second month the patient may be considered almost absolutely sane. It is the opinion of many doctors that a patient may readily succeed in frightening himself to death, and that the terror inspired by the bite of a mad dog may prove fatal.—*Family Physician*.

PRESERVING MEAT BY INJECTION.—Herr Wickersheimer, whose patent for the preservation of organic substances, it will be remembered, was lately bought by the Prussian Government, has now patented the following process for preserving meat for eating purposes. A solution (heated to 50° C.) of 36 grammes potash, 15 gr. common salt, and 60 gr. alum, in 3 litres of water, is mixed with a second solution of 9 gr. salicylic acid in 45 gr. methyllic alcohol, in which 250 gr. glycerine is added. With this liquid the animal to be preserved is injected. In the case of small animals, 100 gr. of the liquid for every 1 kilogr. body weight is recommended; in larger, the proportion may be reduced to 40 gr. Fishes, birds, and such small animals are not previously killed, but the injection made direct into the heart with a syringe having a sharp canula. Large animals are injected immediately after slaughter.

ing, the liquid being introduced by one of the large cervical arteries. For cattle and swine, 2 to 3 gr. saltpetre is added to the liquid. The flesh of animals so treated keeps (it is said) two to three weeks perfectly good and inodorous. If the preservation is to be for a longer time, the proportions of methylic alcohol, salicylic acid and glycerine are somewhat increased.

ANTIMONY.—The antimony hitherto made use of in commerce has been extracted from an impure ore at a cost which has affected the price of the article, and made it as much as that of tin or copper. The chief supplies have been found in Algeria, Spain, and Ceylon. Great was the surprise, therefore, of metallurgists and smelters when, about a year ago, announcement was made that "vast lodes of almost pure oxide of antimony" had been discovered in the province of Sonora, Mexico, not more than thirty miles from the Gulf of California. Mines have been opened with encouraging results, the metal being so plentiful that in some places it appears above ground in the form of humps and ridges. Obviously, this discovery will have a marked influence upon the production of metallic antimony, and its importance in trade.

ICE AT HIGH TEMPERATURE.—A short communication on this subject to the *Chemical News* by T. Carnelley (vol. xlii. 130) draws attention to the following points. Numerous experiments which have been made during the last weeks on the boiling-point of bodies under reduced pressure have led to the following conclusions respecting the conditions which are necessary for a body to exist in the fluid condition. They are as follows: (1) In order to convert a gas into a liquid the temperature must be below a certain point—a point which Andrews termed the critical temperature of the substance; otherwise no pressure, however great, is able to convert the gas into a liquid; and (2) in order to convert a solid body into a liquid, the pressure must be above a certain definite point, which the author proposes to call the critical pressure of the substance: otherwise no temperature, however high, is able to convert the substance into a liquid. If the second condition deduced from the above is correct, it follows that, when the required temperature is reached, the conversion of the body into a liquid only depends on the pressure applied to it; so that if we keep the pressure on a substance below this critical pressure, no amount of heat will convert it into a liquid. In this case the solid substance passes directly into a gaseous condition; in other words, it sublimates without melting. When this conclusion is arrived at, it is easily seen that, if this representation is a correct one, it is possible to keep ice in the form of ice at temperatures

which lie far above the melting-point. After a great number of experiments which proved to be failures, Carnelley had the good fortune to attain the desired result, and to keep ice at so high a temperature that it was impossible to touch the tube which held it without burning one's self. This result has been obtained many times, and with great ease; and not only this, but in one case a small quantity of water was frozen in a glass vessel, which was so hot that it could not be touched by the hand without burning it. I have kept, he writes, a quantity of ice a considerable time at temperatures which lie far above the ordinary boiling-point, and then it slowly sublimed away without first melting. These results are arrived at when the pressure is kept down below 4.6 mm. of mercury, that is to say, below the tension of aqueous vapor at the freezing-point of water. Other substances show the same properties. The most remarkable is mercury chloride, because in this case the pressure need only be reduced to 420 cc. If the pressure be allowed to rise higher, the chloride immediately becomes liquid. In the case of water, there are certain details of manipulation which require attention, and which will be communicated in a second paper.

A CRETACEOUS SNAKE.—Hitherto the first indications of the existence of Ophidian reptiles have been obtained from the earlier Tertiary deposits, especially the London Clay of Sheppey, from which Professor Owen described two genera of these animals under the names of *Paleophis* and *Paleryx*. M. H. E. Sauvage has communicated to the French Academy the discovery in the Charente of vertebrae of a snake in sandy deposits of the Cenomanian epoch; that is to say, of the age of our Upper Greensand. The vertebrae are about 14 millim. in length and are considered to indicate a serpent about 3 metres (10 feet) long. M. Sauvage briefly describes the characters of these vertebrae, in which he finds resemblances to Boas, Rattlesnakes, and Typhlopidae, and especially to the latter, which may be regarded as indicating the passage from the Serpents to the Lizards. He gives the new Cretaceous Ophidian the name of *Simoliophis Rochebruni*, in honor of its discoverer, M. Trémaux de Rochebrune.

AN EGG-SWALLOWING SNAKE.—An egg-swallowing snake is found in South Africa, and there are several other species of its genus which may yet be proved to possess a peculiar structural arrangement in relation to this food. Dr. Smith writes: "The paucity and smallness of the teeth in the mouth are favorable to the passage of the egg, and permit it to progress without injury; whereas, were they otherwise, many eggs which have thin shells

would be broken before they entered the gullet, and the animal, in consequence, would be deprived of its natural food when within its reach. Having observed that living specimens which I kept in confinement always retained the eggs stationary about two inches behind the head, and while in that position made great efforts to crush it, I killed one, and found the *gular* teeth about the place where the egg ceases to descend." Those teeth assist in fixing the egg, and also in breaking the shell as the muscles contract around the throat. The instant the egg is broken the shell is ejected from the mouth, and the fluid contents are carried down to the stomach. The so-called *gular* teeth are really the tips of the long inferior spines of eight or nine of the first vertebrae. Their tips are covered with an enamel-like substance which projects through the coats of the gullet, or oesophagus, into its cavity. This is one of the most striking instances of a "final cause" in nature, and the case stands isolated.

—*Cassell's Natural History*.

FISH AND THE LIME IN WATER.—In a recent paper by Herr Weith, entitled "Chemical Investigation of Swiss Waters with reference to their Fauna," he gives a large number of quantitative analyses of the water of Swiss lakes, rivers, and streams, with regard to the proportion of lime and earthy substances generally contained in them. In this research a very interesting relation appeared between the quantity of fish and the amount of lime contained in the water. The result was arrived at that in general (with a few exceptions which are explained) of various bodies of water under otherwise similar conditions, that one has most fish which contains most dissolved bi-carbonate of lime. The explanation of this fact is also given by the author. The simple carbonate of lime is found largely distributed on the bottom and the banks of lakes, etc., but it is insoluble, and therefore cannot, as such, be taken up by the water. If, however, the water contain carbonic acid in abundance (which is produced, of course, by animals in respiration), this transforms the carbonate into the bi-carbonate, which is easily dissolved in water. The correctness of this view Herr Weith has proved by an interesting experiment. Into two vessels filled with pure water from the lake of Zurich he introduced equal quantities of carbonate of lime, and into one of them, in addition, some carp. After some time he analyzed both waters, and it appeared that that in which the carp were had considerably increased its amount of dissolved carbonate, whereas the other remained unaltered. By a sure chemical analysis, then, according to these researches, one may, with considerable probability, form a prognosis as to the quantity of fish in a body

of water; and conversely, Herr Weith has often been able, after receiving information as to the quantity of fish in a body of water, to say what its chemical composition is, and find his estimate remarkably verified. An important practical consequence would be deducible from these facts (says a writer in *Naturforscher*), if further experiment should confirm the supposition that not only do fishes increase the proportion of lime in water, but that, conversely, an abundance of lime in water might have a stimulating effect on fishes. This is by no means improbable, for water-plants require for their nutrition carbonic acid, which also is by lime communicated to the water in soluble form. The fishes, for their part, produce this carbonic acid, which, with lime present in the water, does not escape into the atmosphere, but remains dissolved in water, and so stimulates plant-life. Water plants, however, serve water-animals as food, and render possible their existence; and thus vegetable and animal life, whose mutual dependence has been long known, is maintained by the mediating action of lime in continuous and intimate connection. Experiments on a large scale would decide whether it is possible to transform a body of water on ground which is without lime, and therefore poor in organic life, by suitable addition of carbonate of lime, into such as would afford proper condition of life for animals and plants.—*English Mechanic*.

MISCELLANY.

THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY AND SPELLING REFORM.—The following list of the more important of the partial corrections of English spellings recommended by the Philological Society will serve both as a forerunner of the full authoritative statement which is being prepared, and will be issued after its confirmation at the special general meeting of the society at the end of January, and also to remove some misconceptions:

1. Dropping of useless *e* in such words as *have*, *serve*, *freeze*, *eye*, *rained* (not after *s*).
2. Change of *-re* into *-er* in *centre*, etc. (not after *c* and *g*).
3. Dropping of *a* in *bread*, *zealous*, etc., and of *e* in *hearken*, *hearth*, etc.
4. Dropping of *o* in *jeopardy*, *leopard*, *people*.
5. Change of *ie* and *ei* into *ee*, where so pronounced, as in *chief*, *field*, *deceive*, *seize*.
6. Change of *o* into *oo*, where so pronounced, in *lose*, *move*, etc., and of *oe* into *oo* in *canoe*, *shoe*.
7. Change of *o* and *ou* into *u*, where the latter is historical, as in *come*, *cover*, *country*, *young*.

8. Dropping of silent *w* after *g* in native English words, such as *guess*, *guilt*.

9. Dropping of silent *ue* after *g* in *tongue*, *catalogue*, *league*, etc.

10. Dropping of silent *n(e)* after *g*, as in *picturesque*, *liquor*.

11. Dropping of the *u* in *honour*, *labour*, etc.

12. Simplification of useless double consonants, as in *add*, *inn*, *travelling* (*ck* and *ss* kept).

13. Dropping of *b* in *debt*, *doubt*, *subtle*.

14. Dropping of the *b* of *mb* when a short vowel precedes, as in *bomb*, *lamb*, *limb*.

15. Restoration of historical *s* for *c* after a consonant, as in *hence*, *pence*, *scarce*; also in *cinder*.

16. Restoration of older *c* for *ch* in *chamomile*, *school*, *melancholy*, etc.; change of *ache* into *ake*, and of *anchor* into *anker*.

17. Dropping of the *c* of *scythe*, *scent*.

18. Change of *d* into *t* in *looked*, etc.

19. Dropping of *g* in *feign*, *foreign*, *sovereign*.

20. Dropping of the *g* of silent *gh*, as in *high*, *straight*, and of the *h* of *ghost*, *aghost*, *burgh(er)*.

21. Change of unhistorical *delight*, *haughty*, *sprightly*, into *delite*, *hauty*, *spritely*.

22. Dropping of *h* in *rhyme*, *thyme*, and of *w* in *whole*.

23. General extension of *s* for non-inflectional soft *s*, especially where distinctive, as in *abuse*, *to abuse*, *close*, *to close*, and in the termination *-ise*.

24. Dropping of *s* in *aisle*, *demesne*, *island*.

25. Dropping of the *t* of *tch*, as in *crutch*, *witch*.

26. Dropping of the silent consonants in *could*, *receipt*.

27. Change of *nephew* into *newew*.

The objects of all the above changes are either to make spelling more phonetic or to make it shorter, while at the same time an etymological blunder is corrected, or, at any rate, etymology is not obscured. Owing to the frequent disregard for etymology in the existing spelling, it has often been found difficult to draw the line between etymological and anti-etymological changes. Two changes, namely, of *ph* into *f*, and of *gh* in *laugh*, etc., into *f*, were advocated by so large a majority that it was resolved to include them in the changes, but to relegate them to an appendix, as being inconsistent with the etymological limitation.

HENRY SWEET.

CURIOSITIES OF THE VOICE.—Dr. Delaunay, in a paper read recently before the French Academy of Medicine, gives some details on the history and limits of the human voice, which he obtained after much patient research. According to the doctor, the primitive inhabitants of Europe were all tenors; their descendants of the present day are baritones, and their

grandsons will have semi-bass voices. Looking at different races, he calls attention to the fact that inferior races, such as the negroes, etc., have higher voices than white men. The voice has also a tendency to deepen with age—the tenor of sixteen becoming the baritone at twenty-five and bass at thirty-five. Fair-complexioned people have higher voices than the dark-skinned, the former being usually sopranos or tenors, the latter contraltos or basses. Tenors, says the doctor, are slenderly built and thin; basses are stoutly made and corpulent. This may be so, as a rule, but one is inclined to think there are more exceptions to it than are necessary to prove the rule. The same remark applies to the assertion that thoughtful, intelligent men have always a deep-toned voice; whereas triflers and frivolous persons have soft, weak voices. The tones of the voice are perceptibly higher, he points out, before than after a meal, which is the reason why tenors dine early, in order that the voice may not suffer. It was almost superfluous for him to remind his learned audience that singers who were prudent eschewed strong drinks and spirituous liquors, especially tenors, for the basses can eat and drink generally with impunity. The South, says the doctor, furnishes the tenors, the North the basses; in proof of which he adds that the majority of French tenors in vogue come from the south of France, while the basses belong to the northern department.

LOVE'S HERALDS.

THERE is no summer ere the swallows come;
Nor Love appears
Till Hope, Love's light-winged herald, lifts the gloom
Of years.

There is no summer left when swallows fly;
And Love at last—
When Hopes, which filled its heaven, droop and die—
Is past. F. W. B.

SYMPATHY: A SONNET.

Admiring have I viewed the chemist's art,
When with familiar means, a coil of wire,
A cup, a jar, he makes the fire to dart,
To die and dart again at his desire.
"Whence comes the spark?" some blunderer might
inquire;
Ay, whence indeed! It hath no lot nor part
With those that bring not what it doth require,
The touch that bids it into being start.
So hearts full-charged stand oft times cold and dumb,
Unknown e'en to themselves their hidden life,
The while with fervent forces they are rife,
Waiting some simple touch. Let that but come,
Come Sympathy, and in the selfsame hour
These dead ones live in love and joy and power!

A. B.

